No. 80477.1

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Oliver Ditson + Co

THE

WESTERN BELL:

A COLLECTION OF

GLEES, QUARTETTS AND CHORUSES,

BY

EDWARD A. PERKINS & FREDERICK H. PEASE.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY **OLIVER DITSON & CO.** WASHINGTON ST.

PREFACE.

Oliver Ditson & Co
Dec 21 1859

The study and practice of Glee singing is becoming so popular in this country, that the presentation of a new work to the musical world, needs no apology.

The "WESTERN BELL" is not merely a *new collection* of Glees, but a collection of almost *entirely new* pieces; the Poetry and music, for the most part having been written expressly for this work, and having never before been published. "By particular desire" a few valuable copyright pieces have been added, which have hitherto only appeared in sheet form.

Our sincere thanks are due those who have so kindly contributed their valuable compositions. That the "Western Bell" may, in some degree, aid in the advancement of the cause of glee music, is the wish of

THE AUTHORS.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by Oliver Ditson & Co. in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

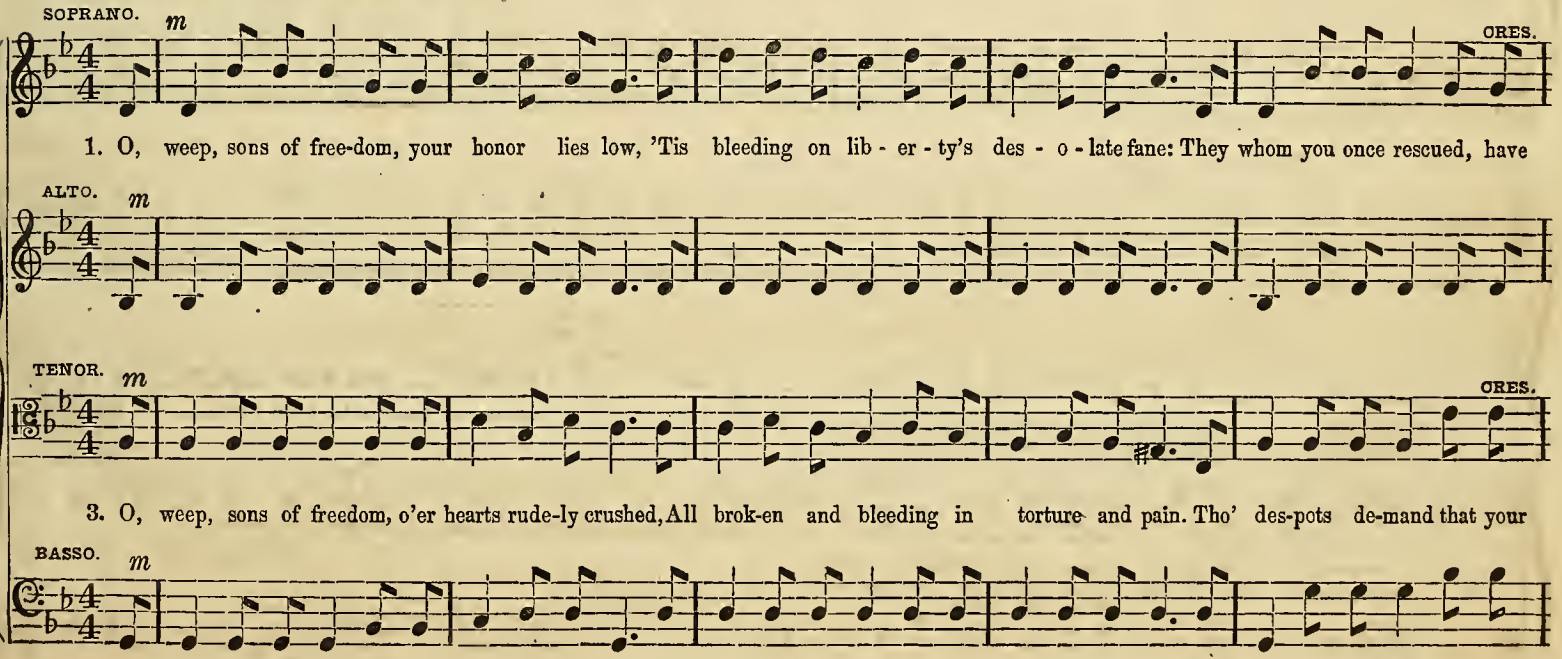
THE

WESTERN BELL.

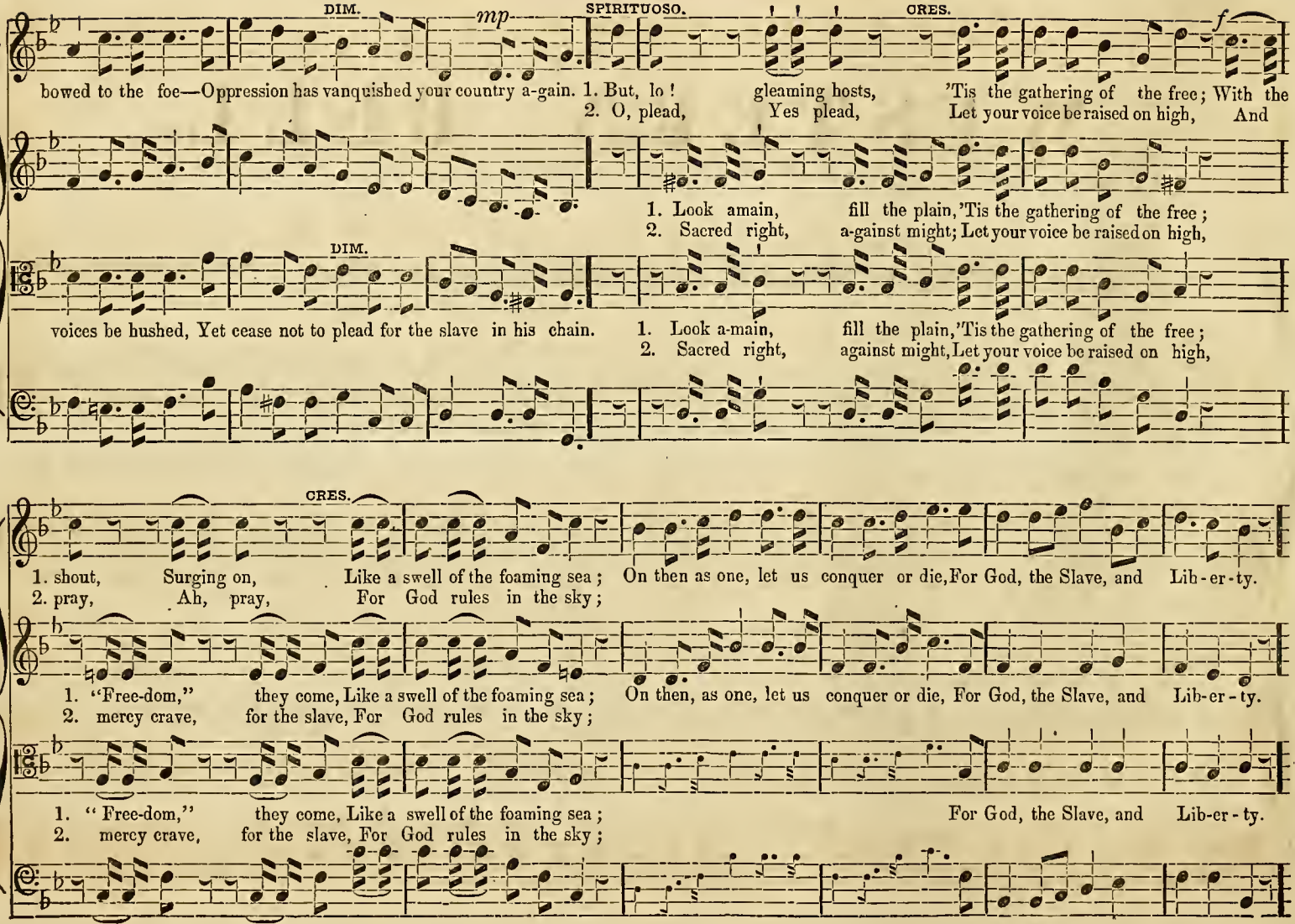
QUARTETTE & CHORUS. The Gathering of the Free.

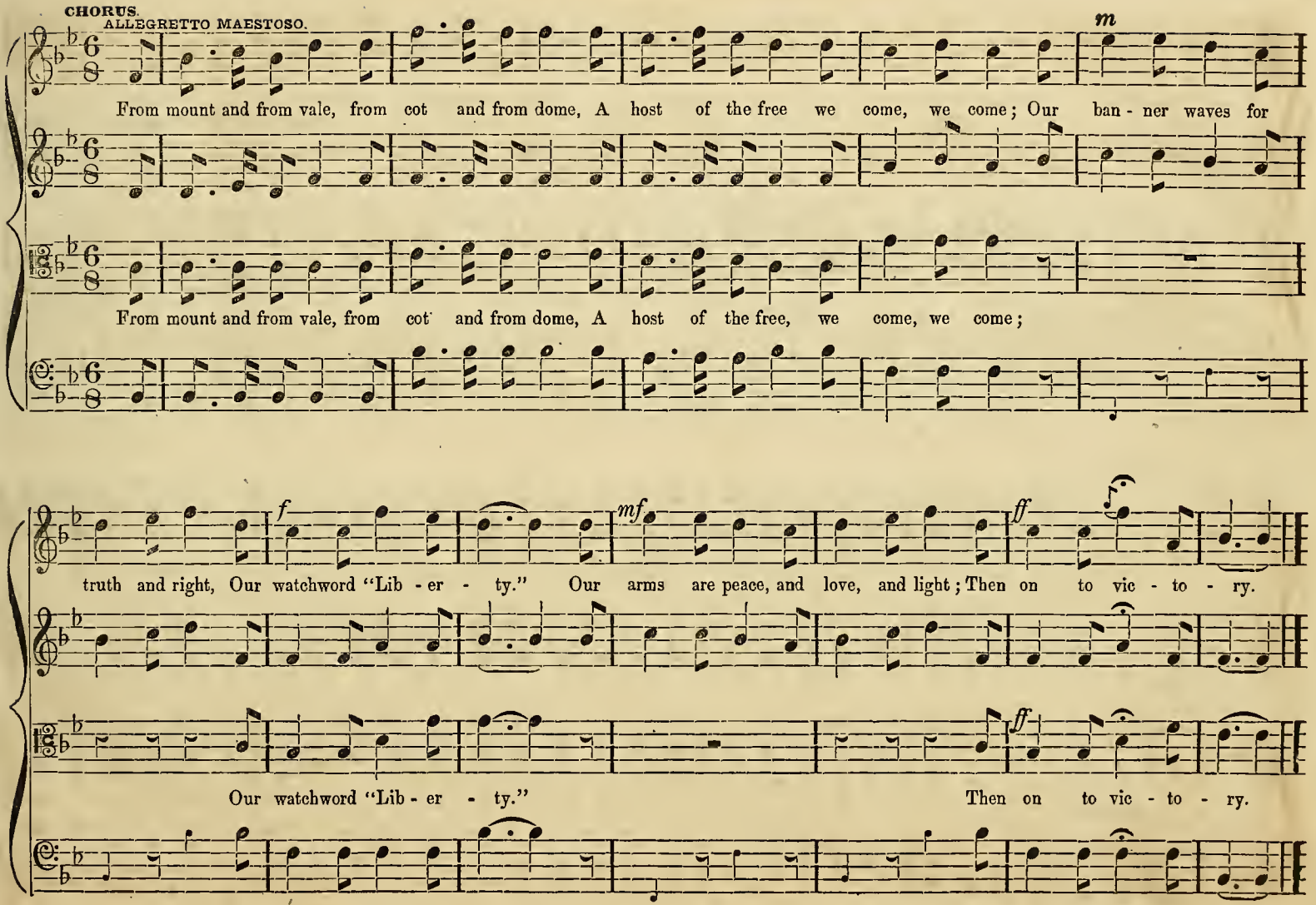
Written and Composed for this Work, by GEO. N. ALLEN.

QUARTETTE. ADAGIO, CON ESPRESSIONE.

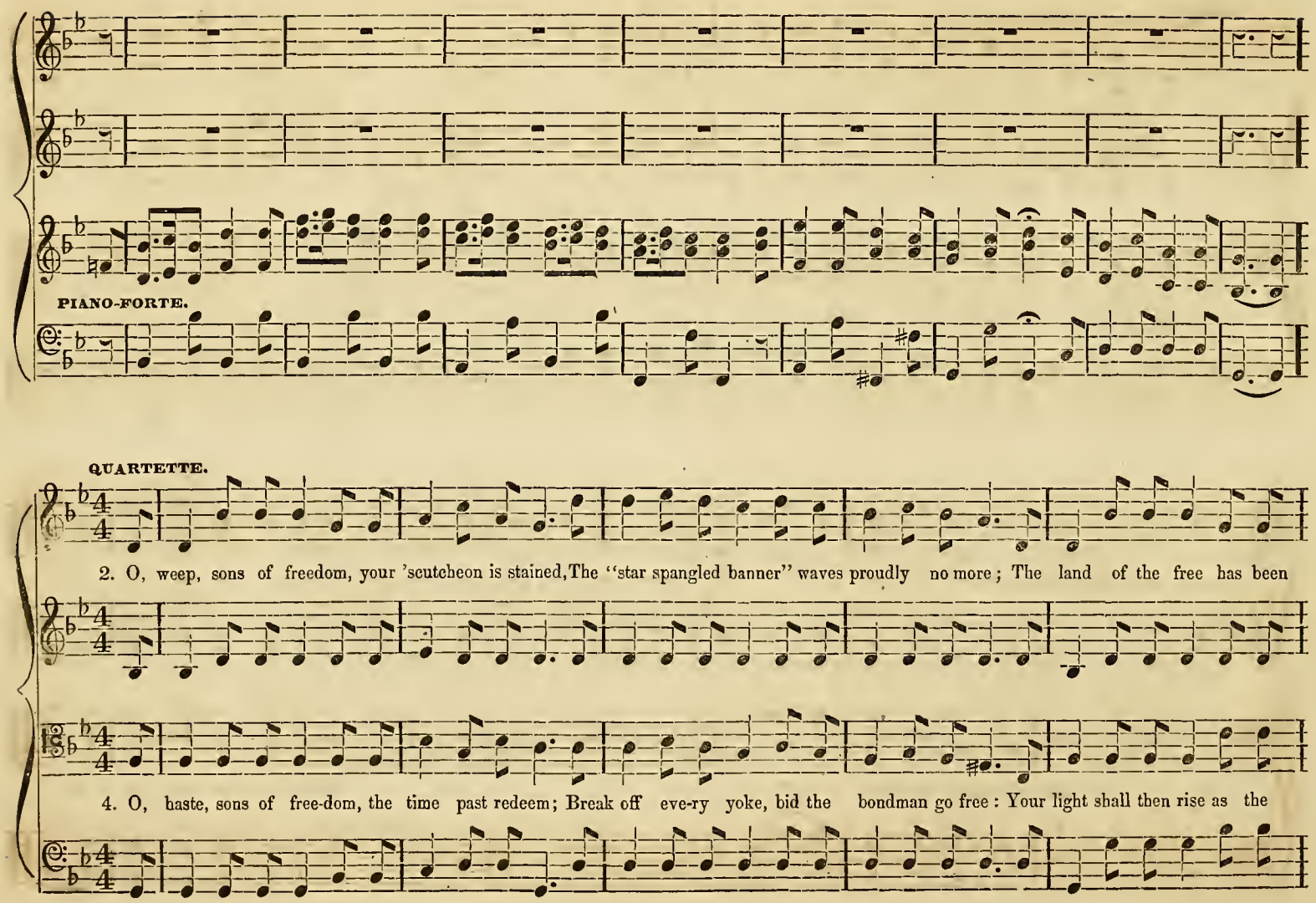


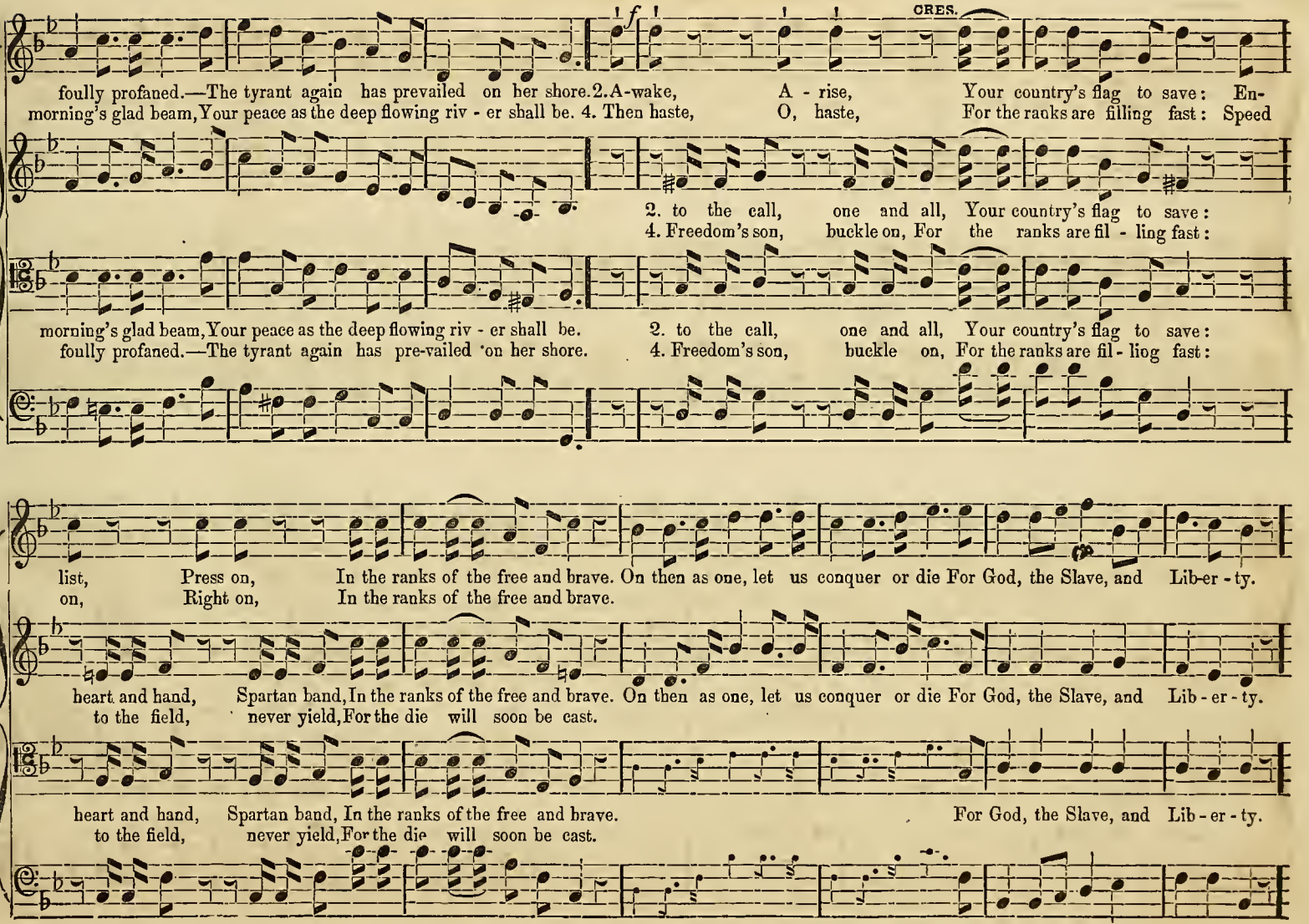
The Gathering of the Free. Continued.



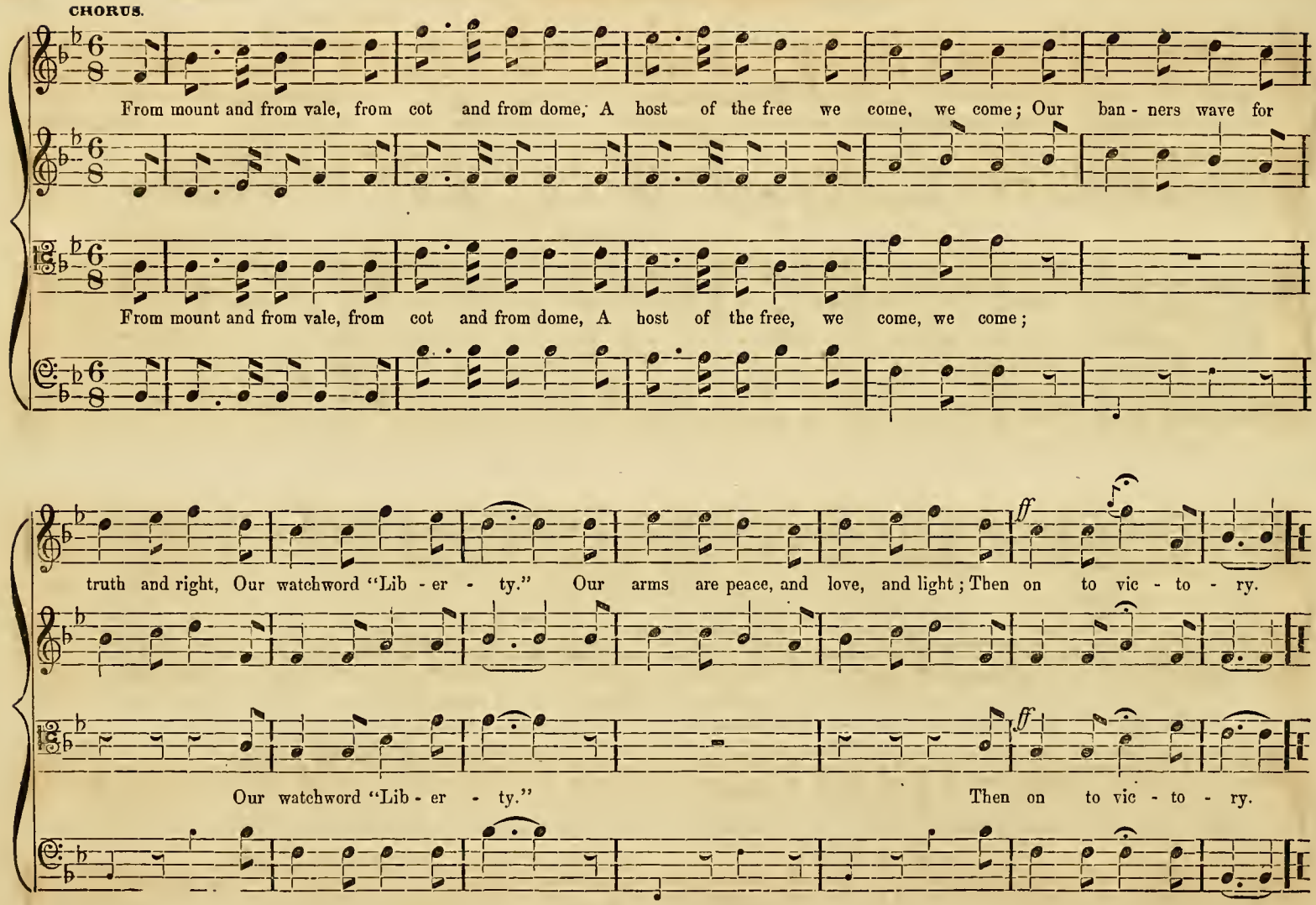

CHORUS.
ALLEGRETTO MAESTOSO.
m
From mount and from vale, from cot and from dome, A host of the free we come, we come; Our ban - ner waves for
From mount and from vale, from cot and from dome, A host of the free, we come, we come;
f
mf
ff
truth and right, Our watchword "Lib - er - ty." Our arms are peace, and love, and light; Then on to vic - to - ry.
ff
Our watchword "Lib - er - ty." Then on to vic - to - ry.

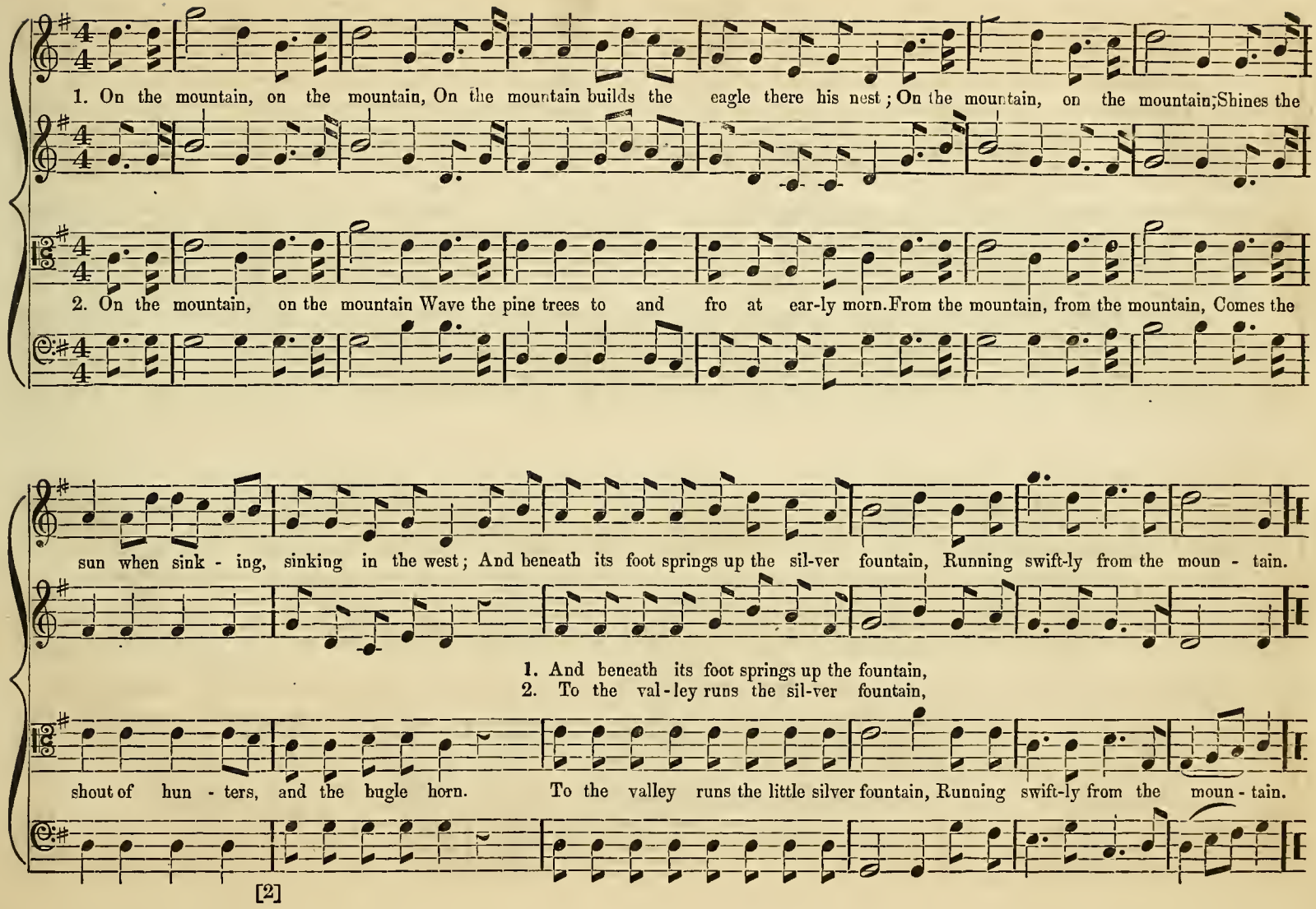
The Gathering of the Free. Continued.




CRES.
foully profaned.—The tyrant again has prevailed on her shore. 2. A-wake, A - rise, Your country's flag to save: En-
morning's glad beam, Your peace as the deep flowing riv - er shall be. 4. Then haste, O, haste, For the ranks are filling fast: Speed
2. to the call, one and all, Your country's flag to save:
4. Freedom's son, buckle on, For the ranks are fil - ling fast:
morning's glad beam, Your peace as the deep flowing riv - er shall be.
foully profaned.—The tyrant again has pre-vailed on her shore.
2. to the call, one and all, Your country's flag to save:
4. Freedom's son, buckle on, For the ranks are fil - ling fast:
list, Press on, In the ranks of the free and brave. On then as one, let us conquer or die For God, the Slave, and Lib-er - ty.
on, Right on, In the ranks of the free and brave.
heart and hand, Spartan band, In the ranks of the free and brave. On then as one, let us conquer or die For God, the Slave, and Lib - er - ty.
to the field, never yield, For the die will soon be cast.
heart and hand, Spartan band, In the ranks of the free and brave. For God, the Slave, and Lib - er - ty.
to the field, never yield, For the die will soon be cast.

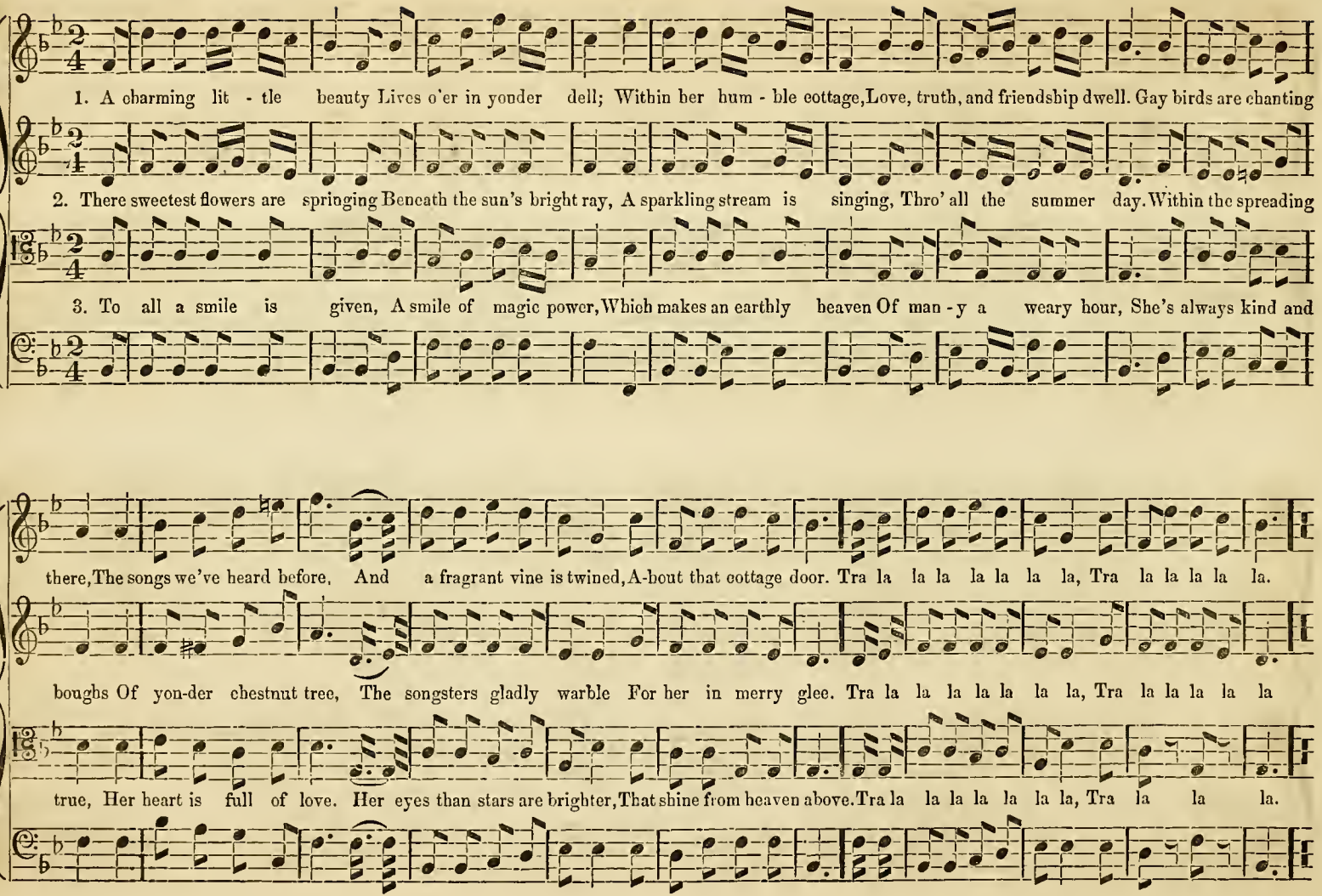
The Gathering of the Free. Concluded.

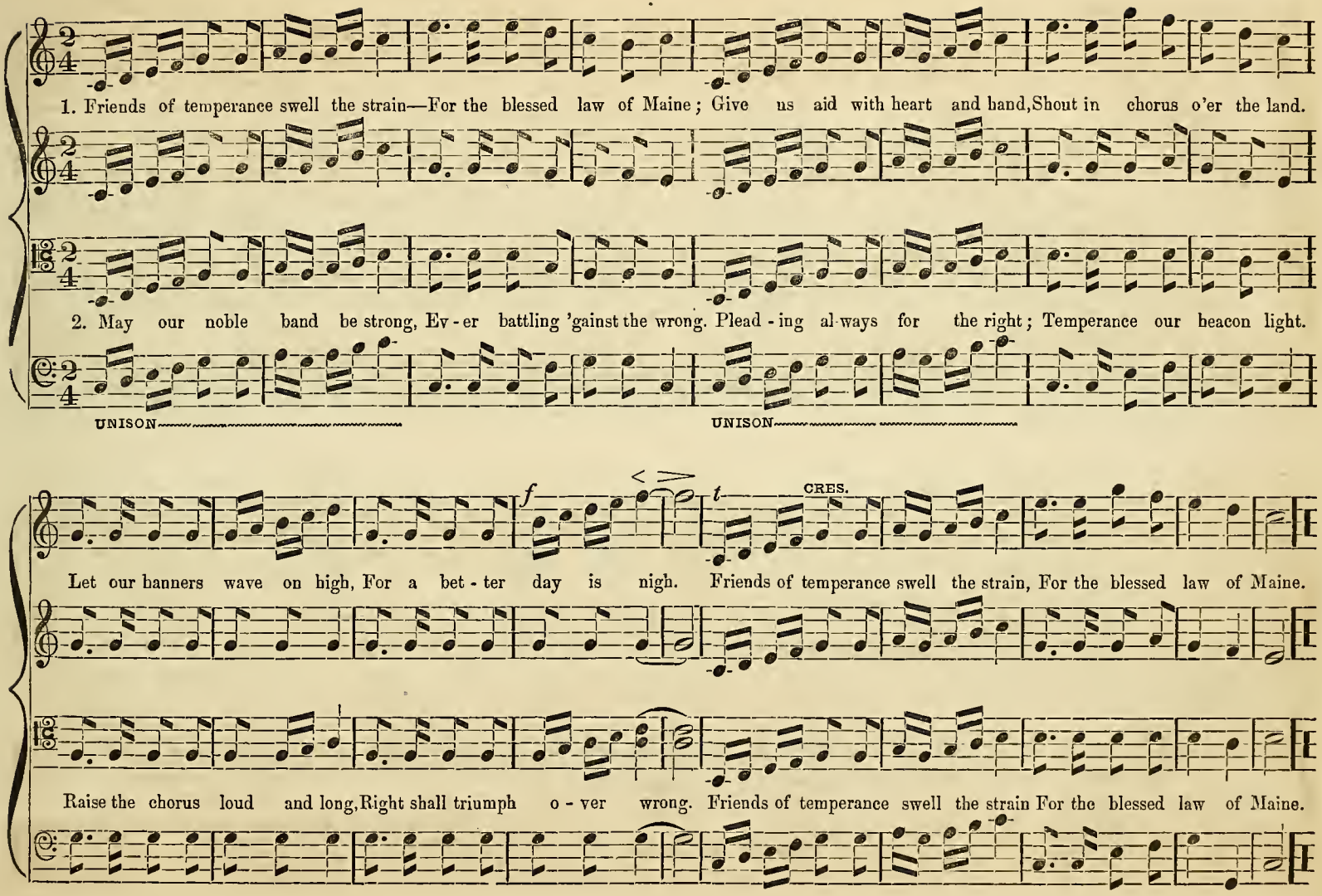



1. On the mountain, on the mountain, On the mountain builds the eagle there his nest; On the mountain, on the mountain; Shines the
2. On the mountain, on the mountain Wave the pine trees to and fro at ear-ly morn. From the mountain, from the mountain, Comes the
sun when sink - ing, sinking in the west; And beneath its foot springs up the sil-ver fountain, Running swift-ly from the moun - tain.
1. And beneath its foot springs up the fountain,
2. To the val - ley runs the sil-ver fountain,
shout of hun - ters, and the bugle horn. To the valley runs the little silver fountain, Running swift-ly from the moun - tain.

Charming Little Beauty.

Words and Music by E. A. P.

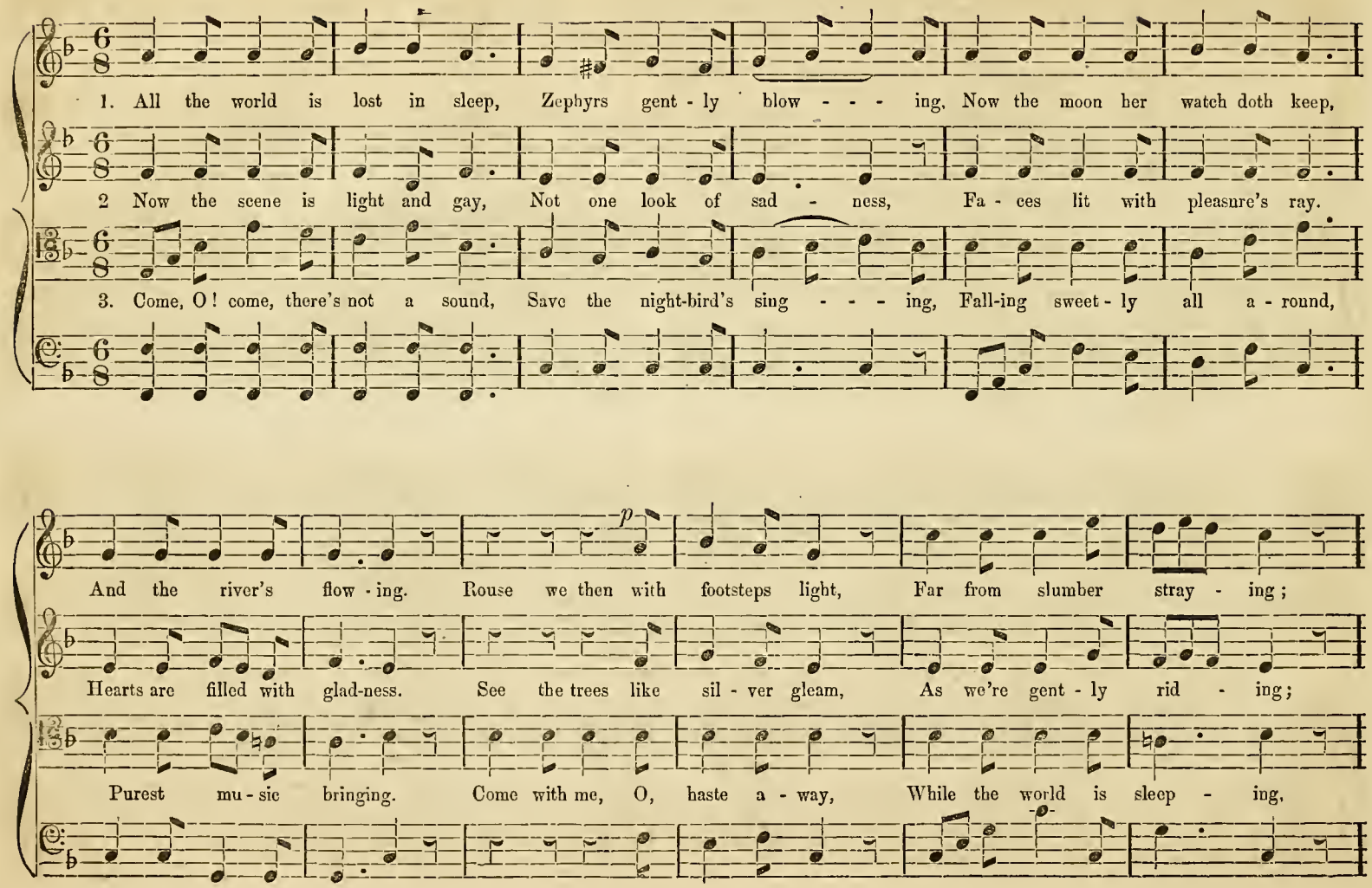


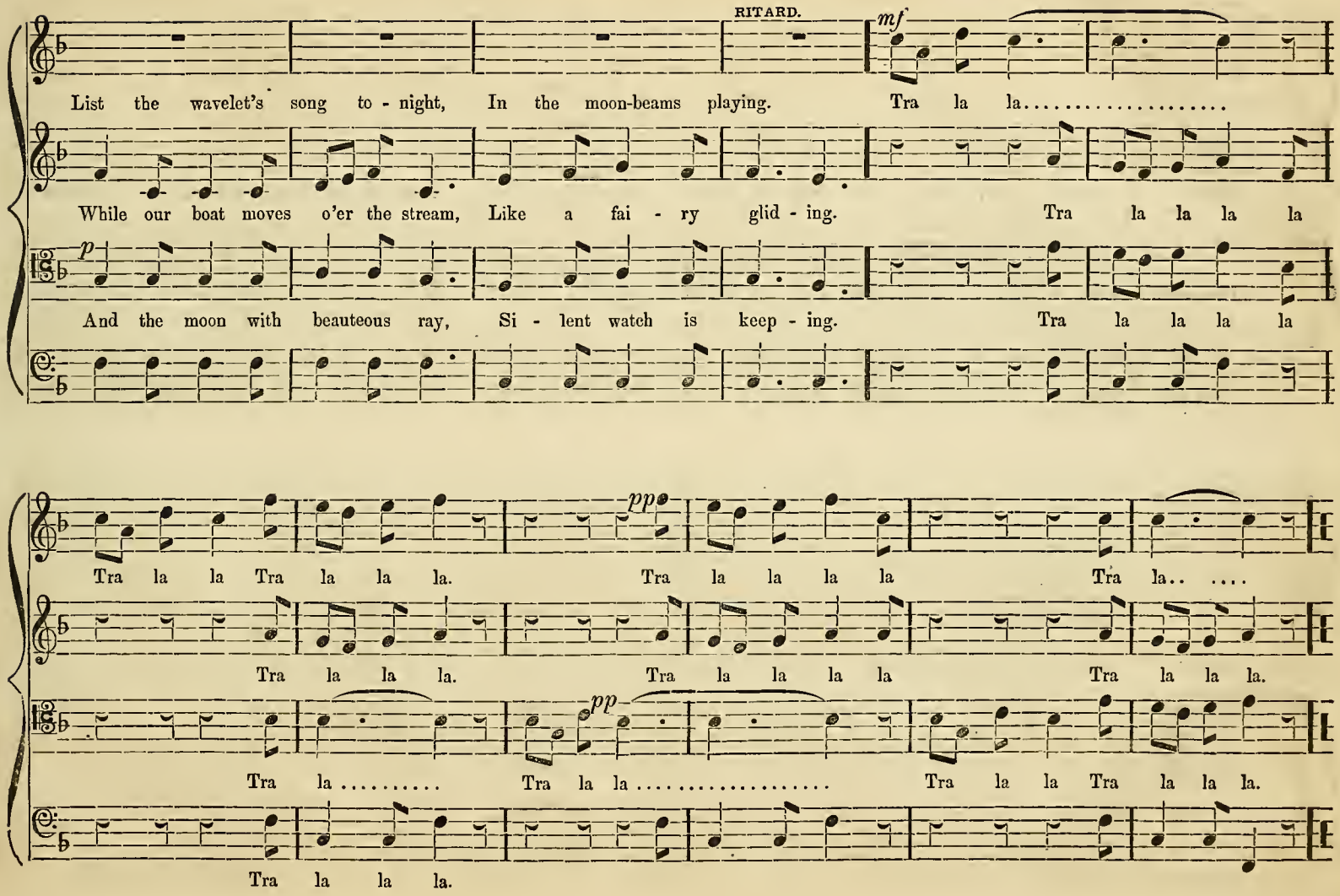

1. Friends of temperance swell the strain—For the blessed law of Maine; Give us aid with heart and hand, Shout in chorus o'er the land.
2. May our noble band be strong, Ev-er battling 'gainst the wrong. Plead-ing al-ways for the right; Temperance our beacon light.
UNISON
UNISON
f
t
CRES.
Let our banners wave on high, For a bet-ter day is nigh. Friends of temperance swell the strain, For the blessed law of Maine.
Raise the chorus loud and long, Right shall triumph o-ver wrong. Friends of temperance swell the strain For the blessed law of Maine.

SERENADE. "All the world is lost in slee-."

Words by E. A. PERKINS.

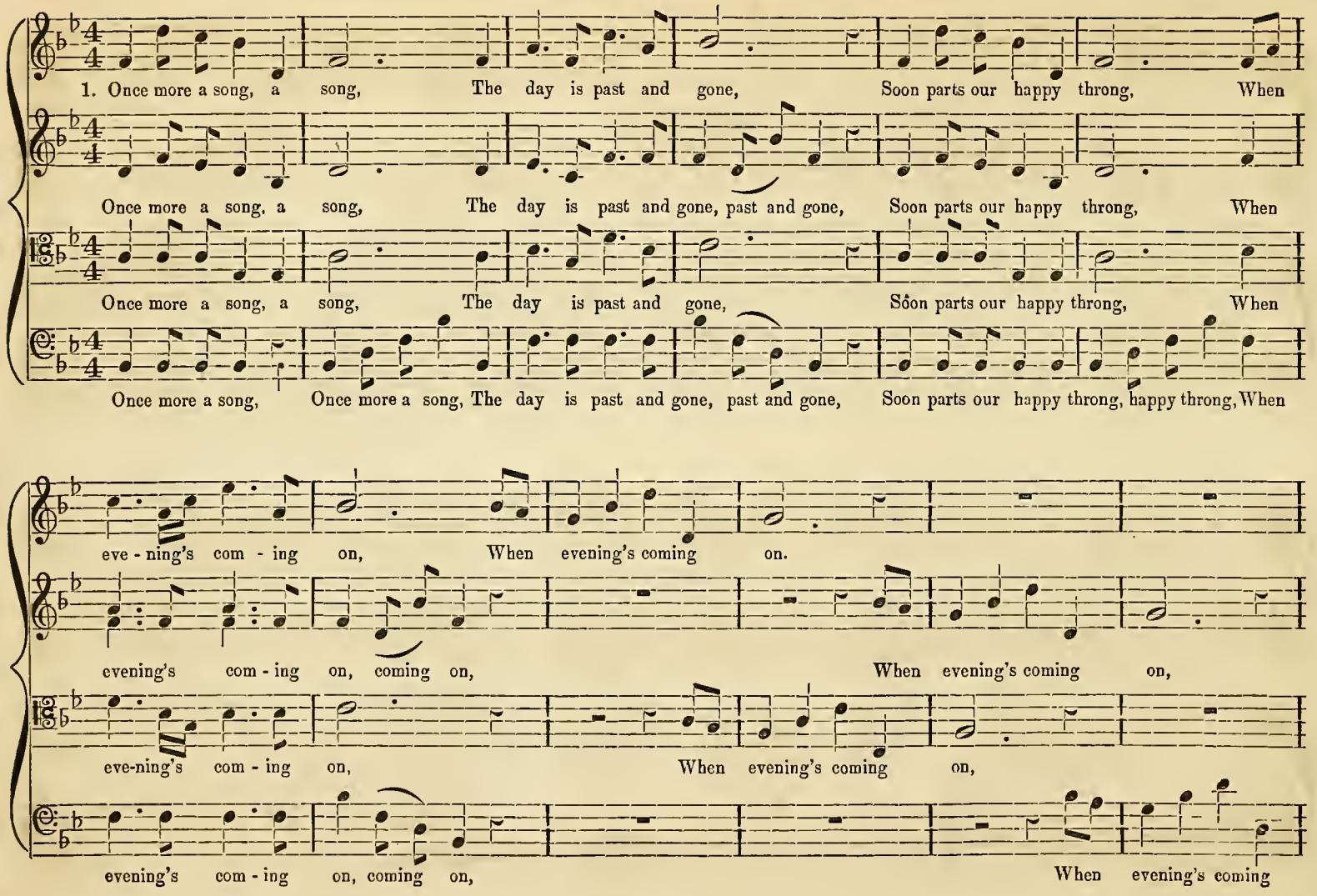
Composed for this work, by Wm. B. BRADBURY.

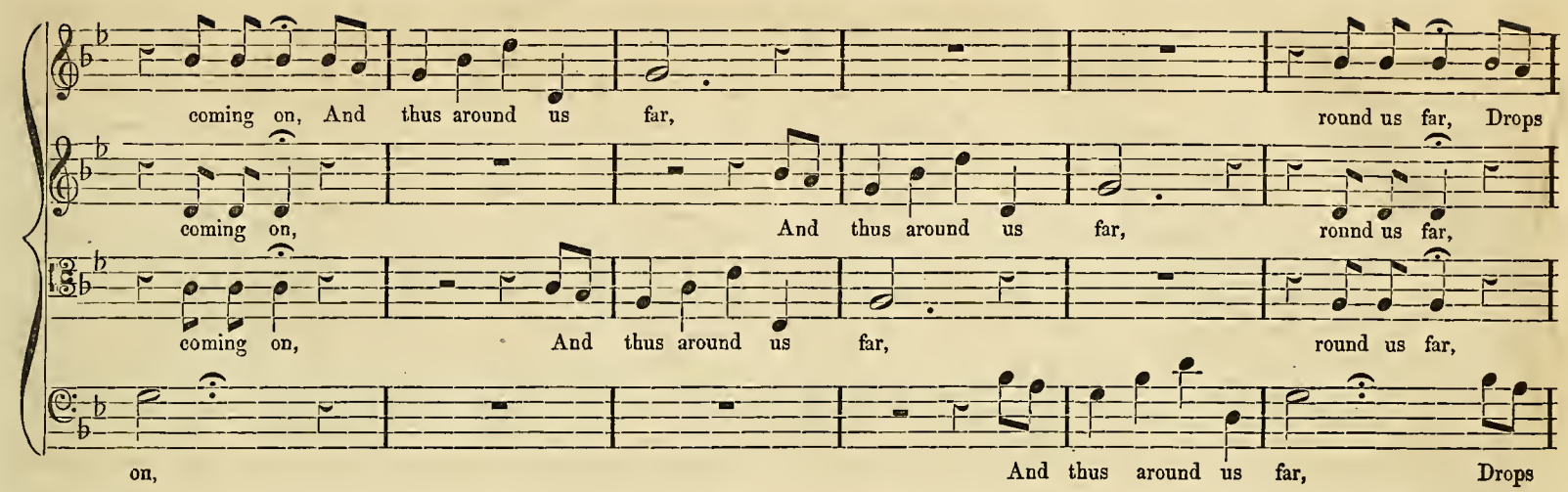


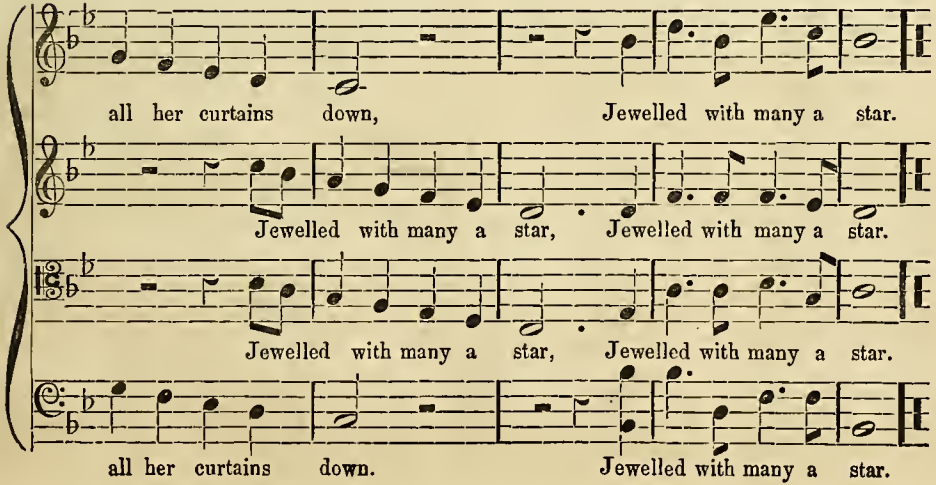

RITARD.
mf
List the wavelet's song to - night, In the moon-beams playing. Tra la la.....
While our boat moves o'er the stream, Like a fai - ry glid - ing. Tra la la la la
p
And the moon with beauteous ray, Si - lent watch is keep - ing. Tra la la la la
ppp
Tra la la Tra la la la. Tra la la la la Tra la.. ....
Tra la la la. Tra la la la la Tra la la la.
pp
Tra la ..... Tra la la ..... Tra la la Tra la la la.
Tra la la la.

QUARTETTE. "Once more a Song, Good Night."

Music by W







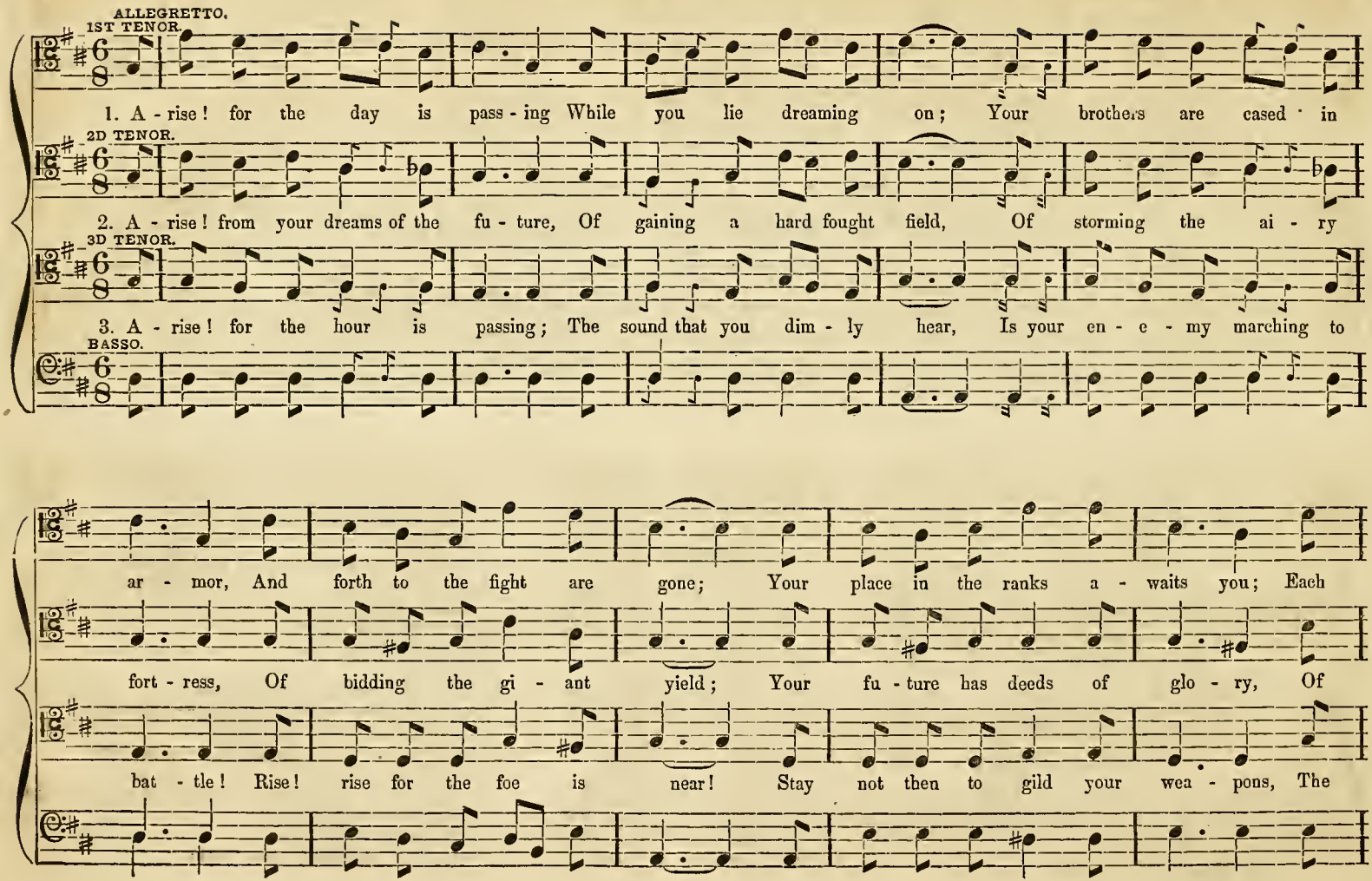
2

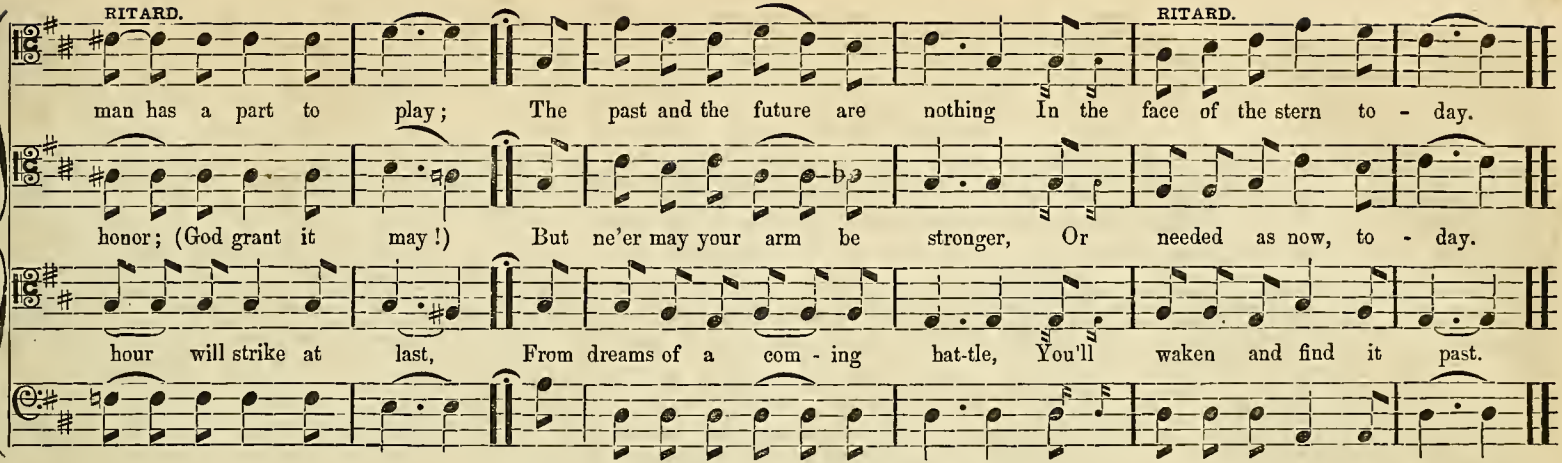
Sound now the merry strain, merry strain,
Let all our voices swell, voices swell,
For now we part again, part again,
All happy, gay and well, gay and well,
‖: Let none of us be sad, :‖ none be sad;
‖: Let parting cause no pain, :‖ cause no pain;
But let us all be glad,
But let us all be glad,
For we shall meet again.

3

So a good night to all—yea to all,
Good night, good night, good night—good night,
To all, both great and small, great and small,
Good night, good night, good night—good night.
‖: We part, but not in pain, :‖ not in pain;
‖: Good night, good night, good night :‖ all good night,
We hope to meet again,
We hope to meet again,
Good night, good night, good night

QUARTETTE FOR GENTLEMEN'S VOICES.

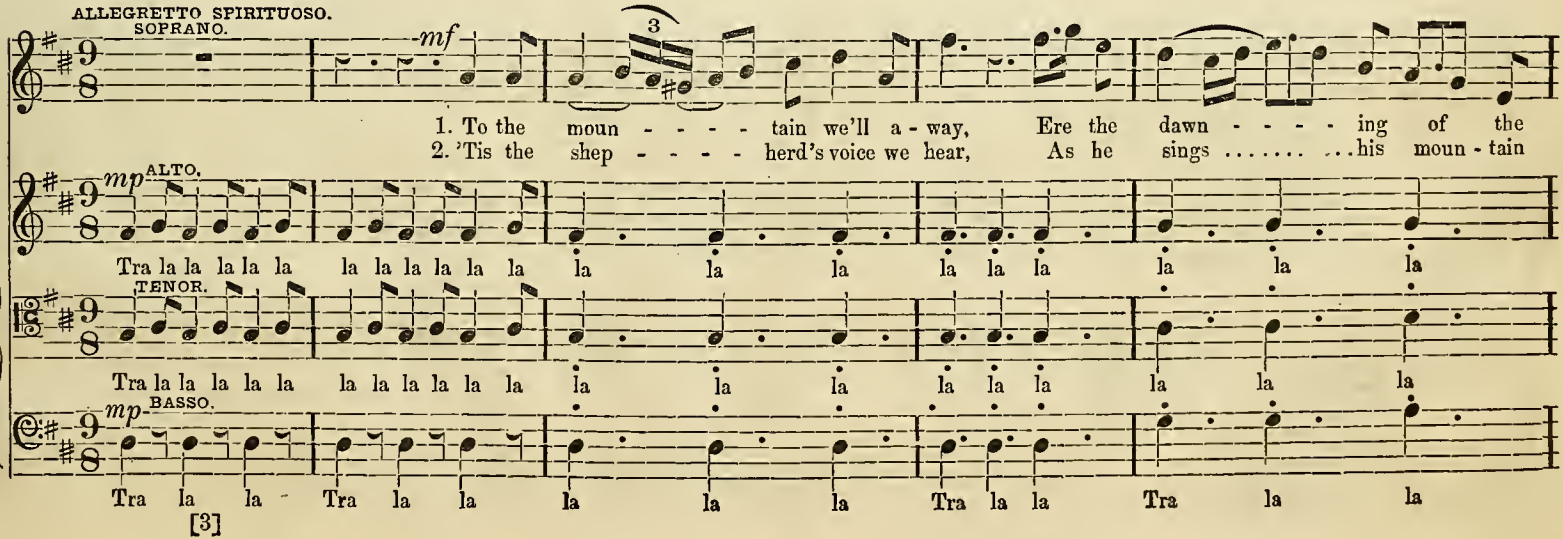




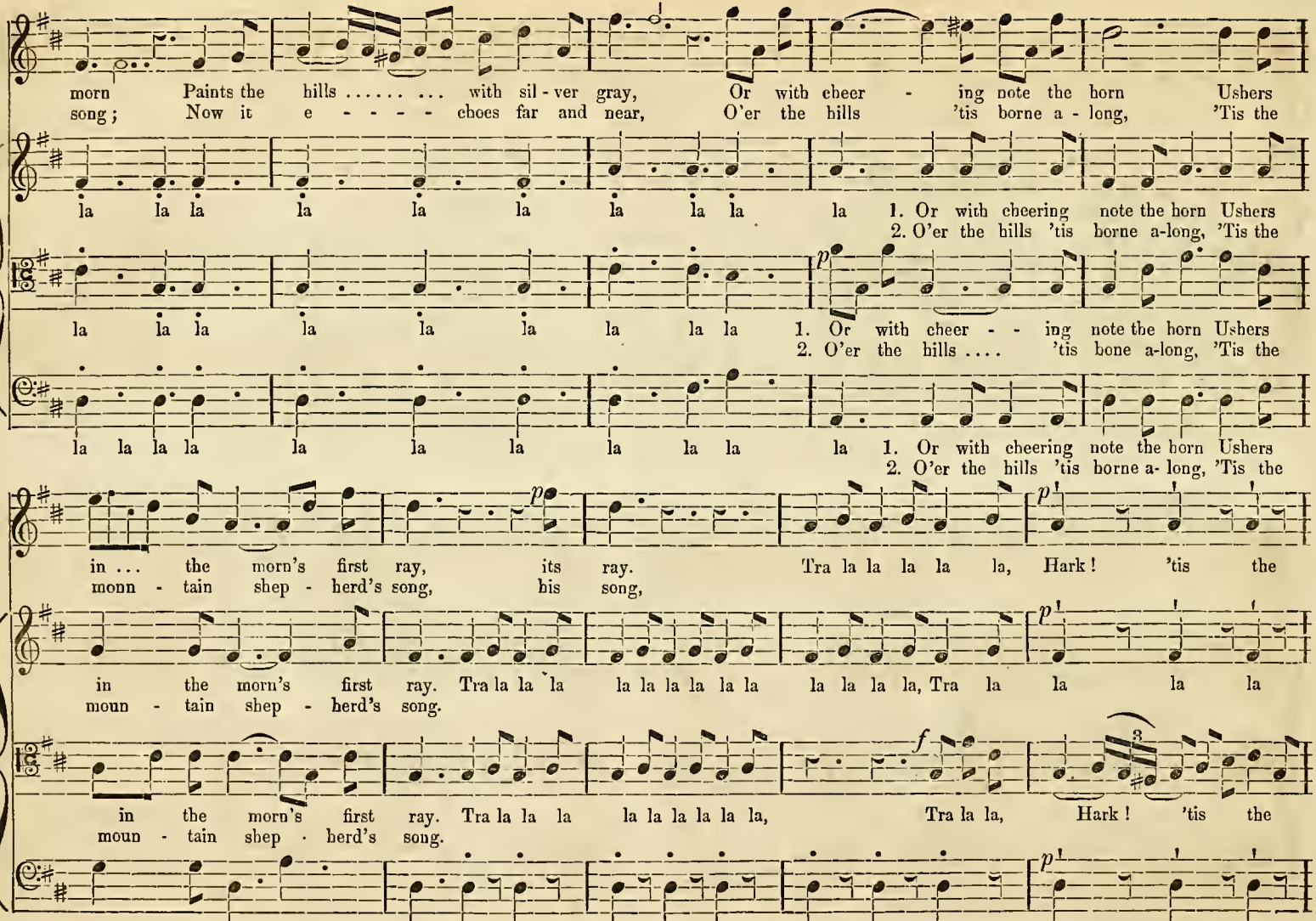
The Mountain Shepherd's Song.

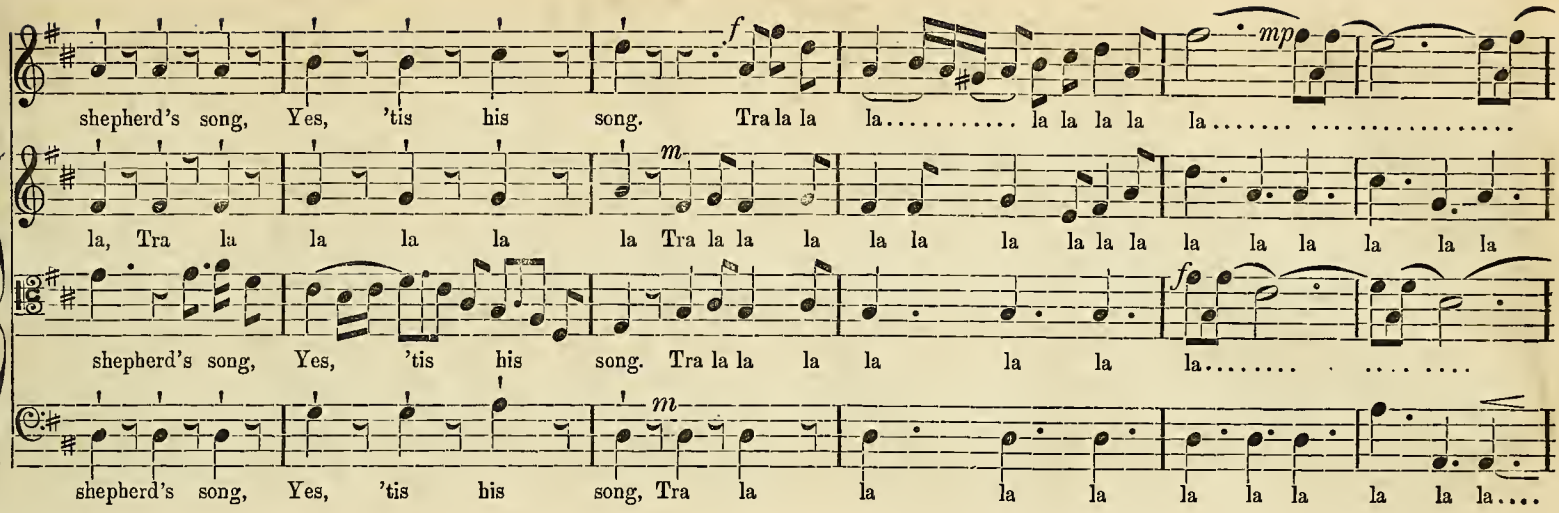
EDWARD A. PERKINS.

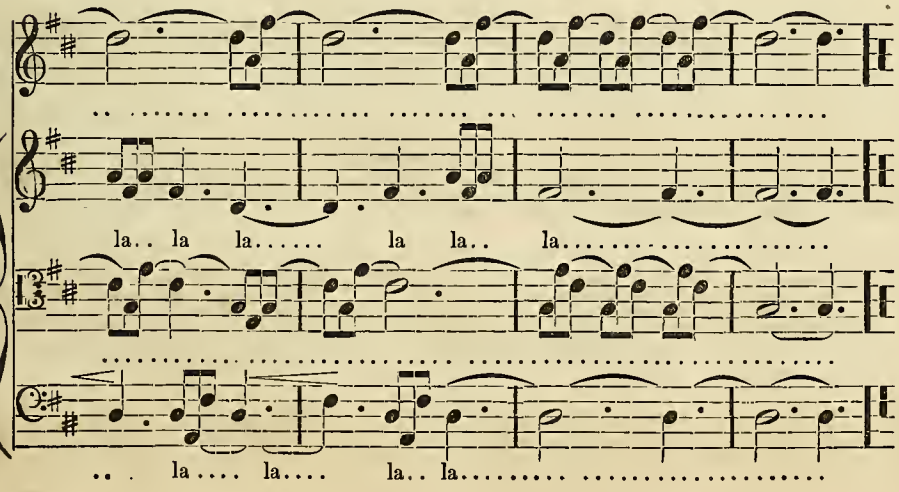
SOLO WITH VOCAL ACCOMPANIMENT.



The Mountain Shepherd's Song. Continued.







3

From his bed he early springs,
Drinks from yonder sparkling rill:
And his rustic song he sings,
‖: As he climbs his native hill, :‖ his hill.
Tra la la, &c.

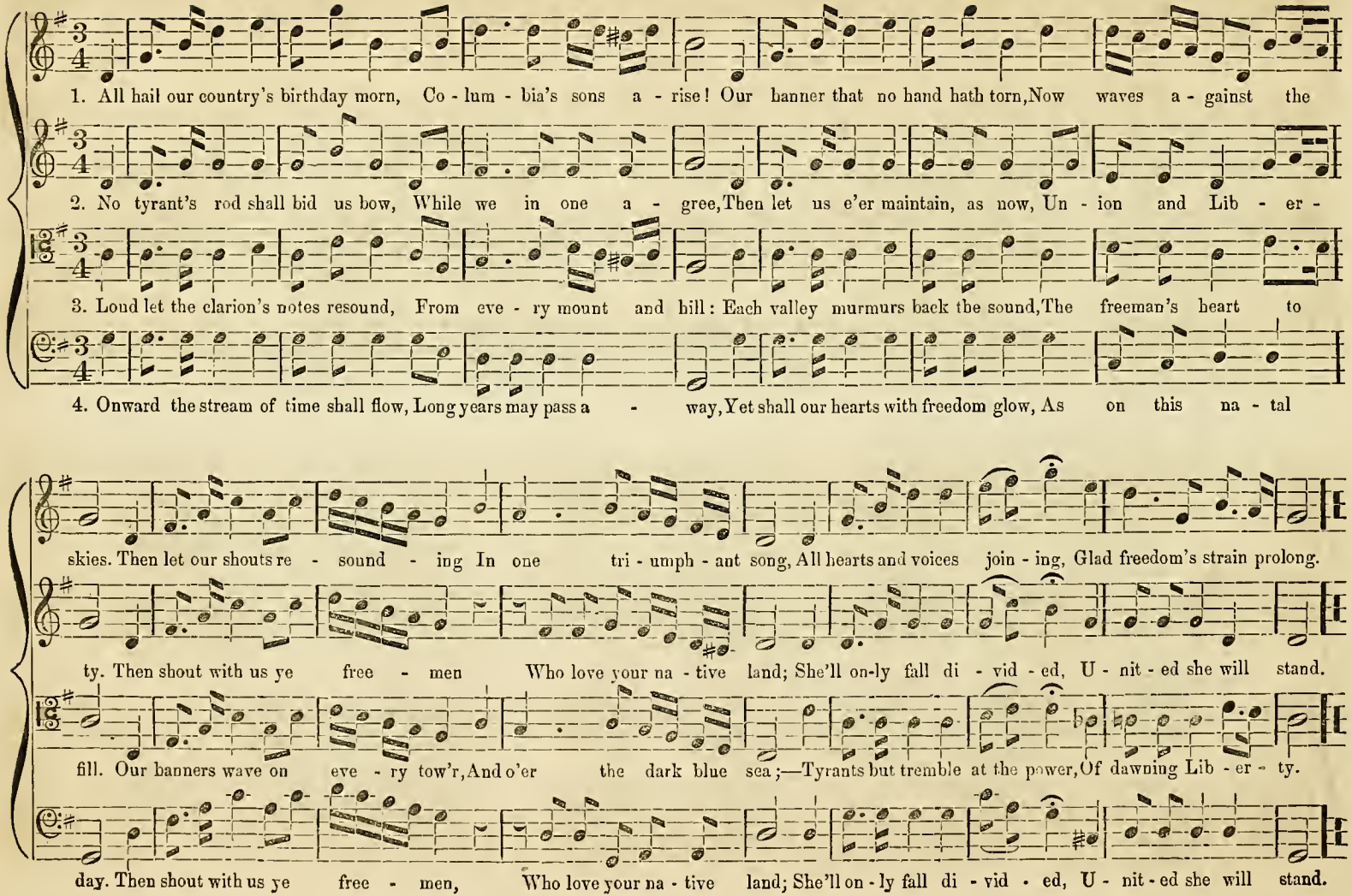
4

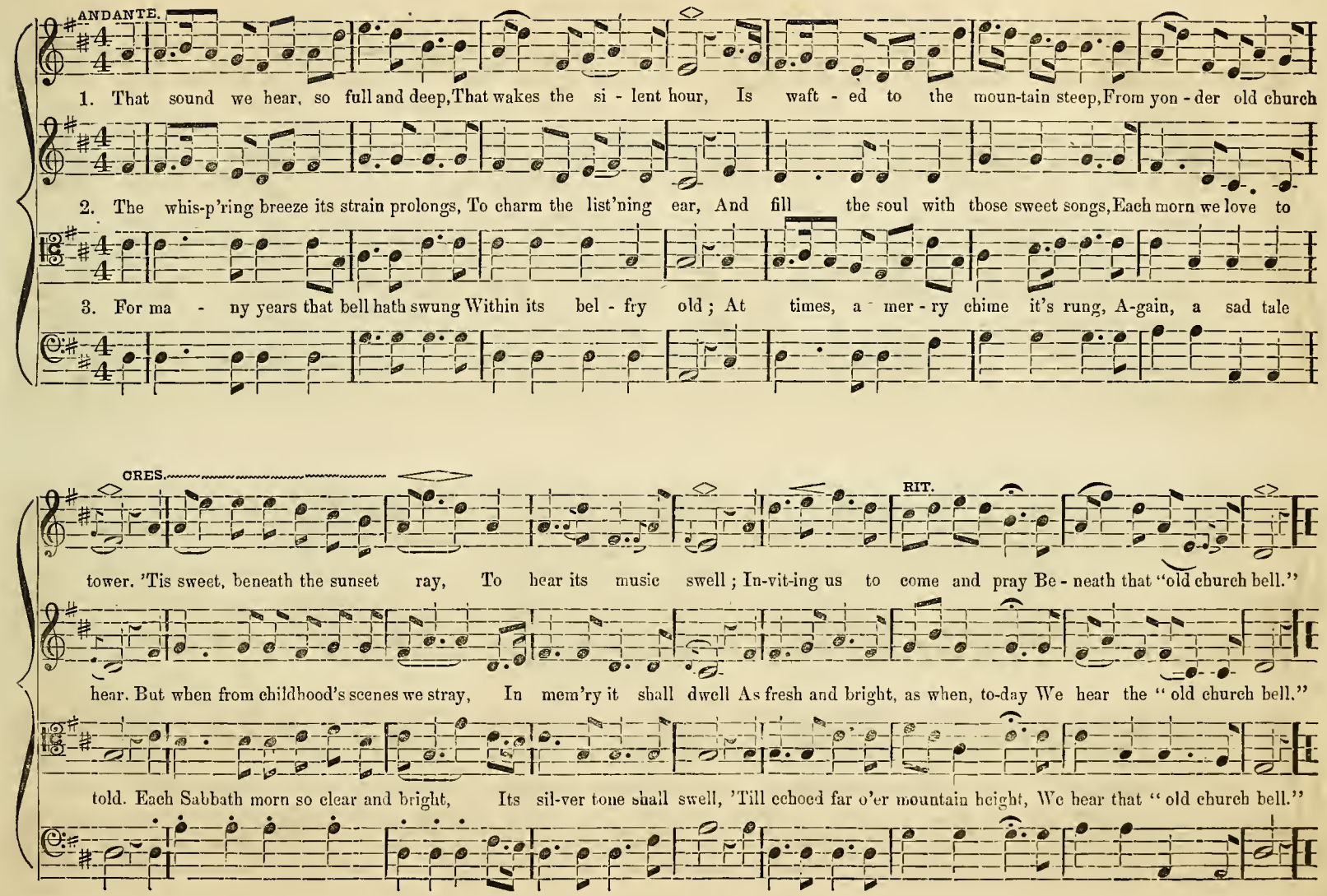
Oft he praises God in heaven,—
For his heart is full of love:
Thanks Him for each blessing given,
‖: And the Christian's hope above, :‖ above.
Tra la la, &c.

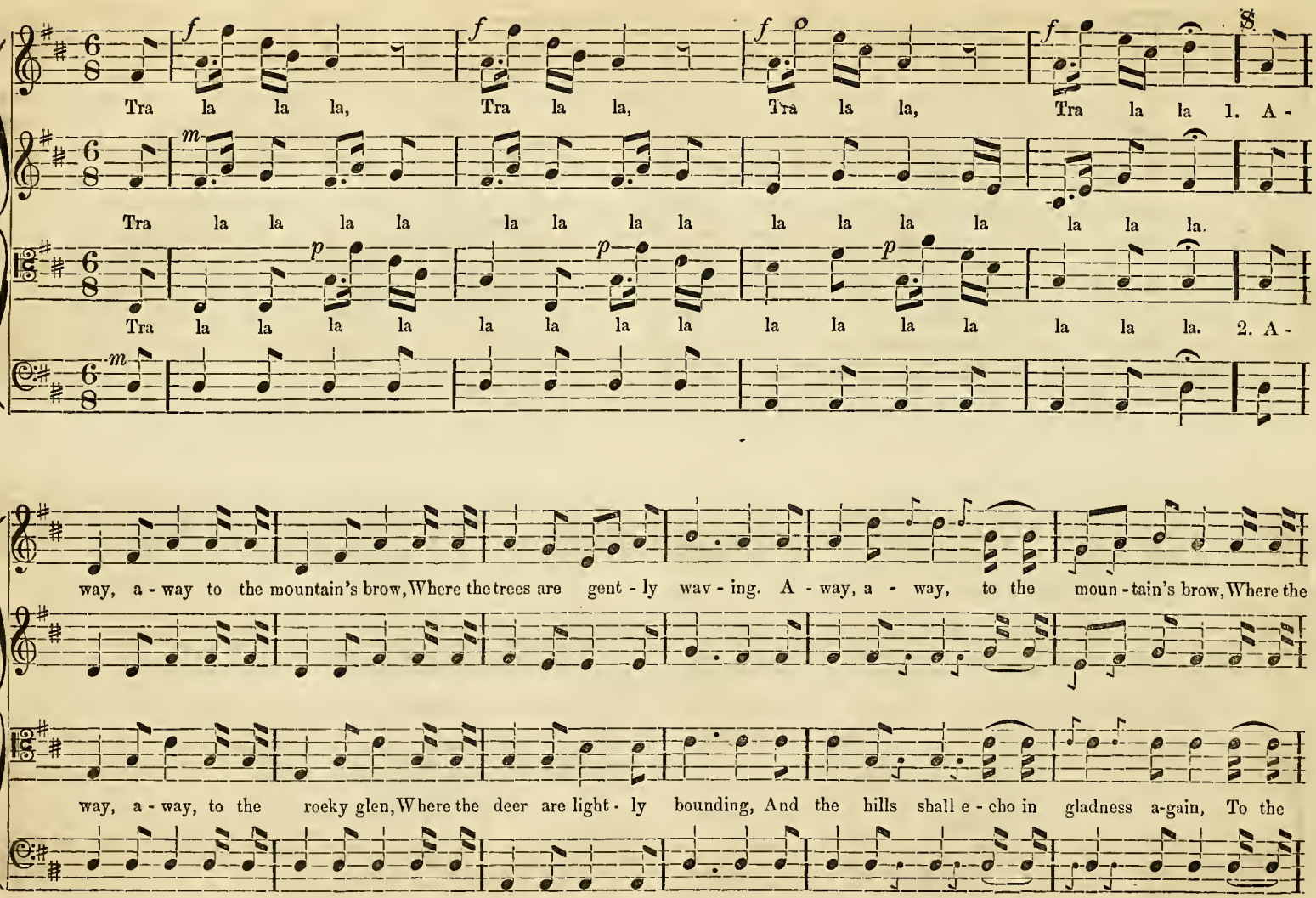
National Song.

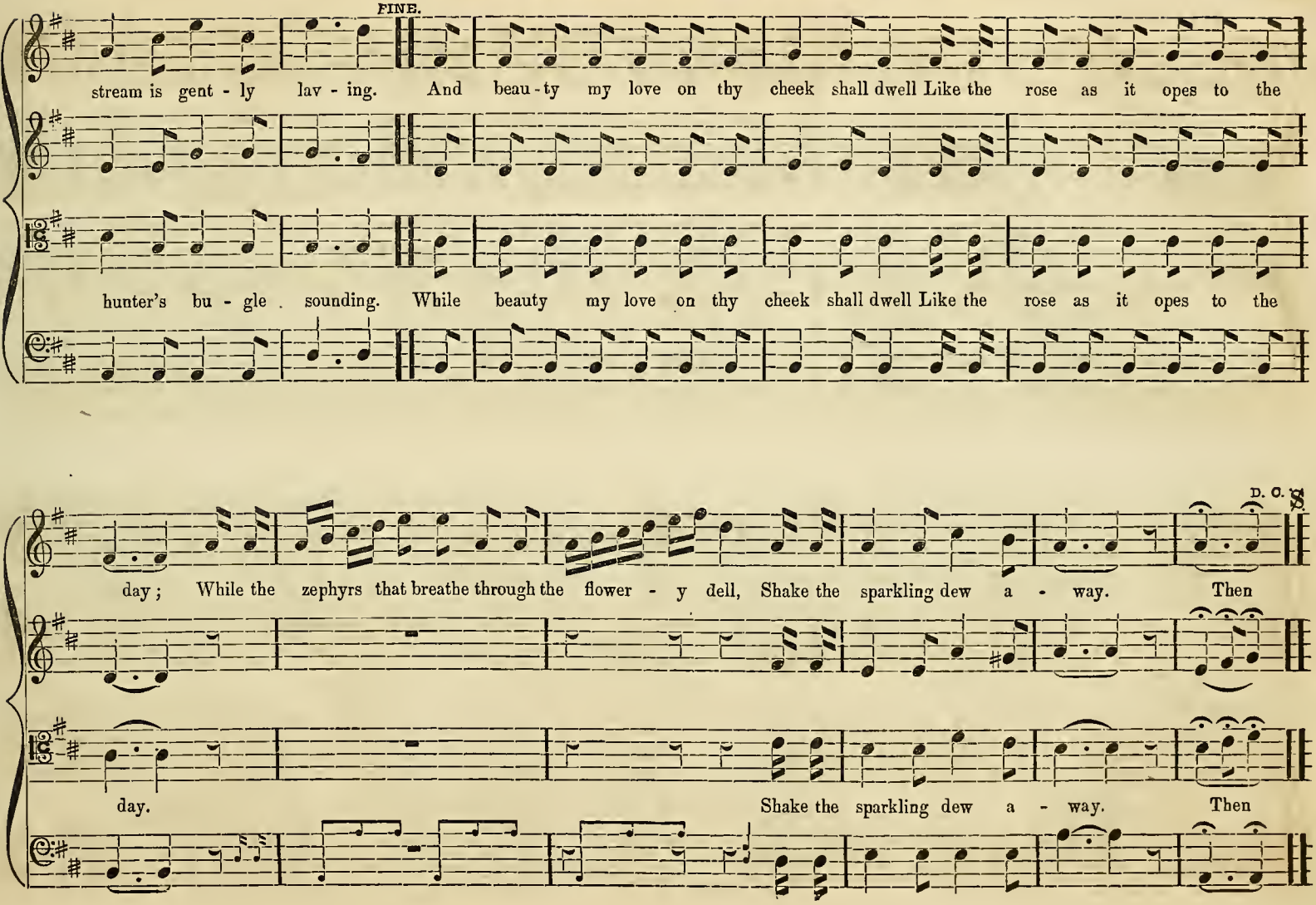
F. H. P.

FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.




ANDANTE.
1. That sound we hear, so full and deep, That wakes the si - lent hour, Is waft - ed to the moun-tain steep, From yon - der old church
2. The whis-p'ring breeze its strain prolongs, To charm the list'ning ear, And fill the soul with those sweet songs, Each morn we love to
3. For ma - ny years that bell hath swung Within its bel - fry old; At times, a mer - ry chime it's rung, A-gain, a sad tale
CRES.
RIT.
tower. 'Tis sweet, beneath the sunset ray, To hear its music swell; In-vit-ing us to come and pray Be - neath that "old church bell."
hear. But when from childhood's scenes we stray, In mem'ry it shall dwell As fresh and bright, as when, to-day We hear the "old church bell."
told. Each Sabbath morn so clear and bright, Its sil-ver tone shall swell, 'Till echoed far o'er mountain height, We hear that "old church bell."


Tra la la la, Tra la la, Tra la la, Tra la la 1. A-
Tra la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la.
Tra la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la. 2. A-
way, a-way to the mountain's brow, Where the trees are gent-ly wav-ing. A-way, a-way, to the moun-tain's brow, Where the
way, a-way, to the rocky glen, Where the deer are light-ly bounding, And the hills shall e-cho in gladness a-gain, To the


FINE.
stream is gent - ly lav - ing. And beau - ty my love on thy cheek shall dwell Like the rose as it opes to the
hunter's bu - gle sounding. While beauty my love on thy cheek shall dwell Like the rose as it opes to the
D. C.
day; While the zephyrs that breathe through the flower - y dell, Shake the sparkling dew a - way. Then
day. Shake the sparkling dew a - way. Then

QUARTETTE.

1. We meet again, around the hearth Where oft we used to come; We're gathered from the wilds of earth, To this our father's home, To this our father's home.

2. The gathered dust of toil and care, The world has o'er us flung, Shall vanish in the clear blue air, We breathed when we were young, We breathed when we were young.

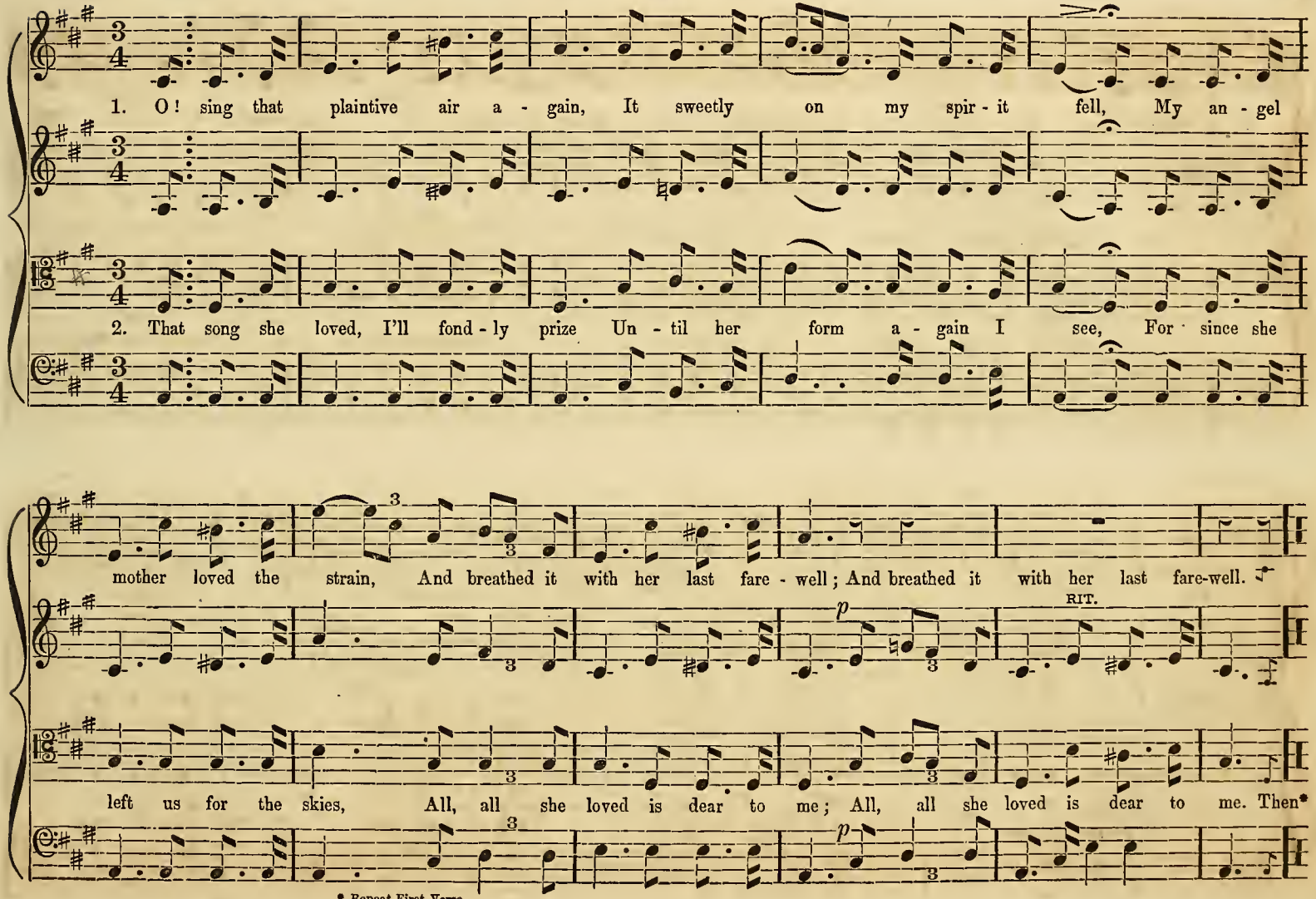
3. We'll mingle in the old home game, With all our old-en glee; No child shall follow pleasure's flame, More gay of heart than we, More gay of heart than we.

4. The noisy clang of jarring things, Shall vex our ears no more; Nor break upon the peaceful song We loved and sang of yore, We loved and sang of yore.

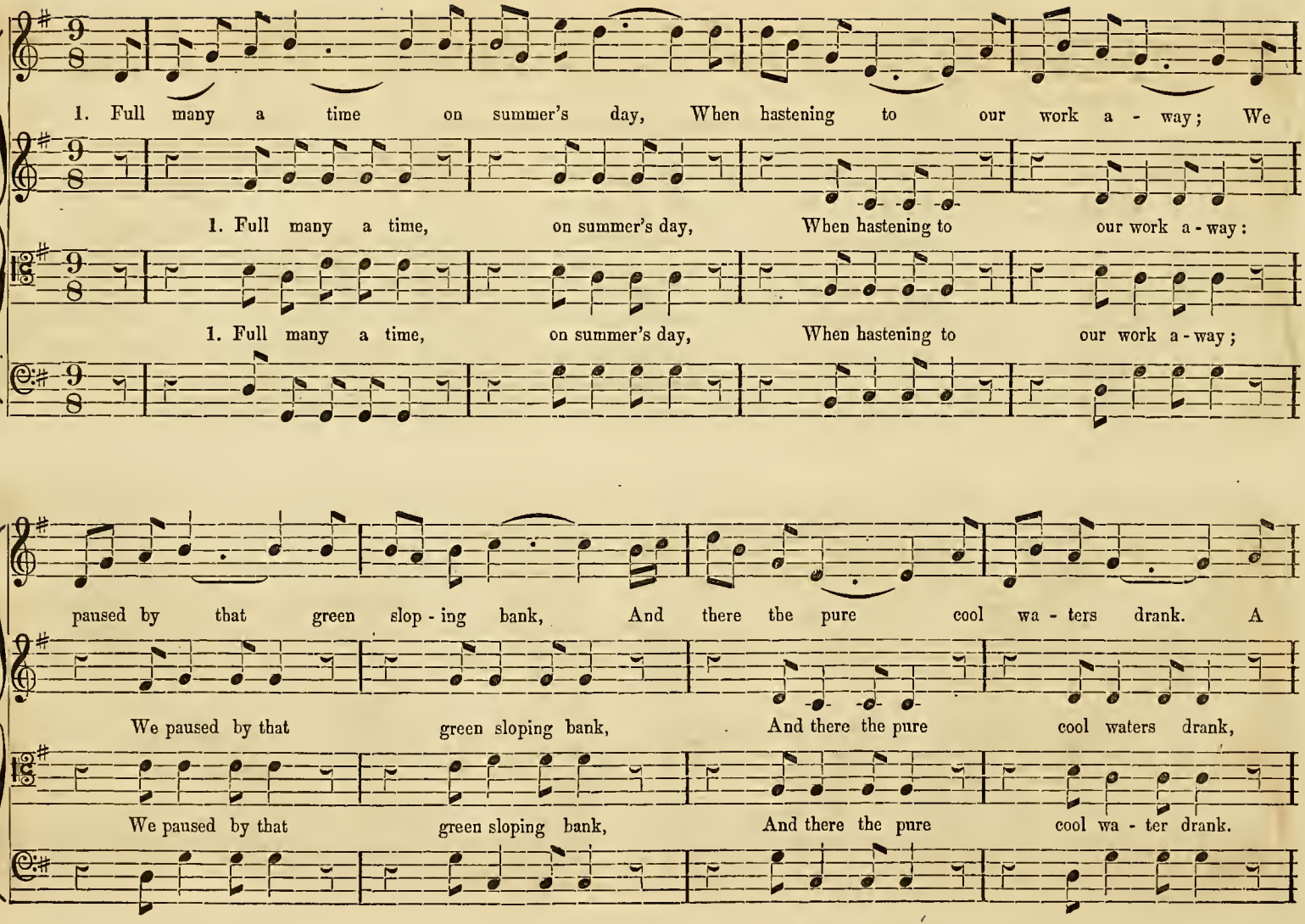
CHORUS.

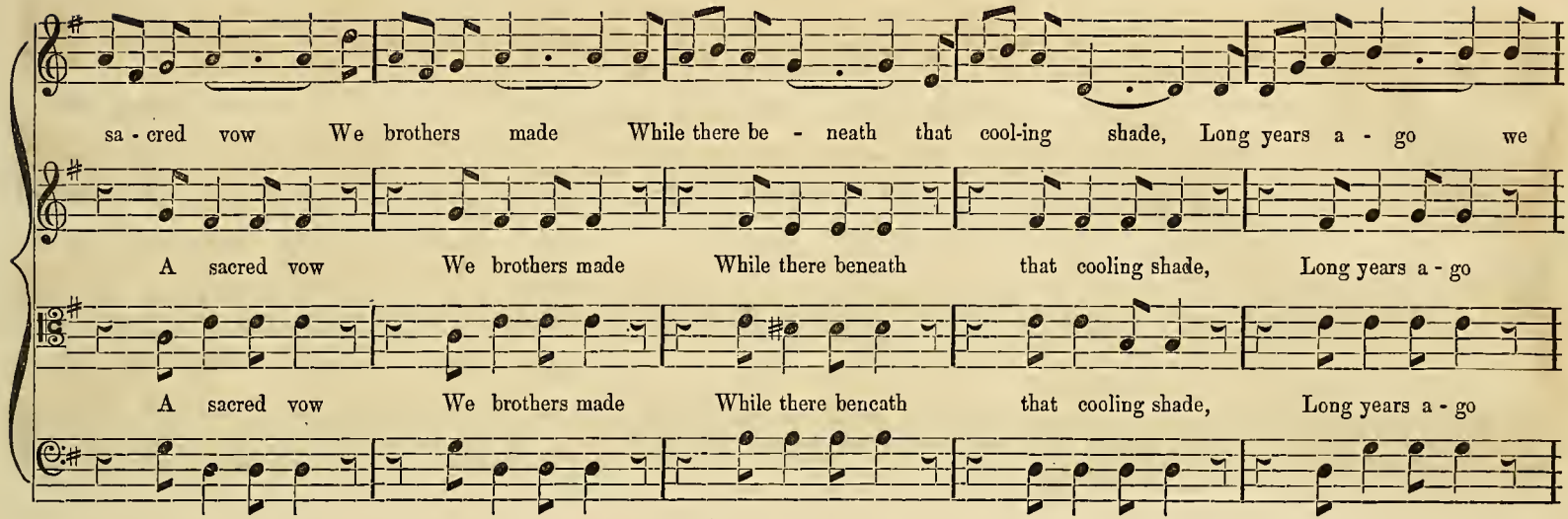
We'll wake again the joys of old, The joys of old so dear; And memory with her chain of gold, Shall closer bind us here.

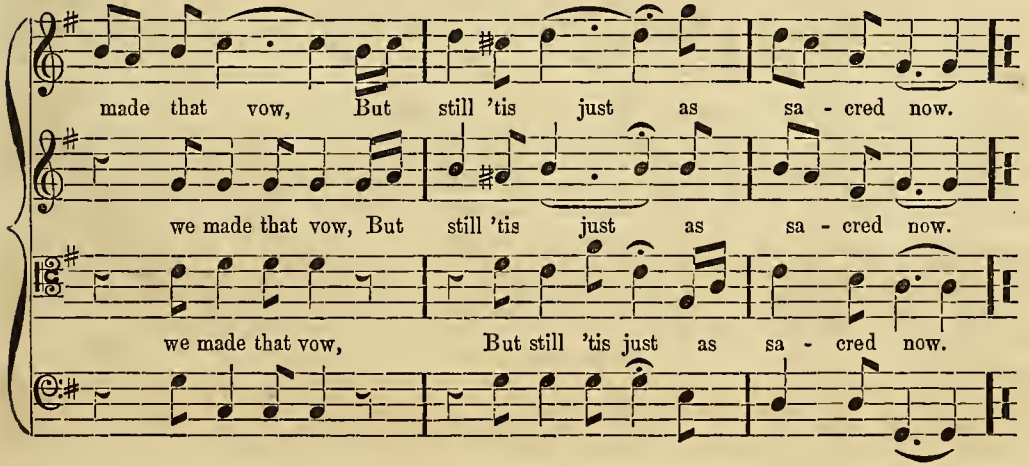
We'll wake again the joys of old, The joys of old so dear; And memory with her chain of gold, Shall closer bind us here.


1. O! sing that plaintive air a - gain, It sweetly on my spir - it fell, My an - gel
2. That song she loved, I'll fond - ly prize Un - til her form a - gain I see, For since she
mother loved the strain, And breathed it with her last fare - well; And breathed it with her last fare-well.
RIT.
left us for the skies, All, all she loved is dear to me; All, all she loved is dear to me. Then*
* Repeat First Verse.

Cold Water Song.







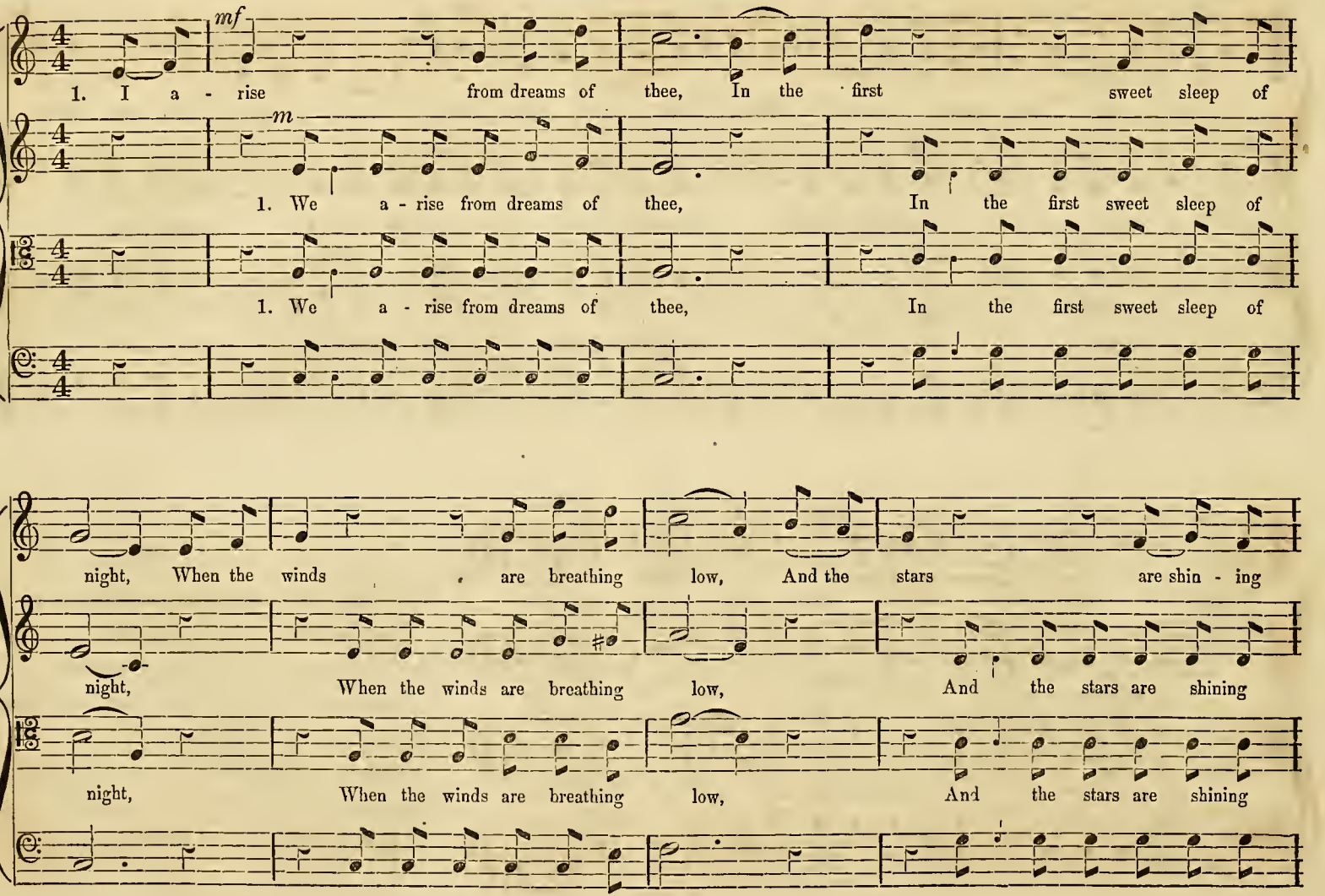
2

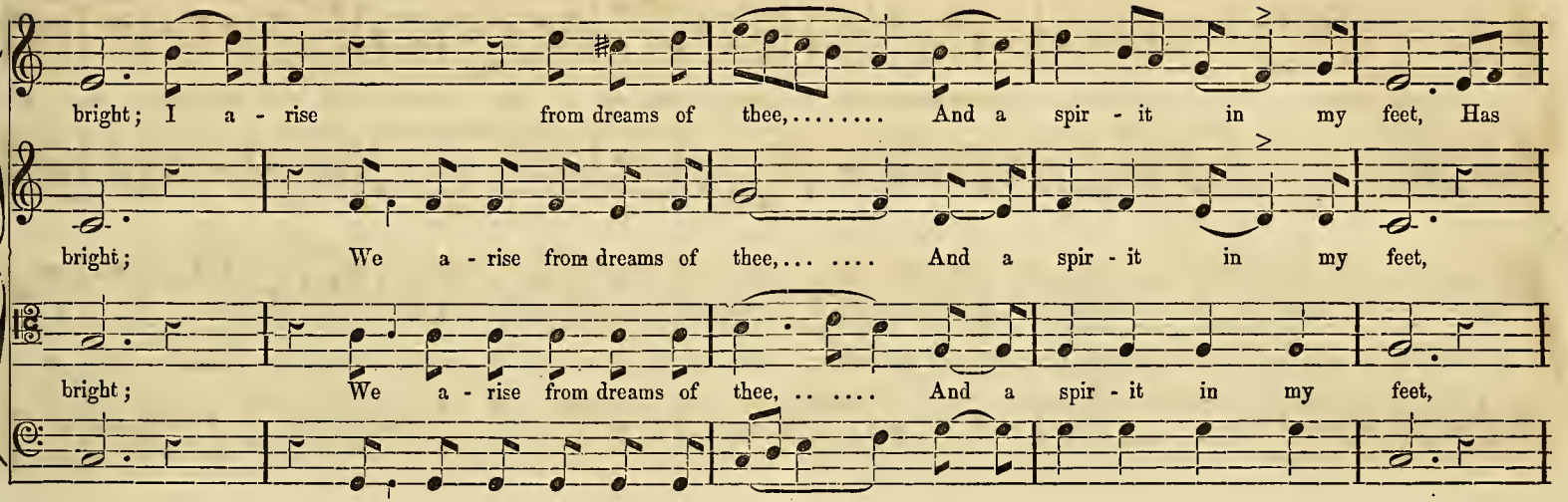
We'll shun the bright and sparkling joy
That lures us on but to destroy,
That sheds its light on young and old,
Who ne'er its death blight have been told.
The sacred vow we brothers made
While resting 'neath that cooling shade
Has brought us peace, content and love,
And turned our thoughts to heaven above.

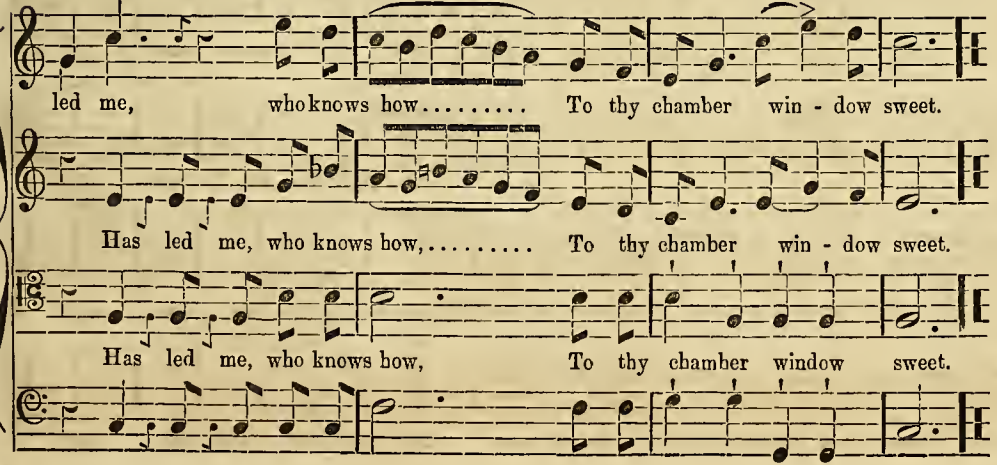
Poetry by SHELLEY.

SERENADE. "Sweet Dreams of Thee."

Music by ♯.







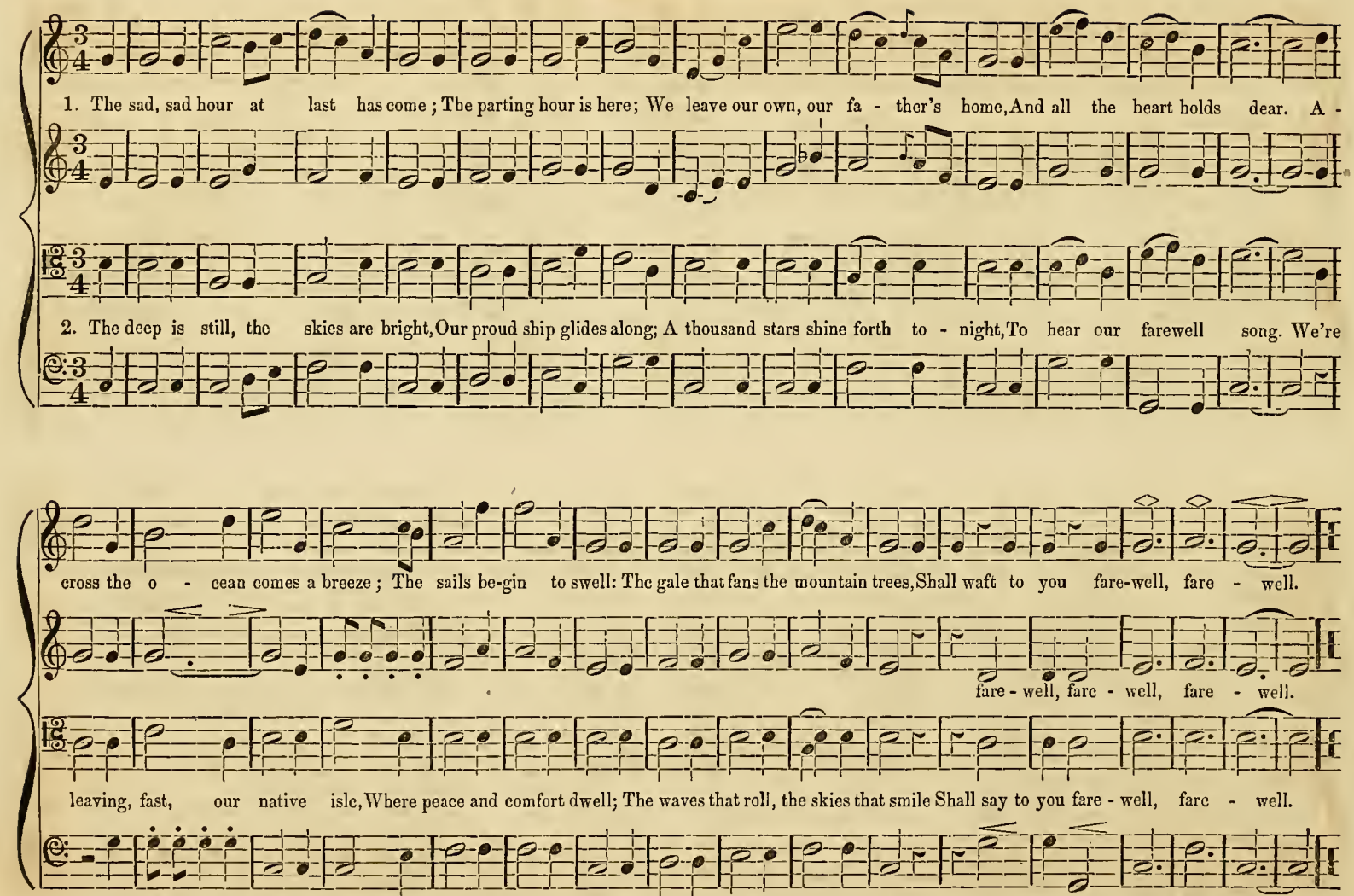
2

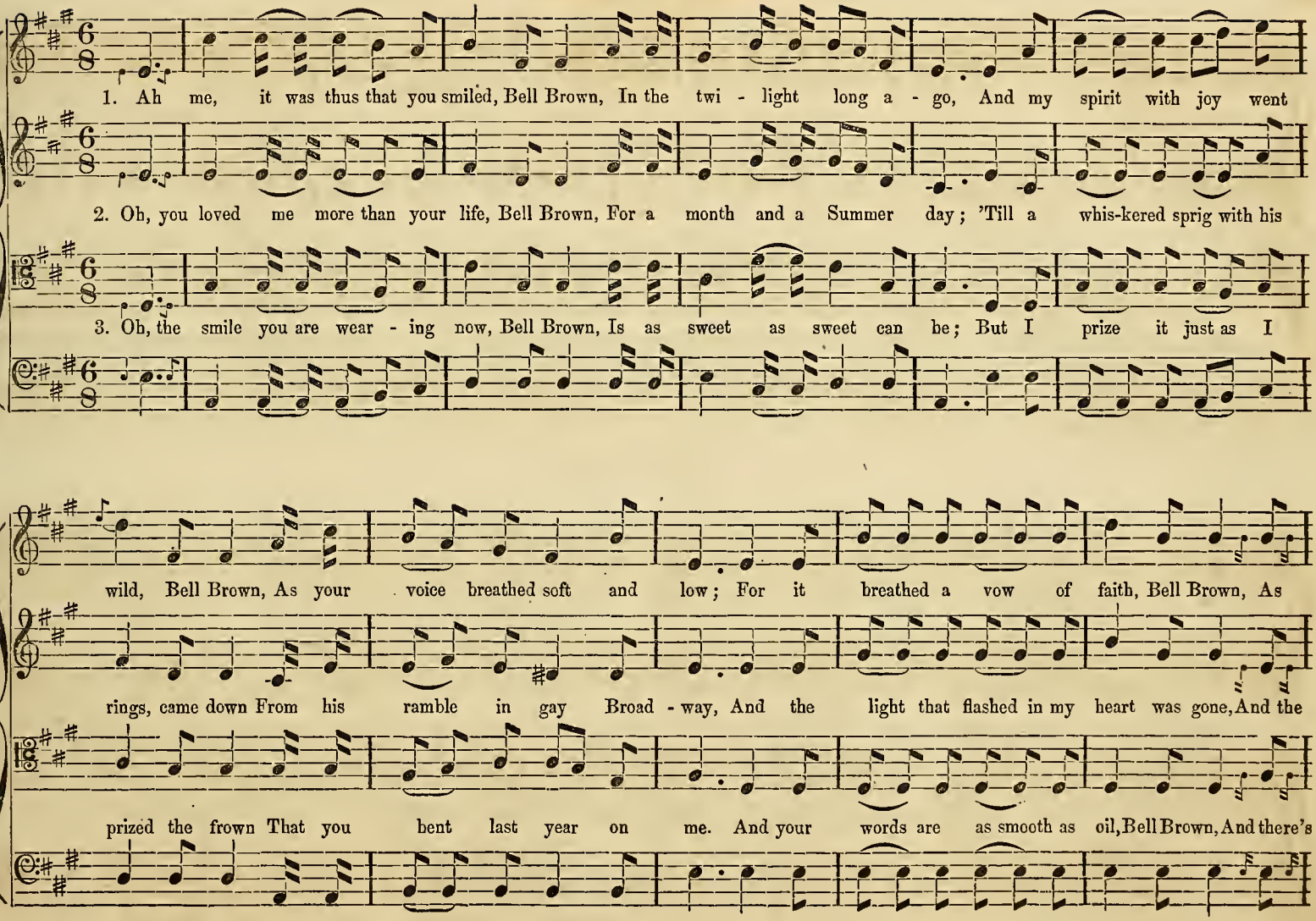
The wandering airs they faint
On the dark, the silent stream—
Odors of the champack fail,
Like sweet thoughts in a dream.
The nightingale's complaint,
It dies upon her heart,
As I must die on thine,
O! beloved as thou art.

3

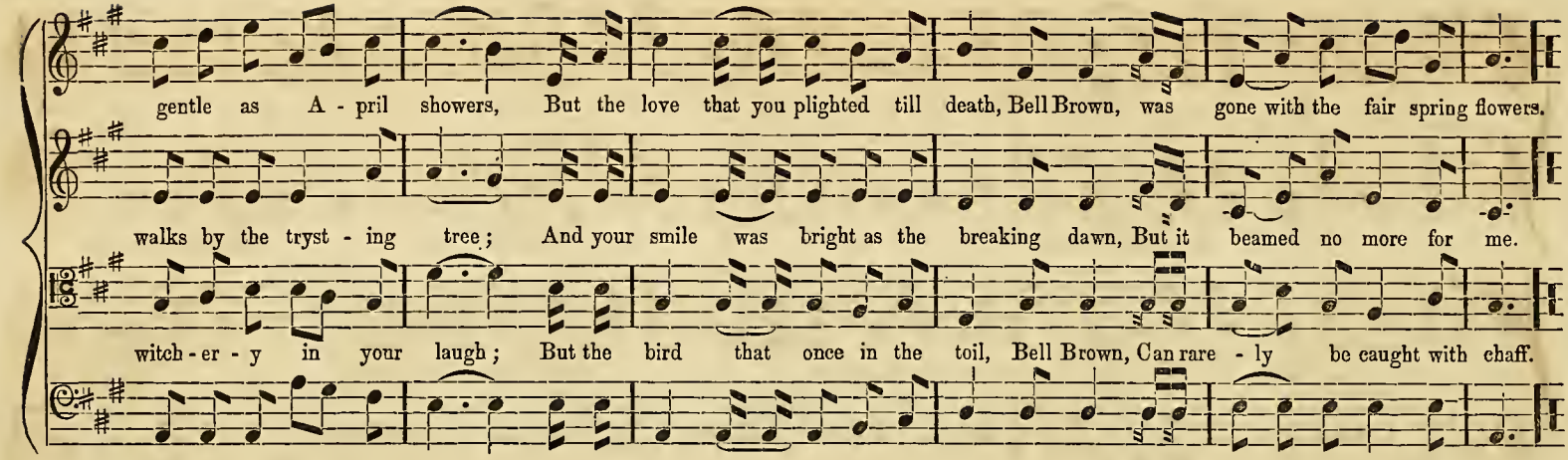
O! lift me from the grass,
I die, I faint, I fail;—
Let thy love in kisses rain,
On my lips and eyelids pale.
My cheeks are cold and white,-
My heart beats loud and fast.
O, press close to thine again,
Where it must break at last.

Parting with Friends.

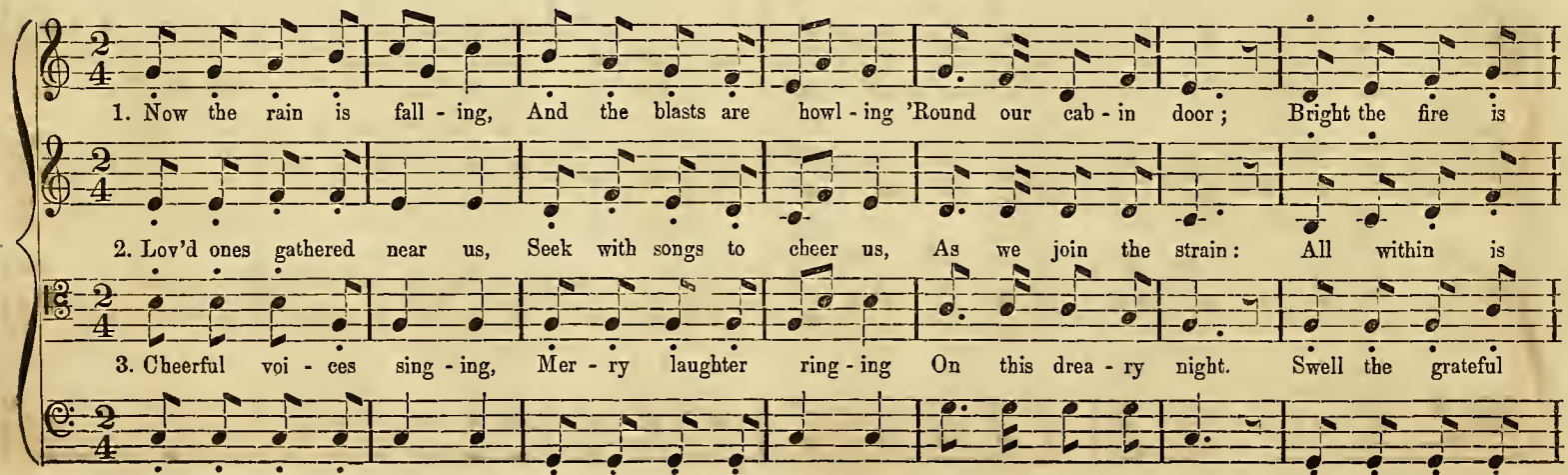


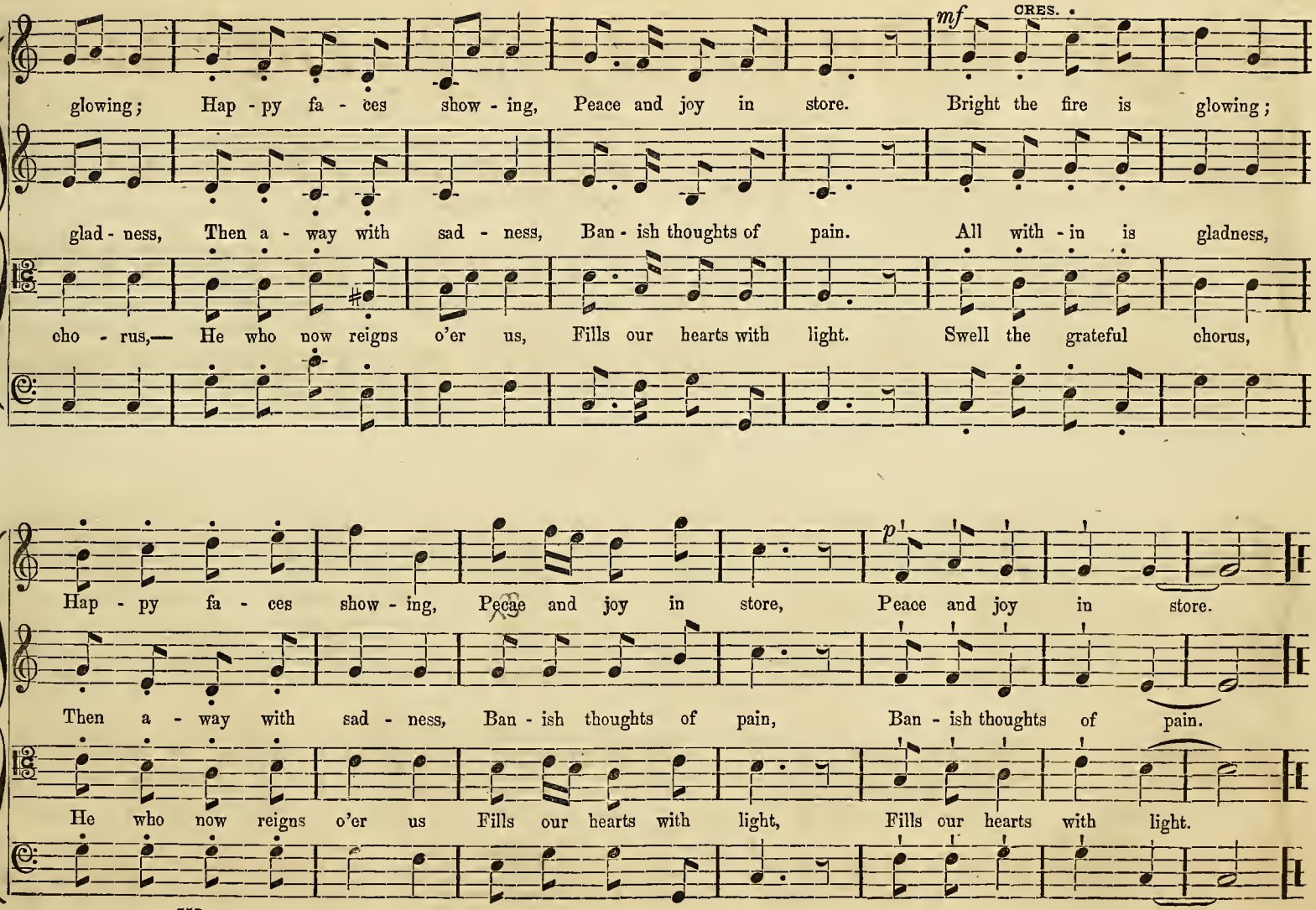

1. Ah me, it was thus that you smiled, Bell Brown, In the twi - light long a - go, And my spirit with joy went
2. Oh, you loved me more than your life, Bell Brown, For a month and a Summer day; 'Till a whis-kered sprig with his
3. Oh, the smile you are wear - ing now, Bell Brown, Is as sweet as sweet can be; But I prize it just as I
wild, Bell Brown, As your voice breathed soft and low; For it breathed a vow of faith, Bell Brown, As
rings, came down From his ramble in gay Broad - way, And the light that flashed in my heart was gone, And the
prized the frown That you bent last year on me. And your words are as smooth as oil, Bell Brown, And there's

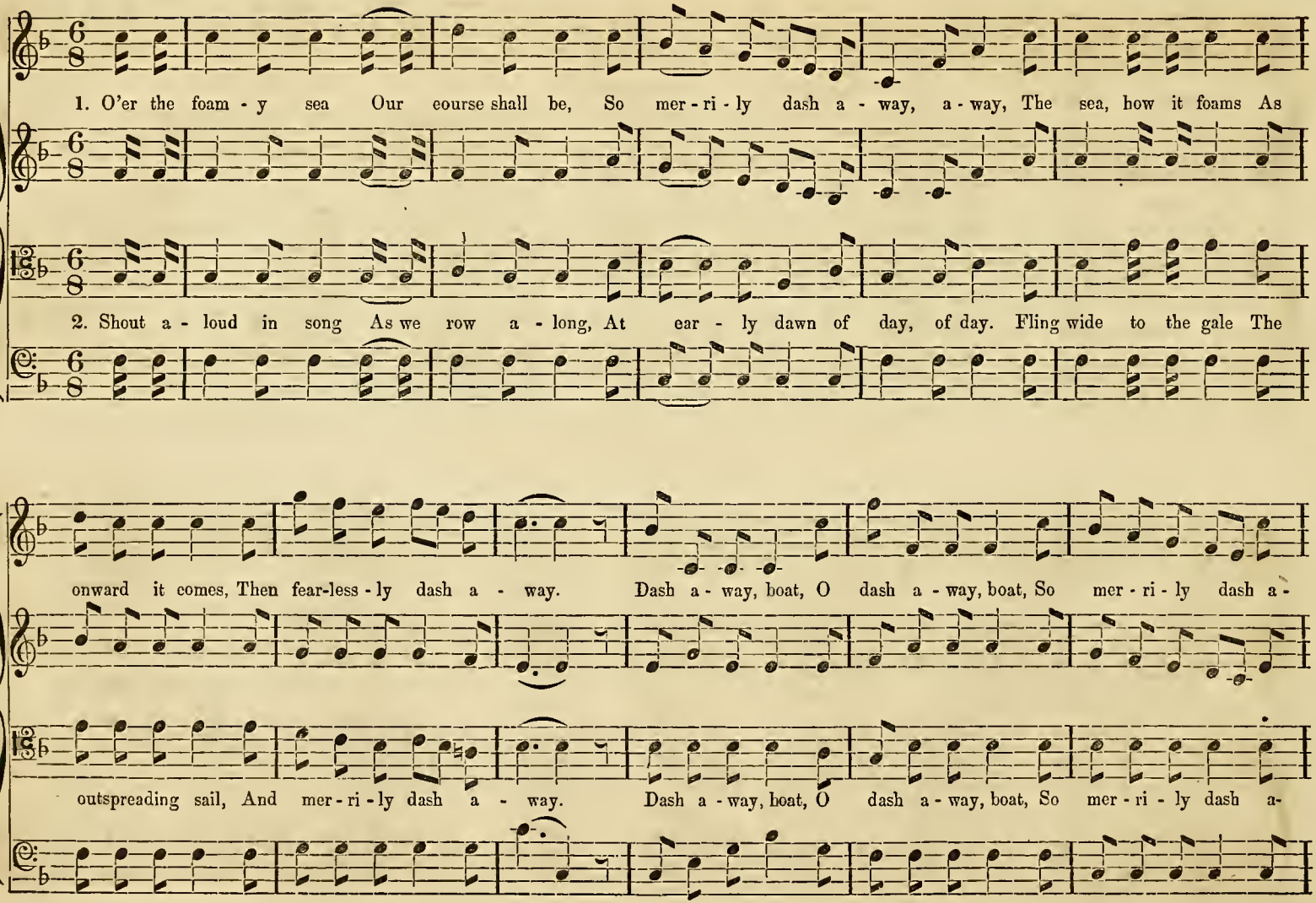
Bell Brown. Concluded.

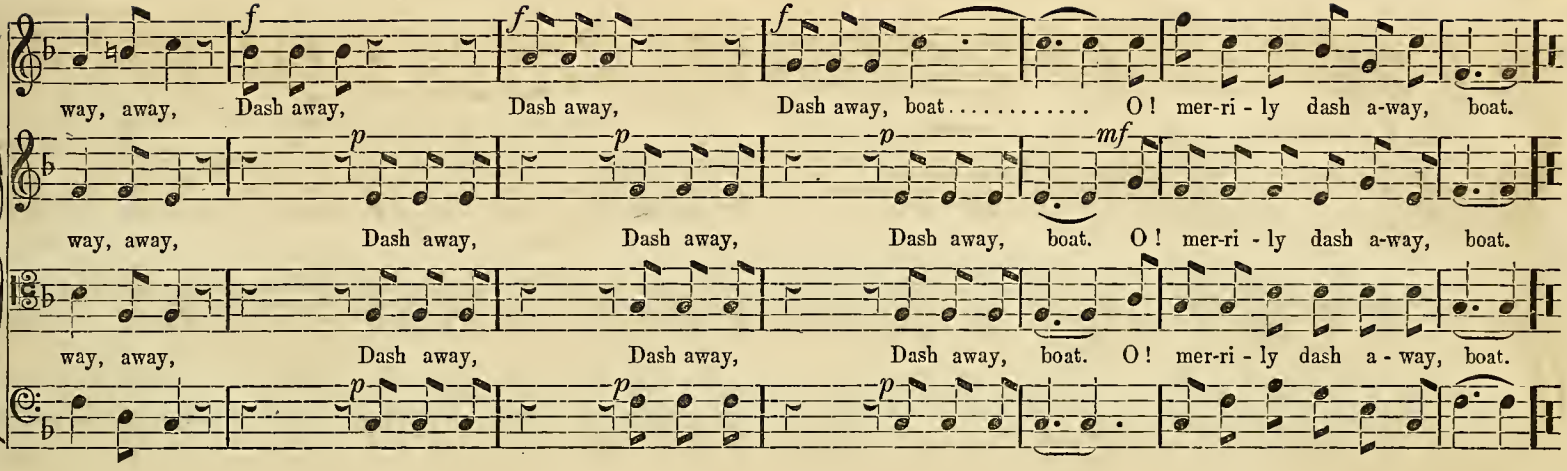


Home Song.




mf
CRES.
glowing; Hap - py fa - ces show - ing, Peace and joy in store. Bright the fire is glowing;
glad - ness, Then a - way with sad - ness, Ban - ish thoughts of pain. All with - in is gladness,
cho - rus,— He who now reigns o'er us, Fills our hearts with light. Swell the grateful chorus,
p
Hap - py fa - ces show - ing, Peace and joy in store, Peace and joy in store.
Then a - way with sad - ness, Ban - ish thoughts of pain, Ban - ish thoughts of pain.
He who now reigns o'er us Fills our hearts with light, Fills our hearts with light.

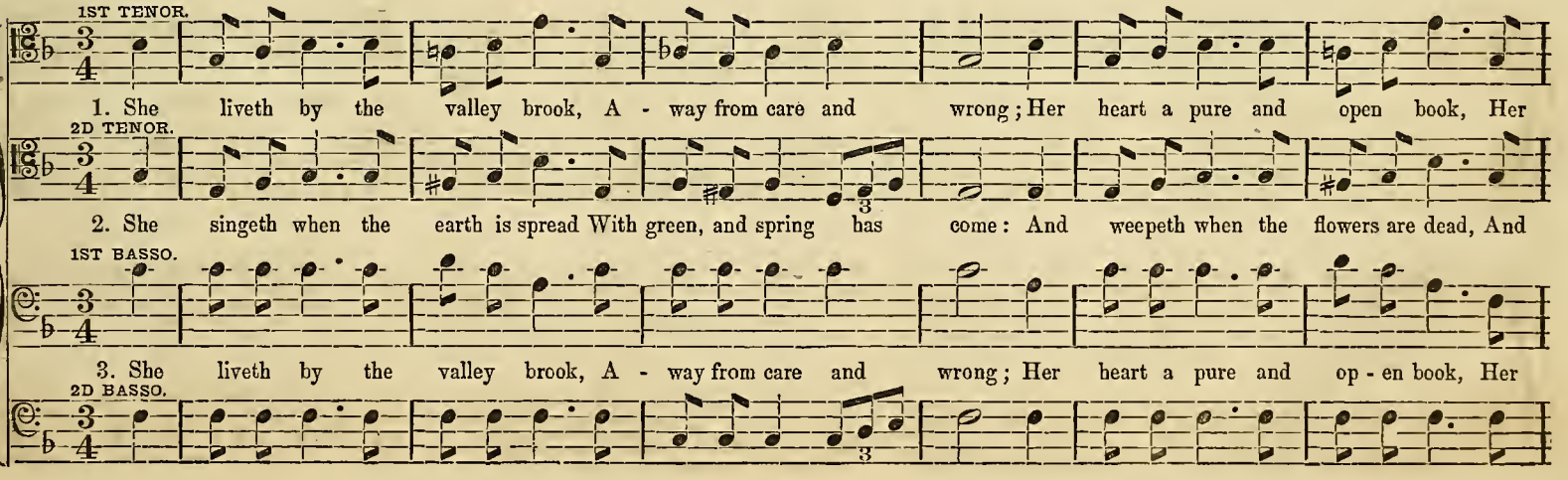

1. O'er the foam - y sea Our course shall be, So mer - ri - ly dash a - way, a - way, The sea, how it foams As
2. Shout a - loud in song As we row a - long, At ear - ly dawn of day, of day. Fling wide to the gale The
onward it comes, Then fear-less - ly dash a - way. Dash a - way, boat, O dash a - way, boat, So mer - ri - ly dash a -
outspreading sail, And mer - ri - ly dash a - way. Dash a - way, boat, O dash a - way, boat, So mer - ri - ly dash a-

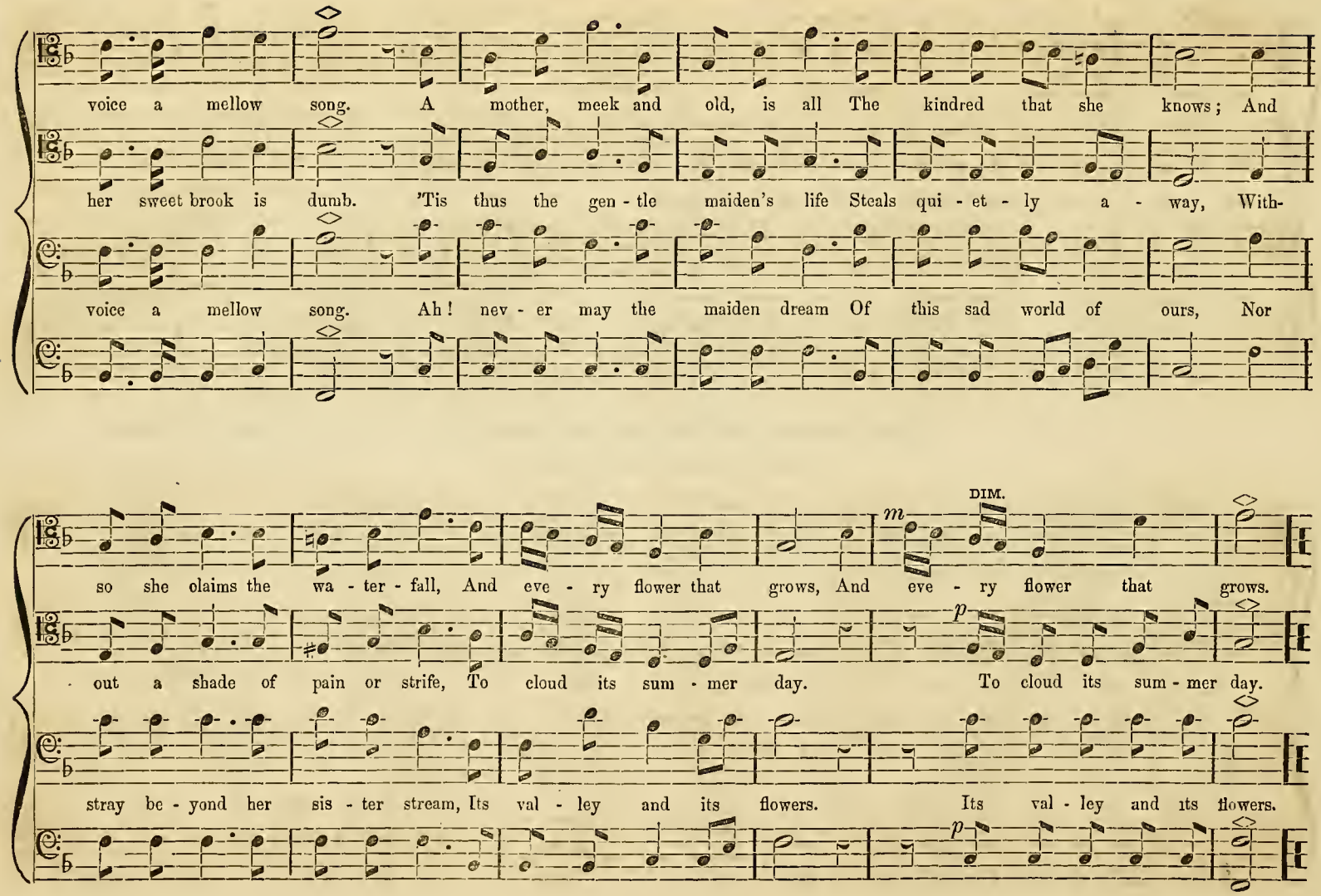


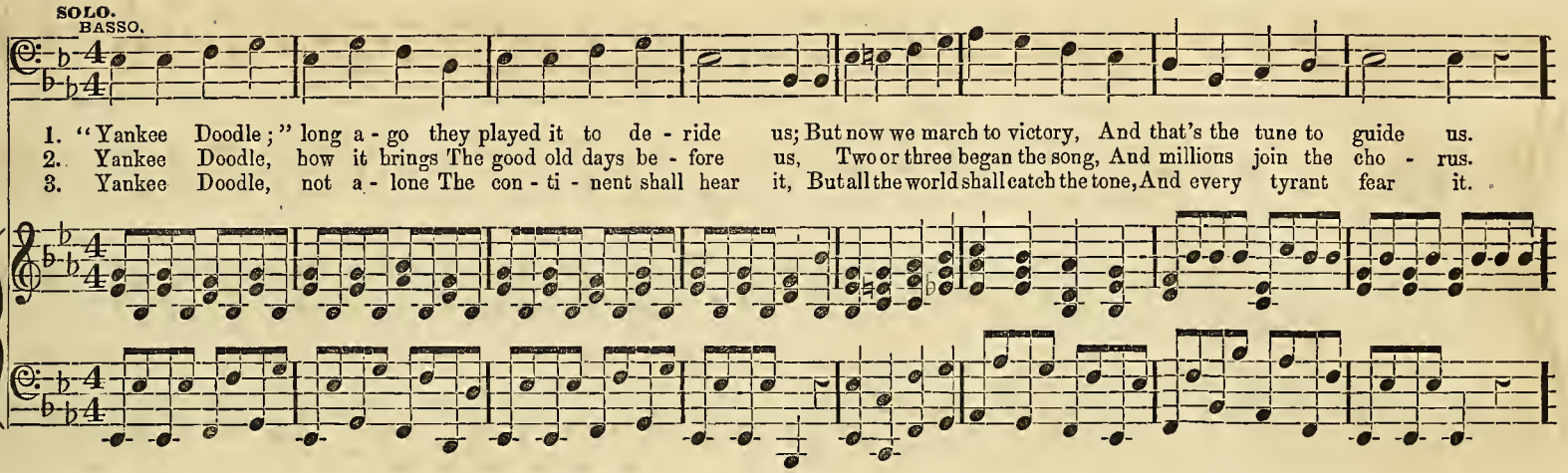
"She liveth by the valley brook."

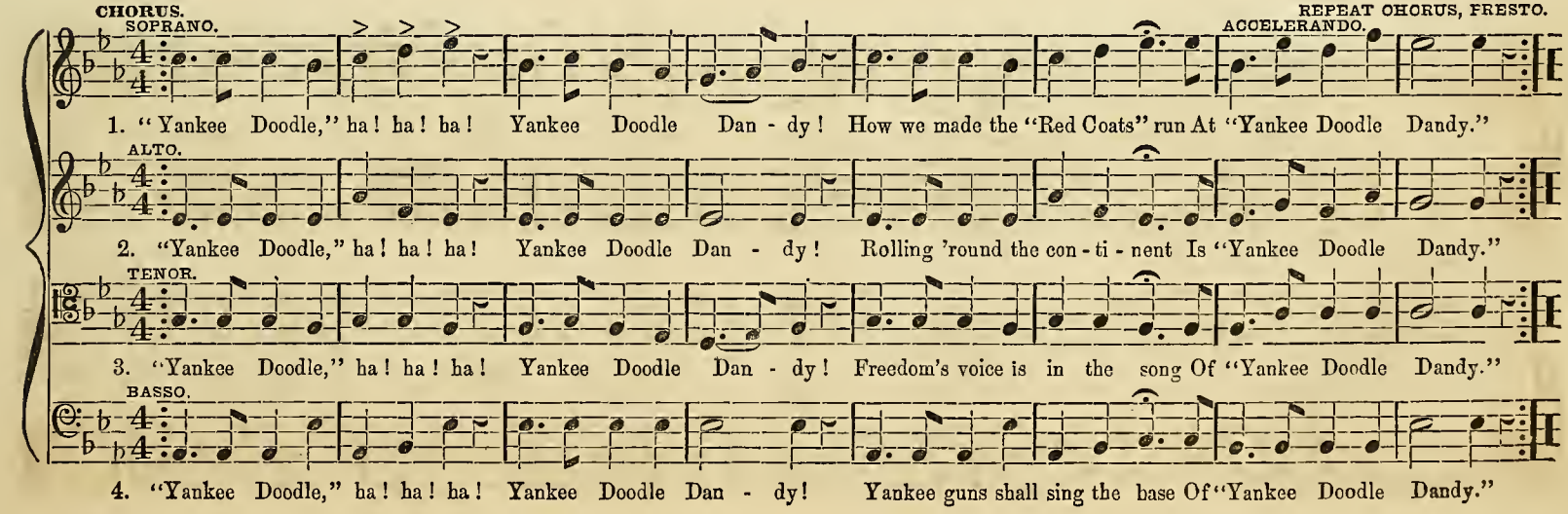
Words by CHARLES G. EASTMAN.

FOR GENTLEMENS' VOICES.



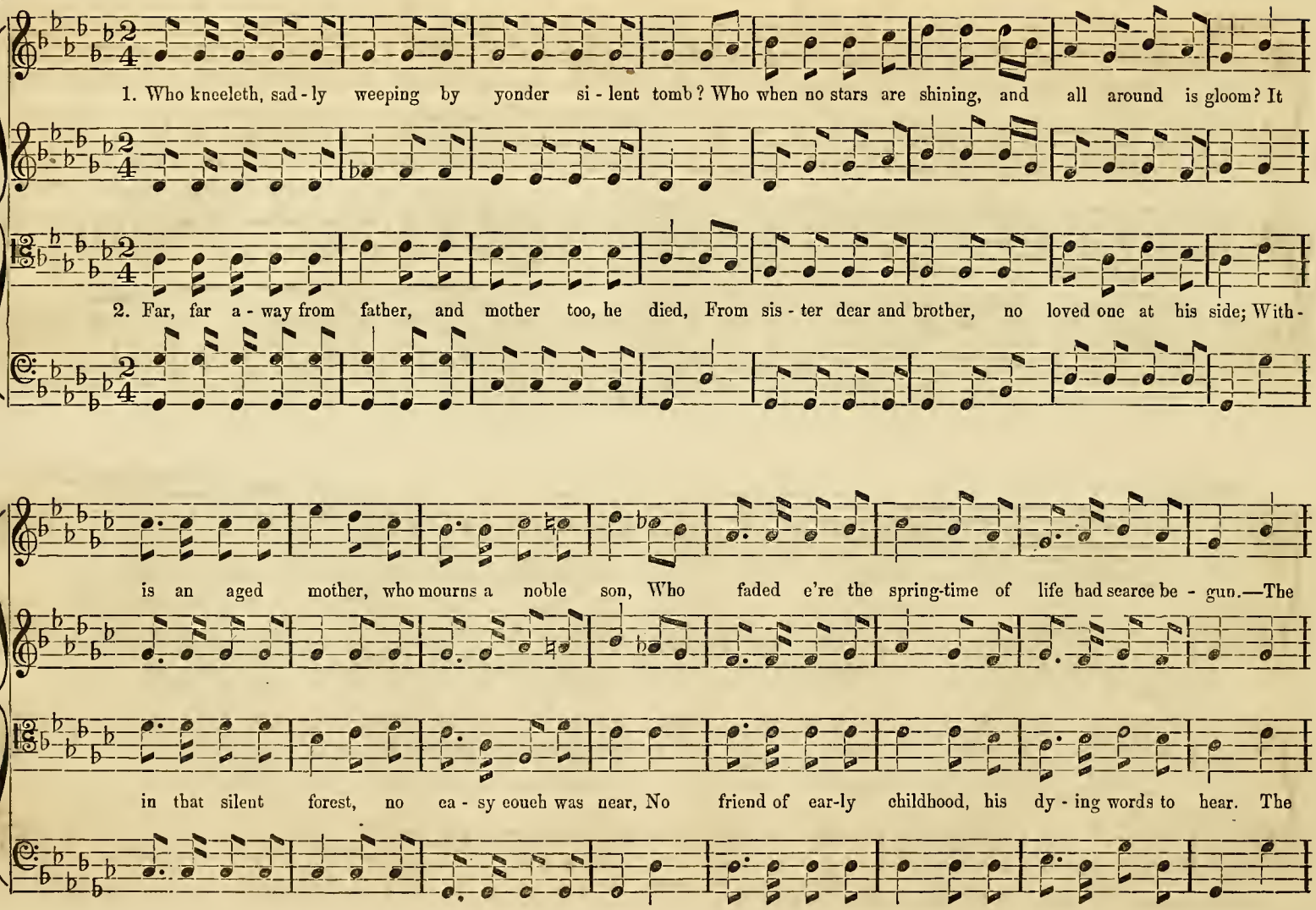

voice a mellow song. A mother, meek and old, is all The kindred that she knows; And
her sweet brook is dumb. 'Tis thus the gen - tle maiden's life Steals qui - et - ly a - way, With-
voice a mellow song. Ah! nev - er may the maiden dream Of this sad world of ours, Nor
so she claims the wa - ter - fall, And eve - ry flower that grows, And eve - ry flower that grows.
DIM.
m
p
out a shade of pain or strife, To cloud its sum - mer day. To cloud its sum - mer day.
stray be - yond her sis - ter stream, Its val - ley and its flowers. Its val - ley and its flowers.
p

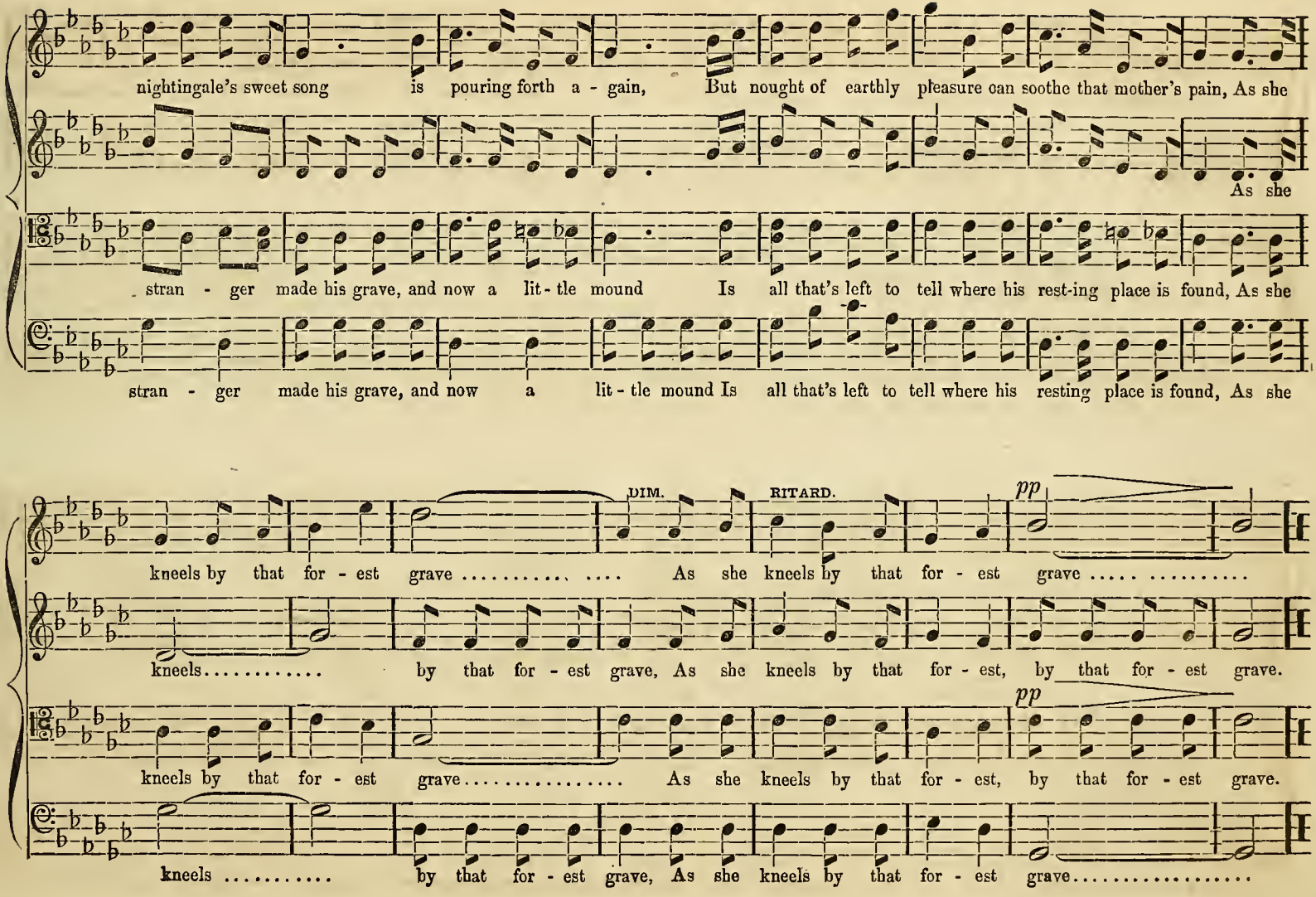

SOLO.
BASSO.
1. "Yankee Doodle;" long a - go they played it to de - ride us; But now we march to victory, And that's the tune to guide us.
2. Yankee Doodle, how it brings The good old days be - fore us, Two or three began the song, And millions join the cho - rus.
3. Yankee Doodle, not a - lone The con - ti - nent shall hear it, But all the world shall catch the tone, And every tyrant fear it.

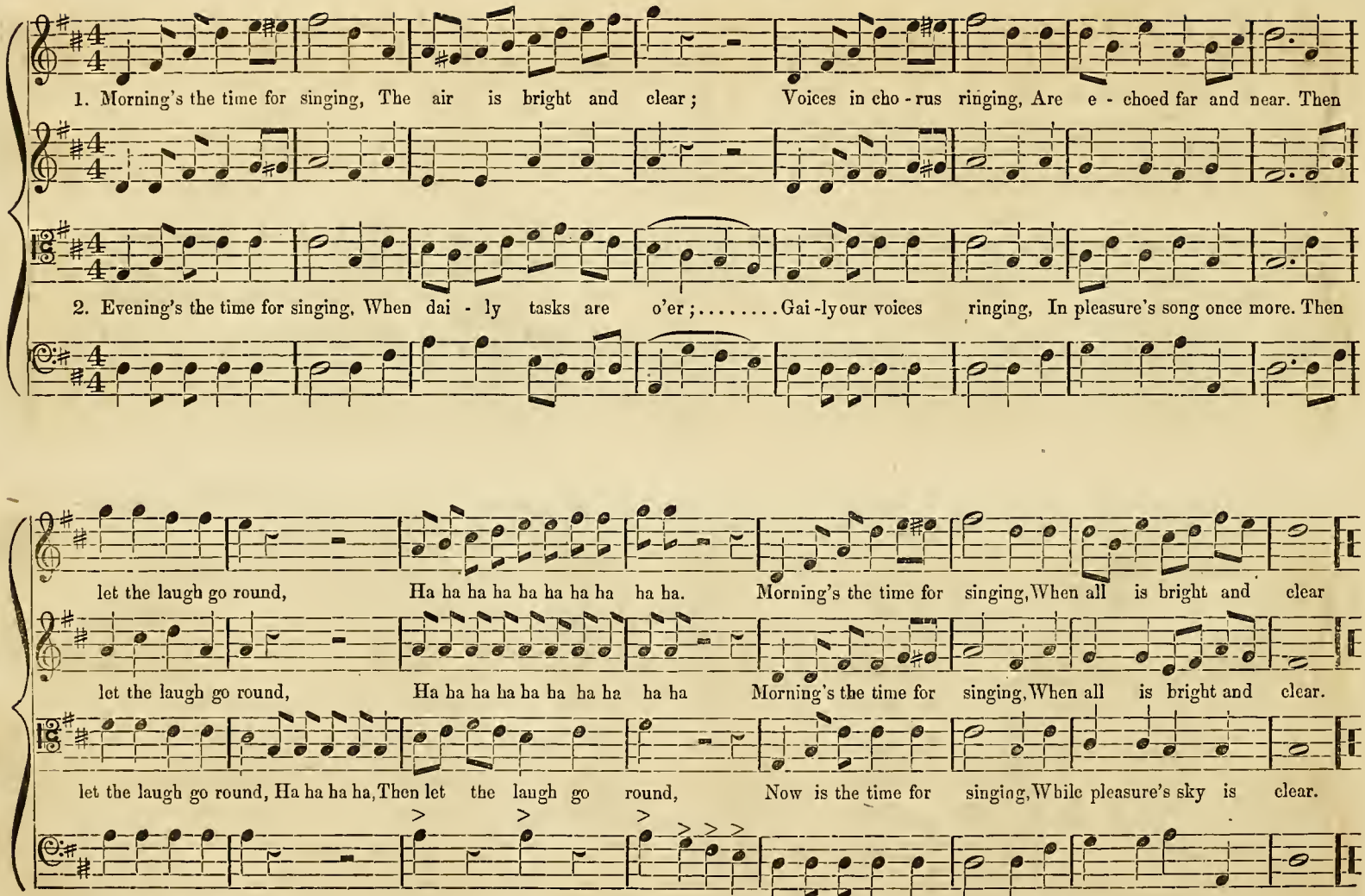

CHORUS.
SOPRANO.
REPEAT CHORUS, PRESTO.
ACCELERANDO.
1. "Yankee Doodle," ha! ha! ha! Yankee Doodle Dan - dy! How we made the "Red Coats" run At "Yankee Doodle Dandy."
ALTO.
2. "Yankee Doodle," ha! ha! ha! Yankee Doodle Dan - dy! Rolling 'round the con - ti - nent Is "Yankee Doodle Dandy."
TENOR.
3. "Yankee Doodle," ha! ha! ha! Yankee Doodle Dan - dy! Freedom's voice is in the song Of "Yankee Doodle Dandy."
BASSO.
4. "Yankee Doodle," ha! ha! ha! Yankee Doodle Dan - dy! Yankee guns shall sing the base Of "Yankee Doodle Dandy."

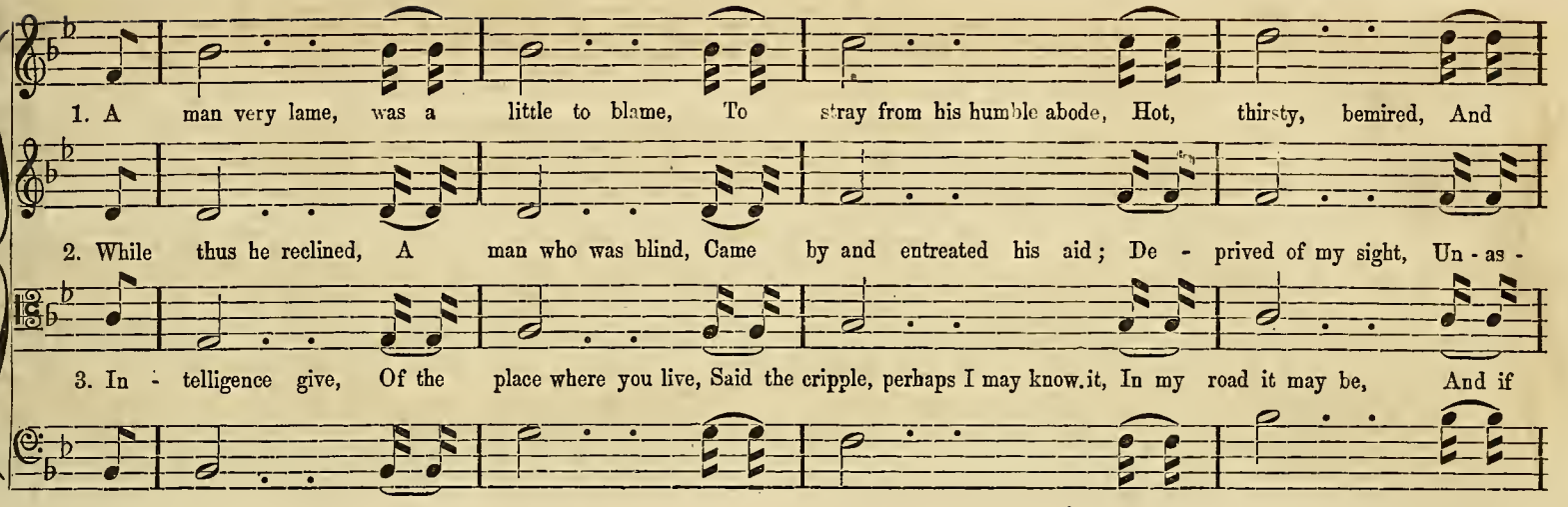
The Forest Grave.

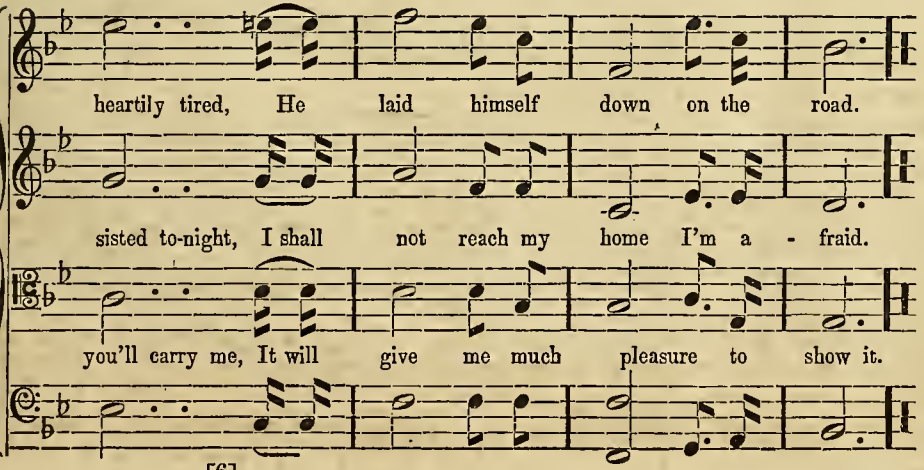
Words and Music by E. A. P.




nightingale's sweet song is pouring forth a - gain, But nought of earthly pleasure can soothe that mother's pain, As she
As she
stran - ger made his grave, and now a lit - tle mound Is all that's left to tell where his rest-ing place is found, As she
stran - ger made his grave, and now a lit - tle mound Is all that's left to tell where his resting place is found, As she
DIM.
RITARD.
pp
kneels by that for - est grave ..... As she kneels by that for - est grave .....
kneels ..... by that for - est grave, As she kneels by that for - est, by that for - est grave.
pp
kneels by that for - est grave ..... As she kneels by that for - est, by that for - est grave.
kneels ..... by that for - est grave, As she kneels by that for - est grave.....


1. Morning's the time for singing, The air is bright and clear; Voices in cho - rus ringing, Are e - choed far and near. Then
2. Evening's the time for singing, When dai - ly tasks are o'er; . . . . . Gai - ly our voices ringing, In pleasure's song once more. Then
let the laugh go round, Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha. Morning's the time for singing, When all is bright and clear
let the laugh go round, Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha Morning's the time for singing, When all is bright and clear.
let the laugh go round, Ha ha ha ha, Then let the laugh go round, Now is the time for singing, While pleasure's sky is clear.
let the laugh go round, Ha! ha! Ha! ha ha ha, Now is the time for singing, While pleasure's sky is clear





[6]

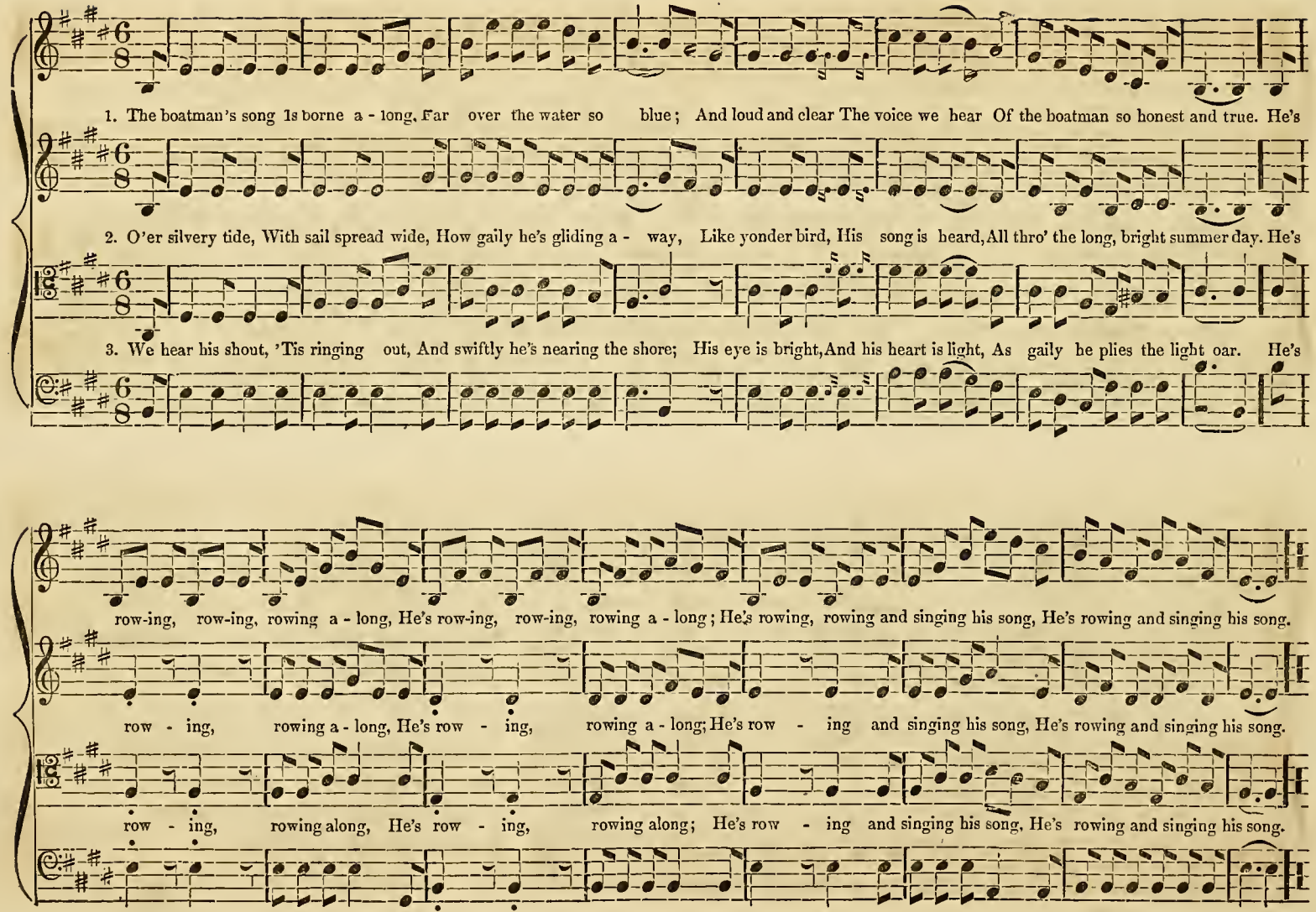
4

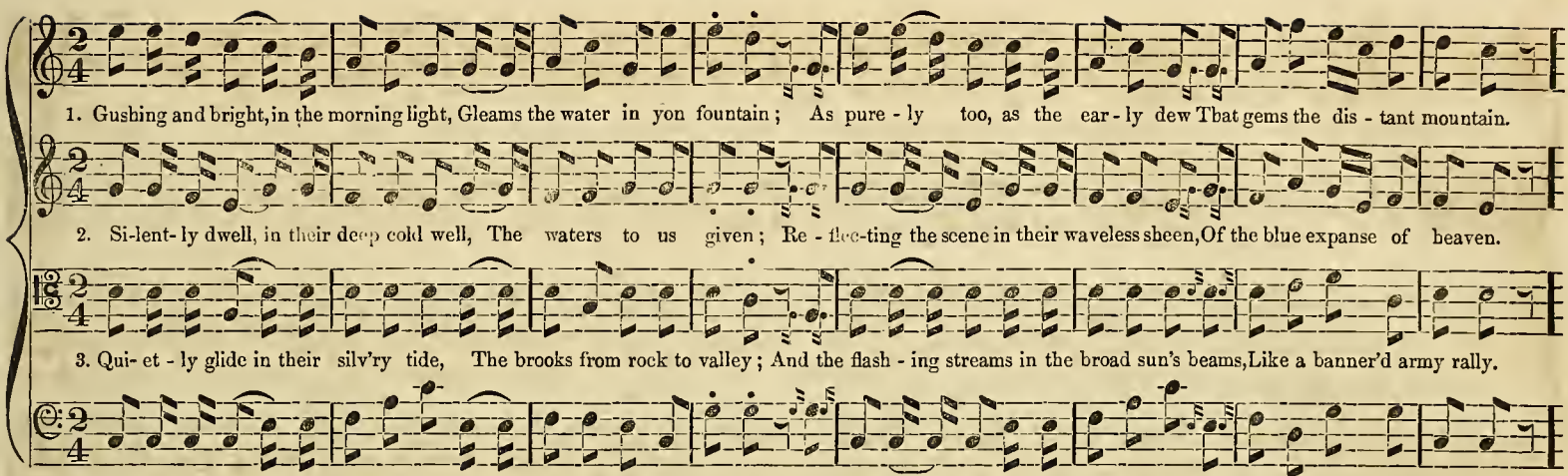
Great strength you have got, which, alas! I have not,
In my limbs so fatigued every nerve is,
For the use of your back, for the eyes which you lack,
My pair shall be much at your service.

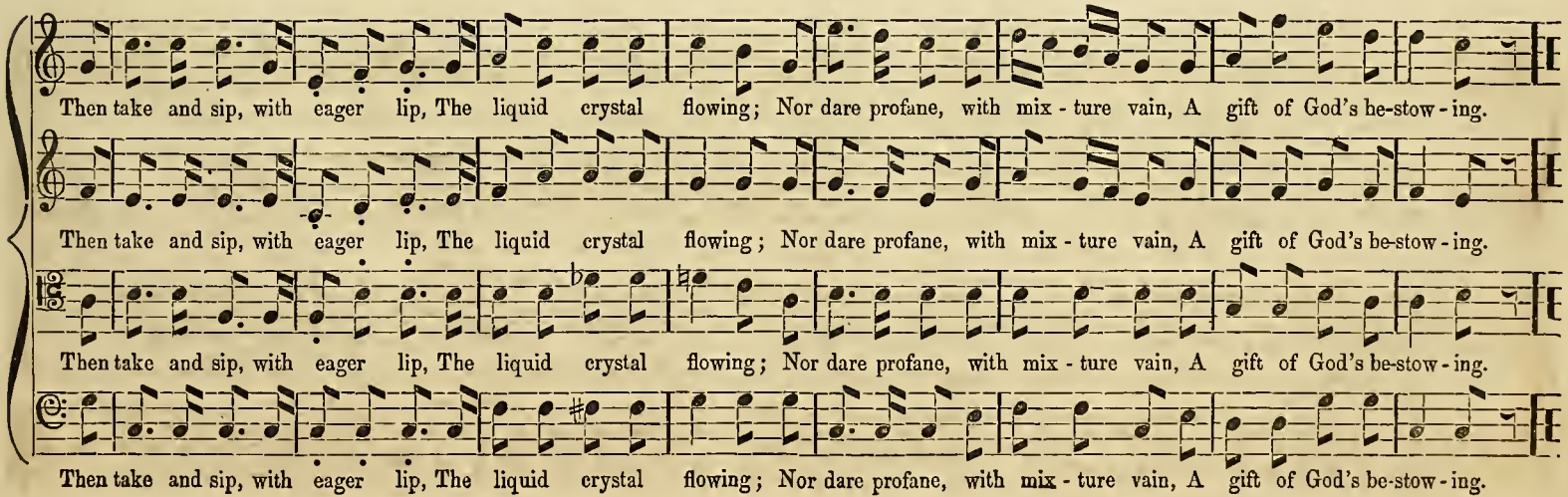
5

Said the poor blind man, what a wonderful plan,
Pray get on my shoulders, good brother;
I see all mankind, if they are but inclined,
May constantly help one another.

"The Boatman's Song."




1. Gushing and bright, in the morning light, Gleams the water in yon fountain; As pure-ly too, as the ear-ly dew That gems the dis-tant mountain.
2. Si-lent-ly dwell, in their deep cold well, The waters to us given; Re-flec-ting the scene in their waveless sheen, Of the blue expanse of heaven.
3. Qui-et-ly glide in their silv'ry tide, The brooks from rock to valley; And the flash-ing streams in the broad sun's beams, Like a banner'd army rally.
4. Nor on-ly here of water clear, Is God the lavish Giver; But when we rise to yonder skies, We'll drink of life's bright riv-er.


Then take and sip, with eager lip, The liquid crystal flowing; Nor dare profane, with mix-ture vain, A gift of God's be-stow-ing.
Then take and sip, with eager lip, The liquid crystal flowing; Nor dare profane, with mix-ture vain, A gift of God's be-stow-ing.
Then take and sip, with eager lip, The liquid crystal flowing; Nor dare profane, with mix-ture vain, A gift of God's be-stow-ing.
Then take and sip, with eager lip, The liquid crystal flowing; Nor dare profane, with mix-ture vain, A gift of God's be-stow-ing.

Words and Melody by JAMES G. CLARK.

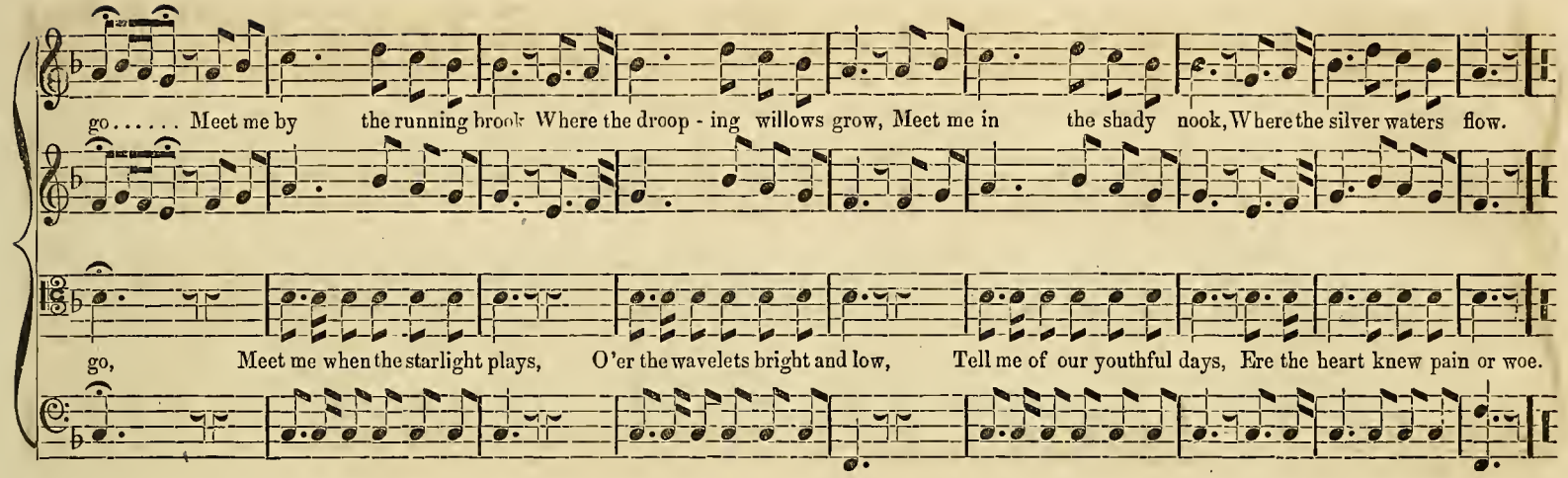
"Meet me by the running brook." *

1. Meet me by the running brook, Where the drooping willows grow; Meet me in the shady nook, Where the silver waters

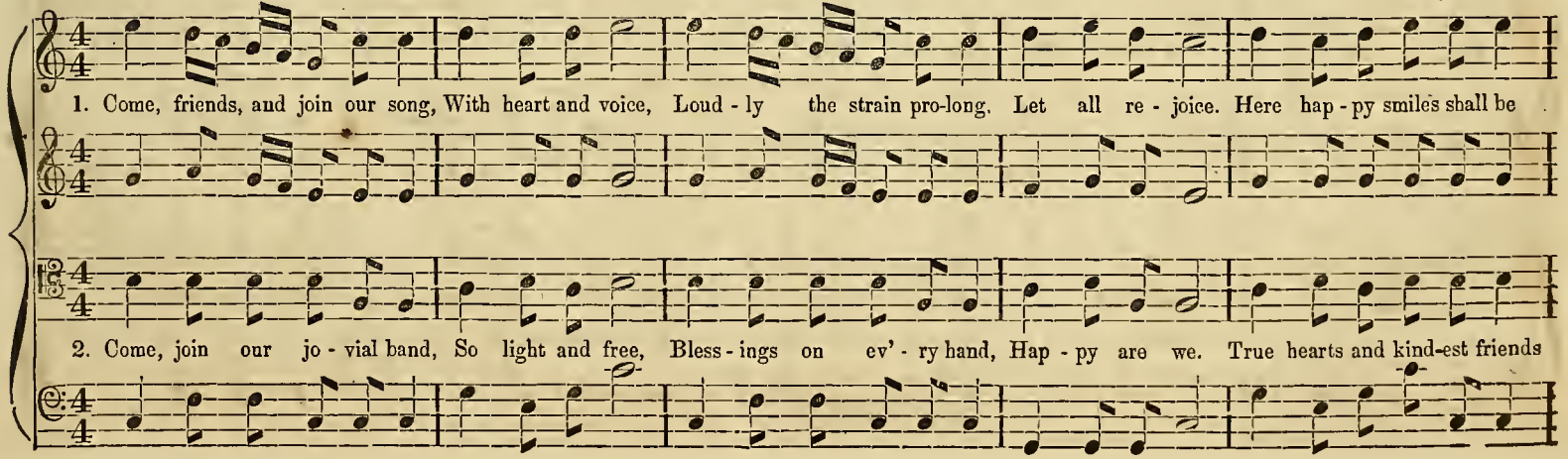
2. Meet me when the starlight plays O'er the wavelets bright and low; Tell me of our youthful days, Ere the heart knew pain or

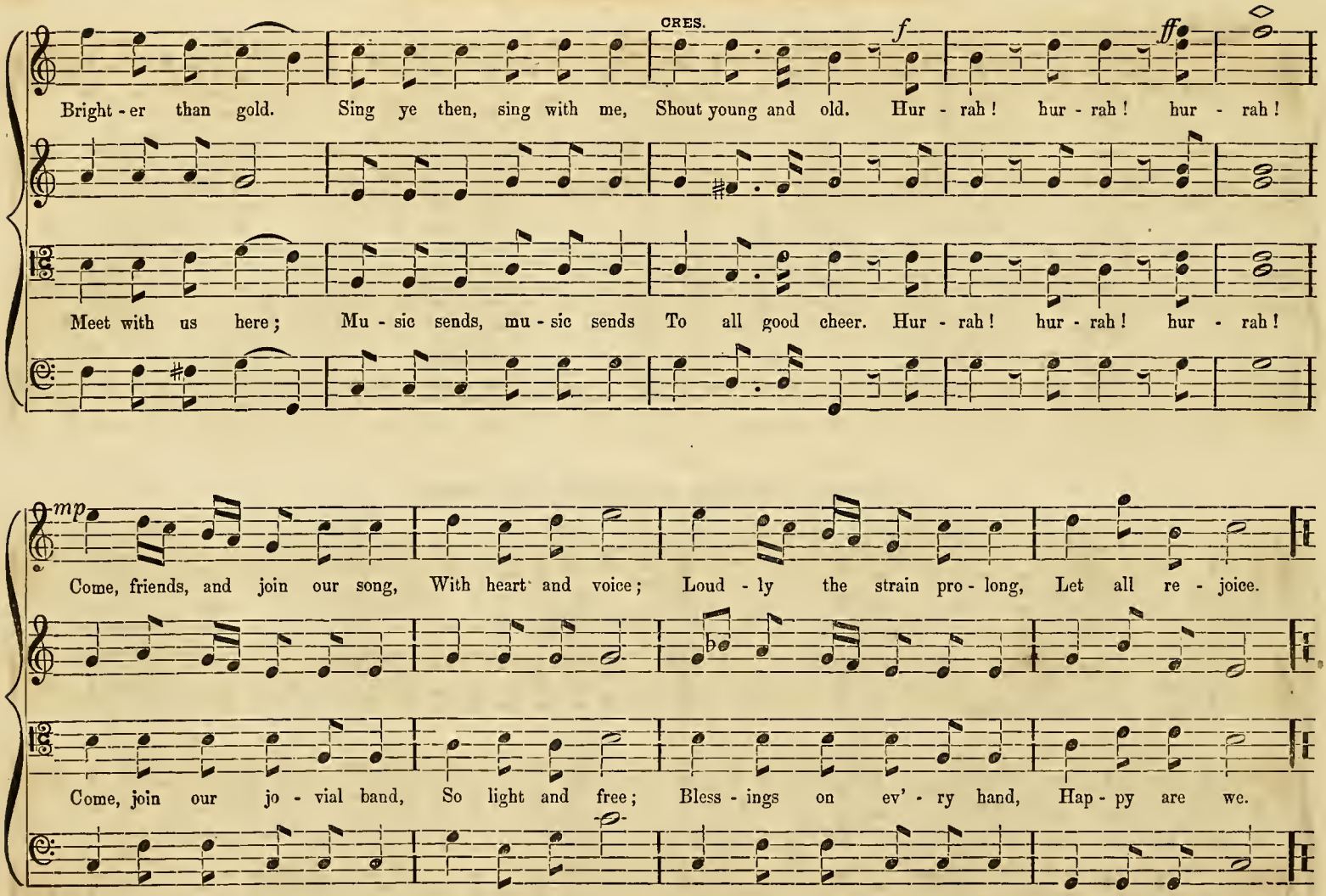
flow. Friends we loved are broken hearted, Smiles have flown and tears have started, Since the time when last we parted, In the days of long a-

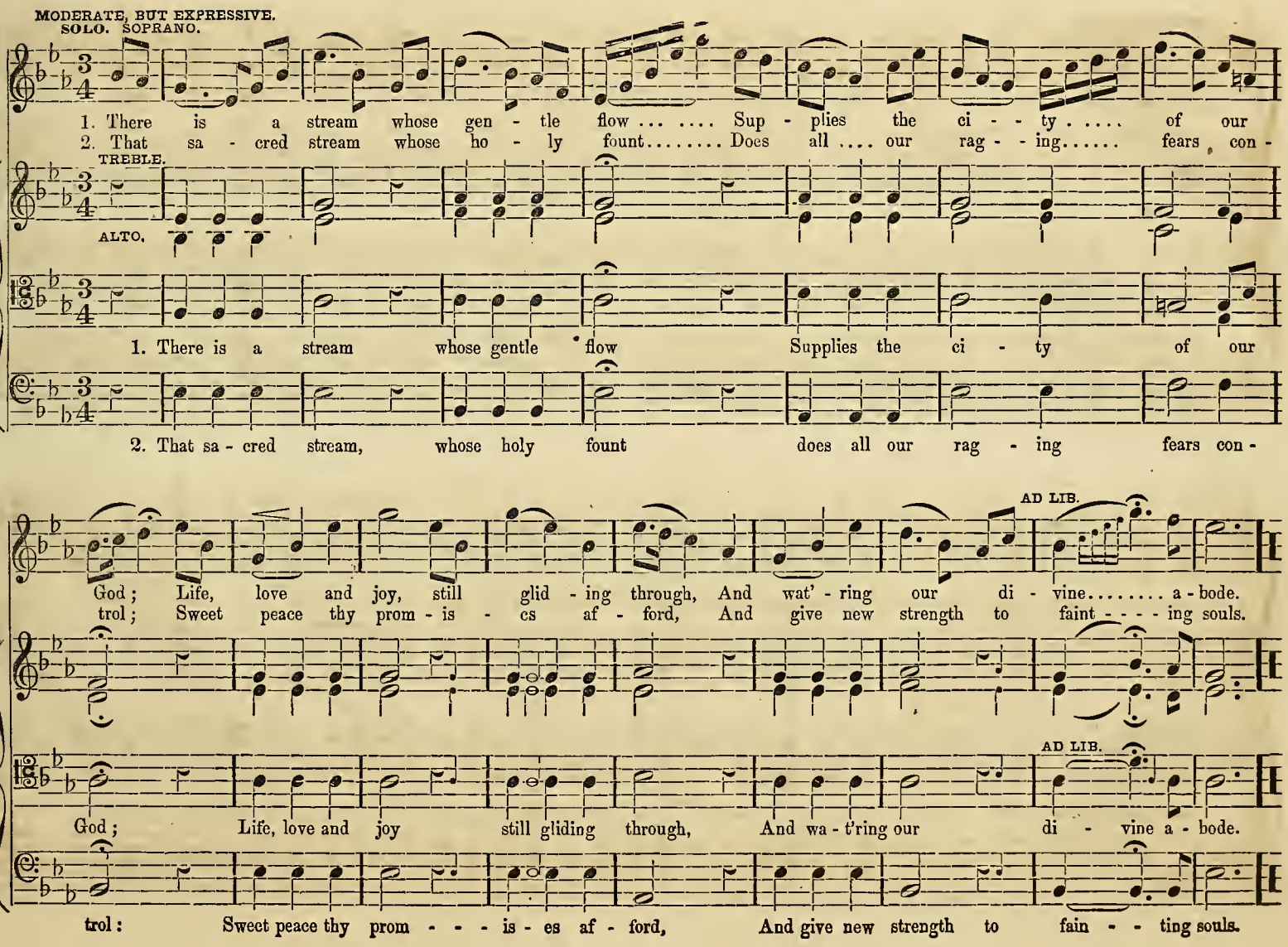
woe. Joy will come to charm and leave us. Lingering hope will still deceive us; Life had nothing hard to grieve us, In the days of long a-



"Come, friends, and join our song."

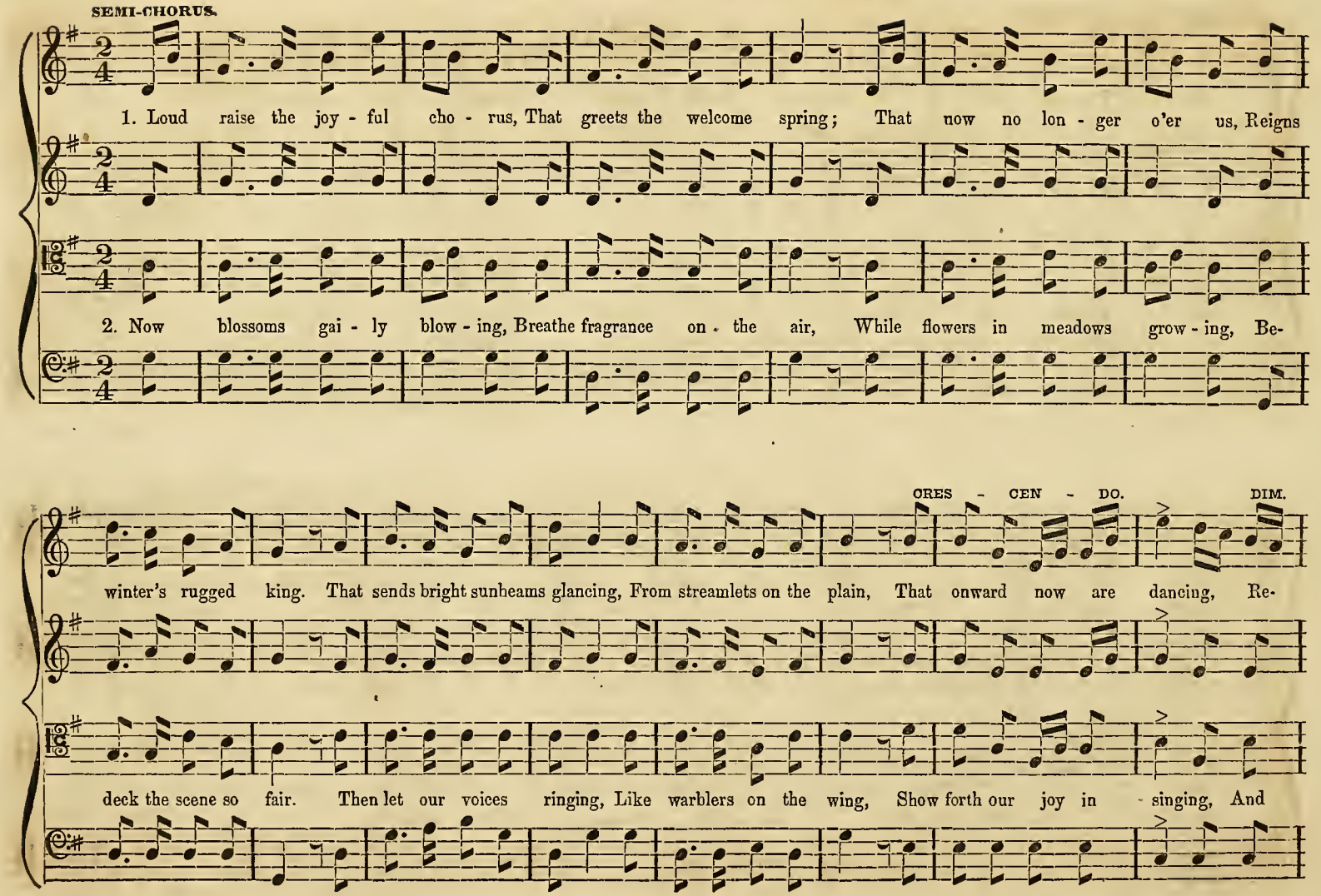


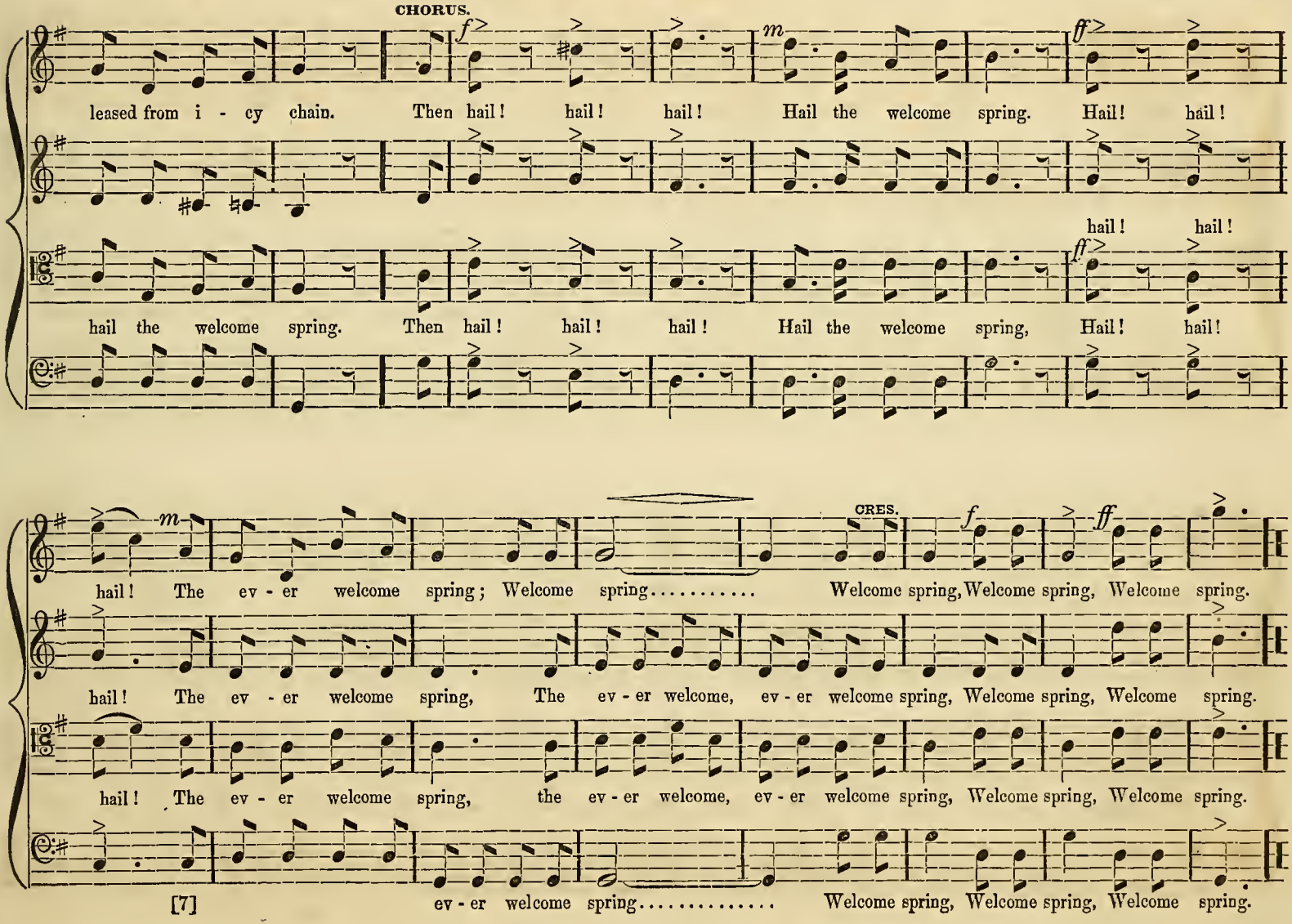

CRES.
f
ff
Bright - er than gold. Sing ye then, sing with me, Shout young and old. Hur - rah! hur - rah! hur - rah!
Meet with us here; Mu - sic sends, mu - sic sends To all good cheer. Hur - rah! hur - rah! hur - rah!
mp
Come, friends, and join our song, With heart and voice; Loud - ly the strain pro - long, Let all re - joice.
Come, join our jo - vial band, So light and free; Bless - ings on ev' - ry hand, Hap - py are we.


MODERATE, BUT EXPRESSIVE.
SOLO. SOPRANO.
1. There is a stream whose gen - tle flow .... Sup - plies the ci - - ty ..... of our
2. That sa - cred stream whose ho - ly fount..... Does all .... our rag - - ing..... fears con -
TREBLE.
ALTO.
1. There is a stream whose gentle flow Supplies the ci - ty of our
2. That sa - cred stream, whose holy fount does all our rag - ing fears con -
AD LIB.
God; Life, love and joy, still glid - ing through, And wat' - ring our di - vine..... a - bode.
trol; Sweet peace thy prom - is - es af - ford, And give new strength to faint - - - - ing souls.
AD LIB.
God; Life, love and joy still gliding through, And wa - t'ring our di - vine a - bode.
trol: Sweet peace thy prom - - - is - es af - ford, And give new strength to fain - - ting souls.

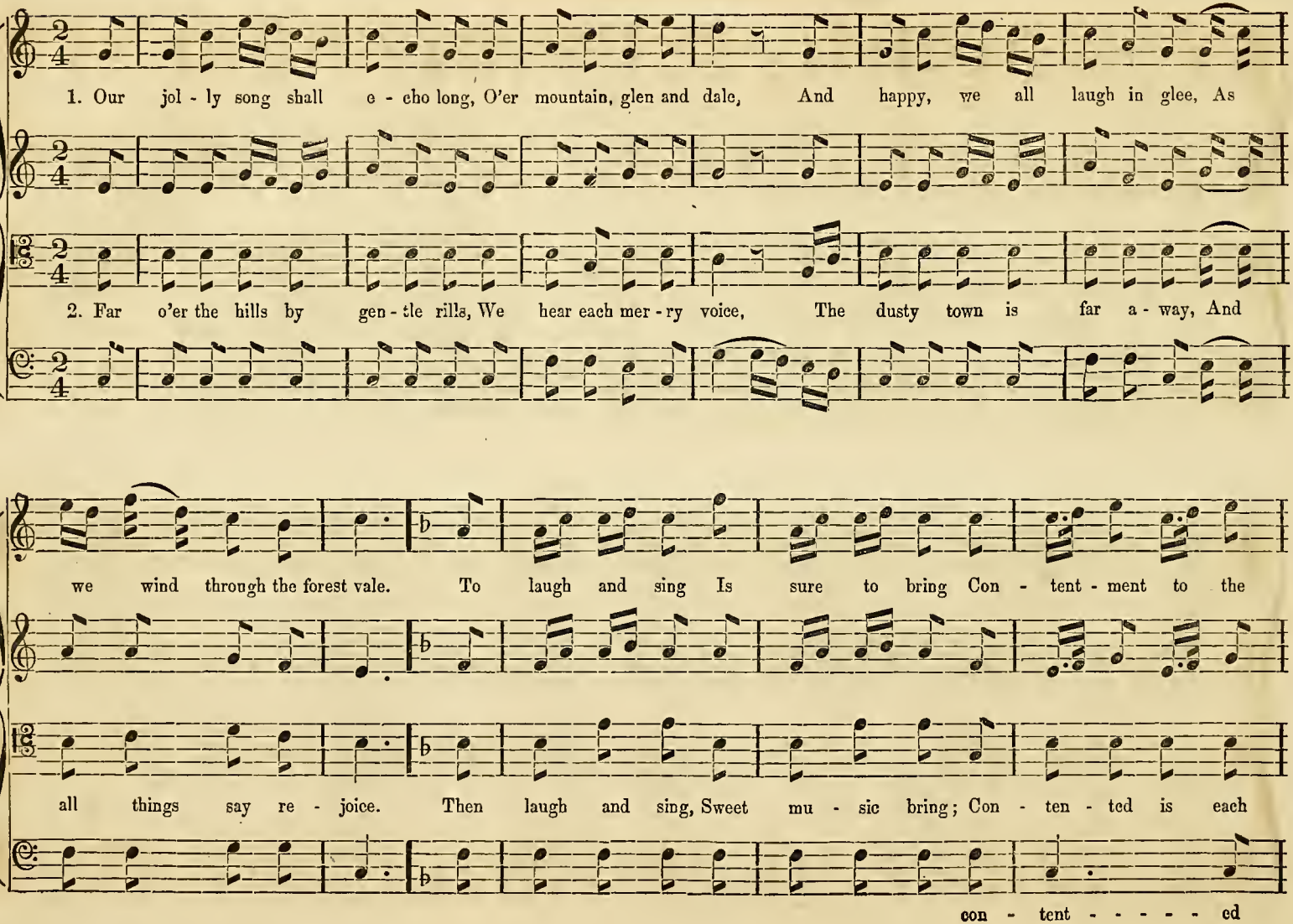
Spring Chorus.

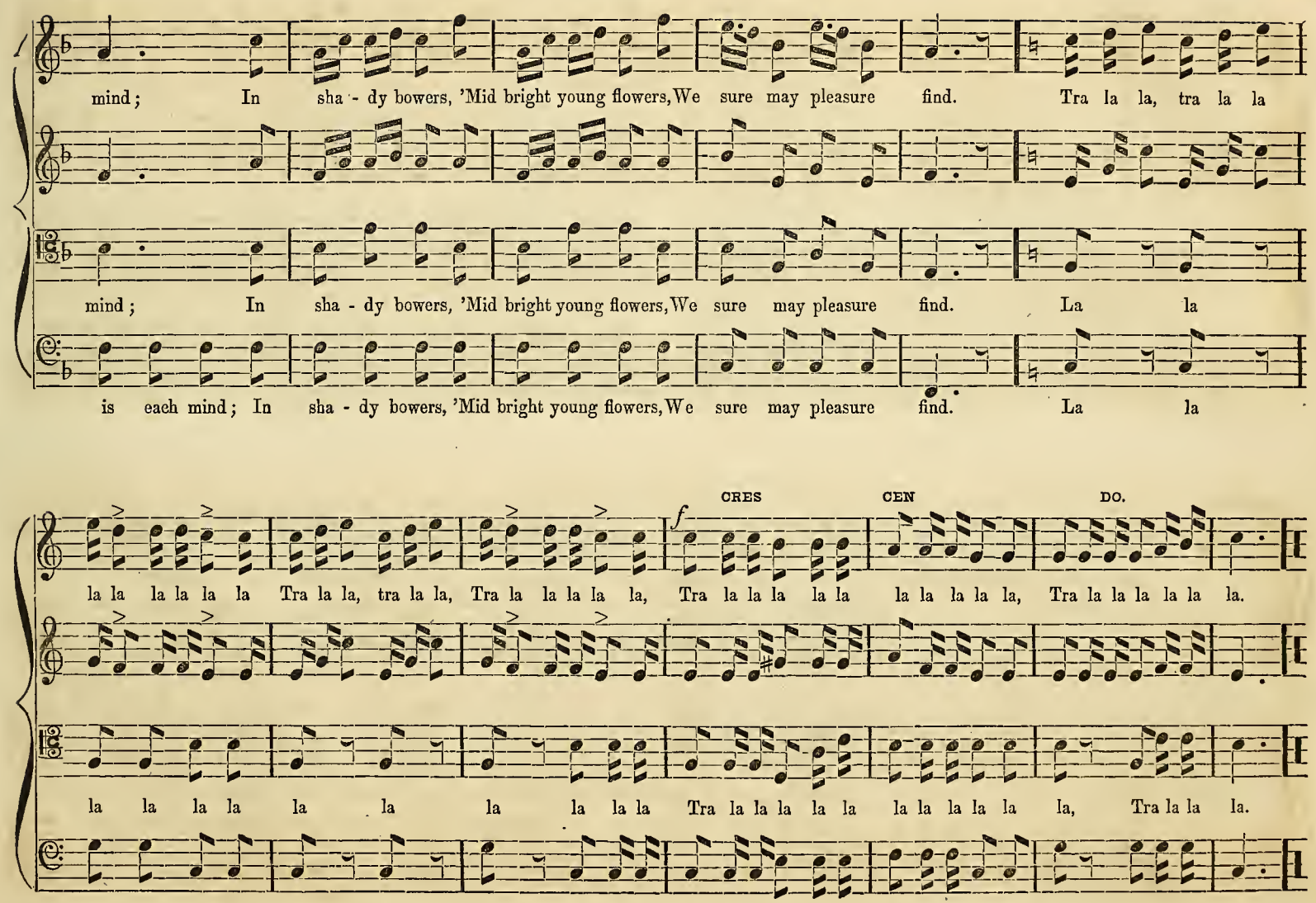
E. A. P.




CHORUS.
leased from i - cy chain. Then hail! hail! hail! Hail the welcome spring. Hail! hail!
hail! hail!
hail the welcome spring. Then hail! hail! hail! Hail the welcome spring, Hail! hail!
CRES.
hail! The ev - er welcome spring; Welcome spring..... Welcome spring, Welcome spring, Welcome spring.
hail! The ev - er welcome spring, The ev - er welcome, ev - er welcome spring, Welcome spring, Welcome spring.
hail! The ev - er welcome spring, the ev - er welcome, ev - er welcome spring, Welcome spring, Welcome spring.
[7]
ev - er welcome spring..... Welcome spring, Welcome spring, Welcome spring.

Picnic Party.

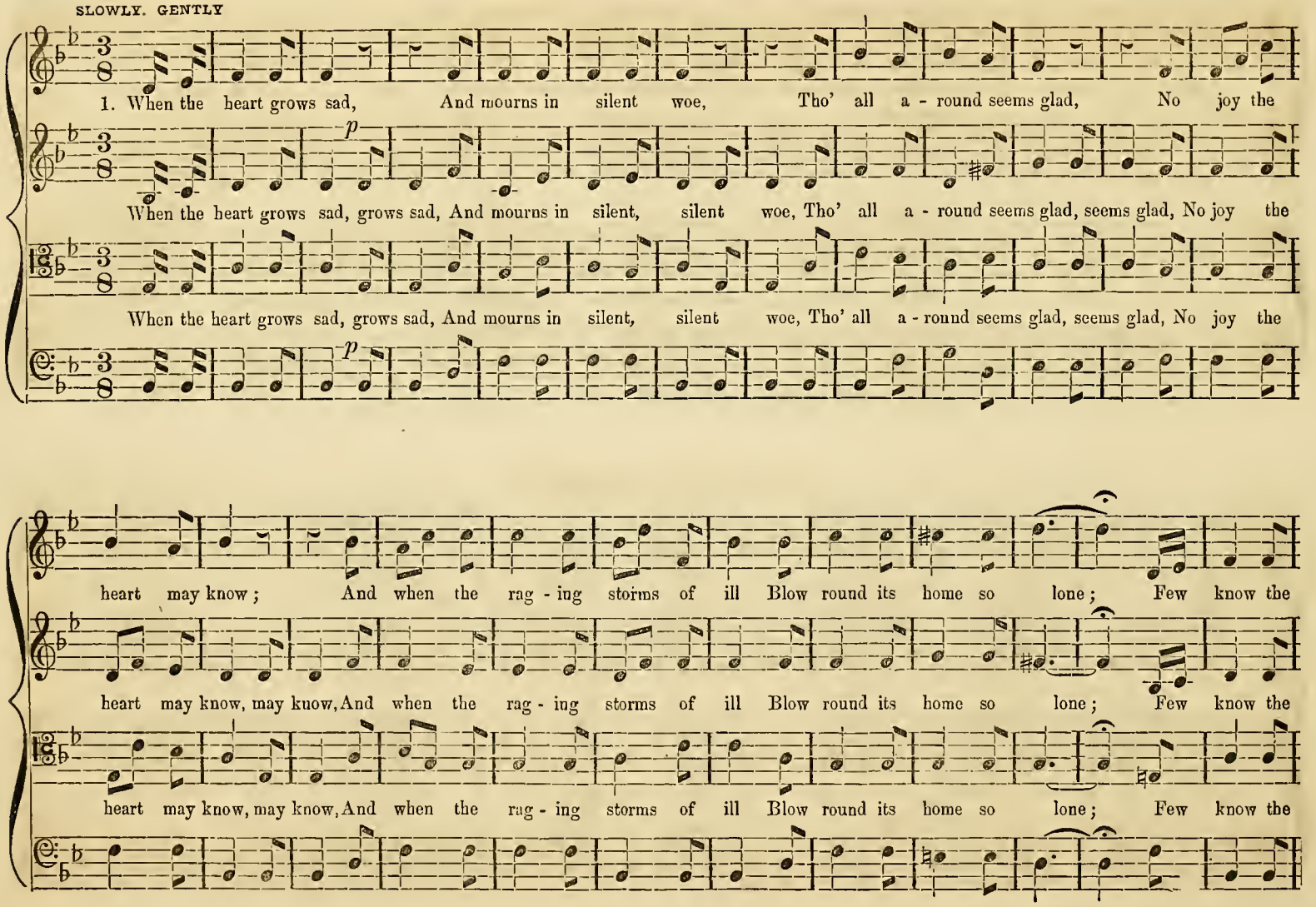


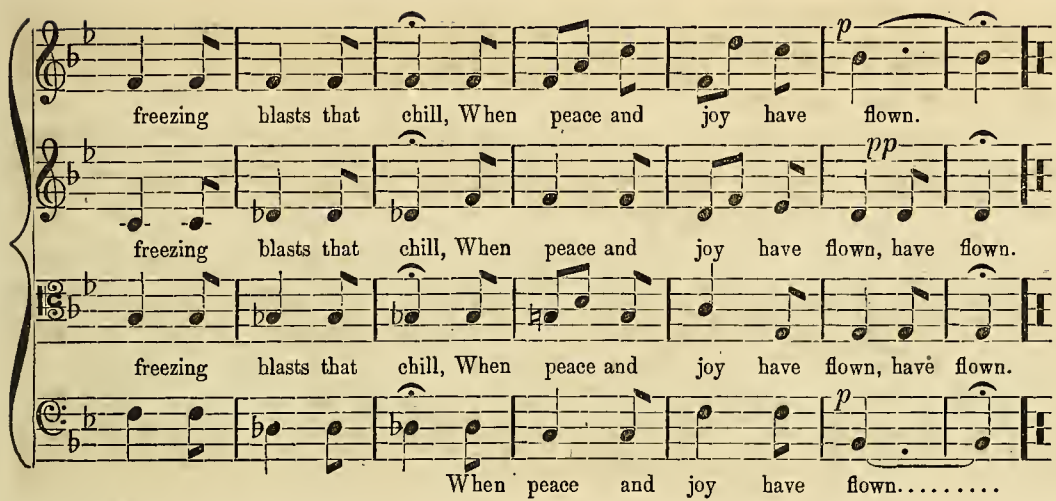

mind; In sha - dy bowers, 'Mid bright young flowers, We sure may pleasure find. Tra la la, tra la la
mind; In sha - dy bowers, 'Mid bright young flowers, We sure may pleasure find. La la
is each mind; In sha - dy bowers, 'Mid bright young flowers, We sure may pleasure find. La la
CRES
CEN
DO.
f
la la la la la la Tra la la, tra la la, Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la.
la la la la la la la la la Tra la la la la la la la la la la, Tra la la la.

"When the heart grows sad."

F. H. P.

SLOWLY. GENTLY



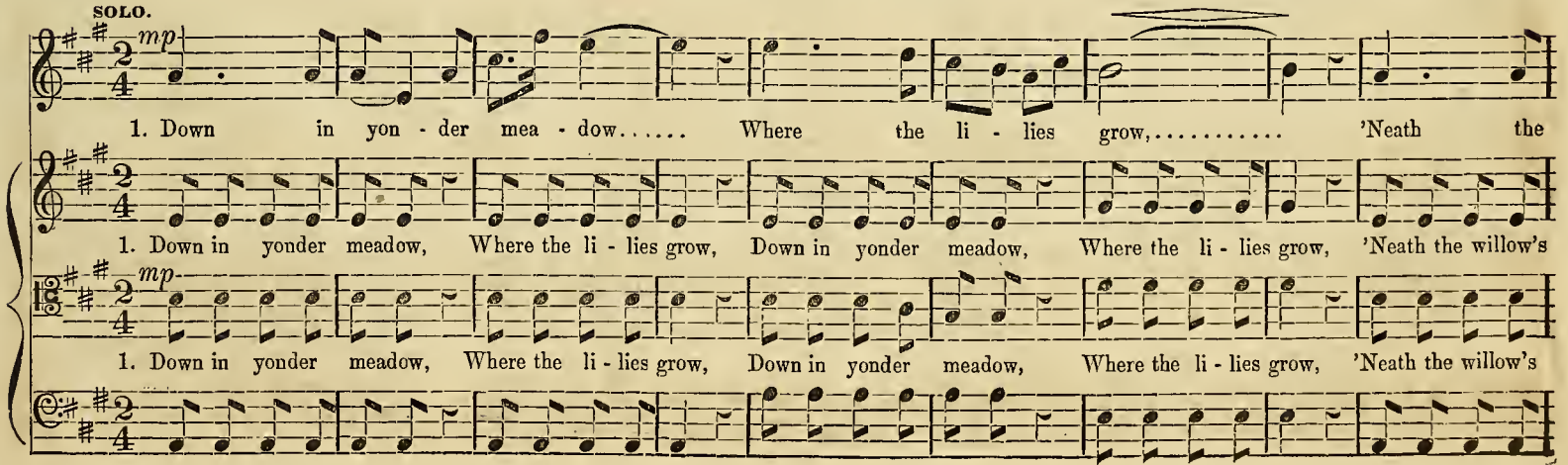


2

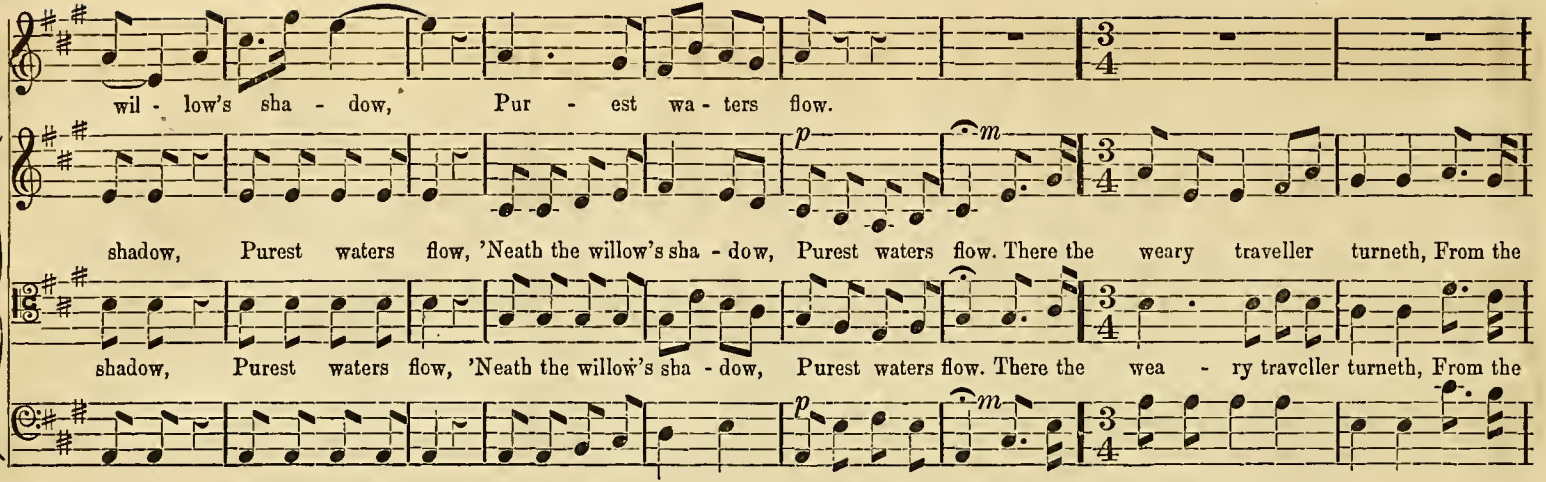
Oft the joyful tone, the tone,
Falls lightly on the ear, the ear,
But when the heart is lone, is lone,
How dreary seems a cheer, a cheer,
And when the clouds of darkness lower,
And tears of sorrow start,
How lone and dreary is the hour
Unto the mourning heart, the heart.

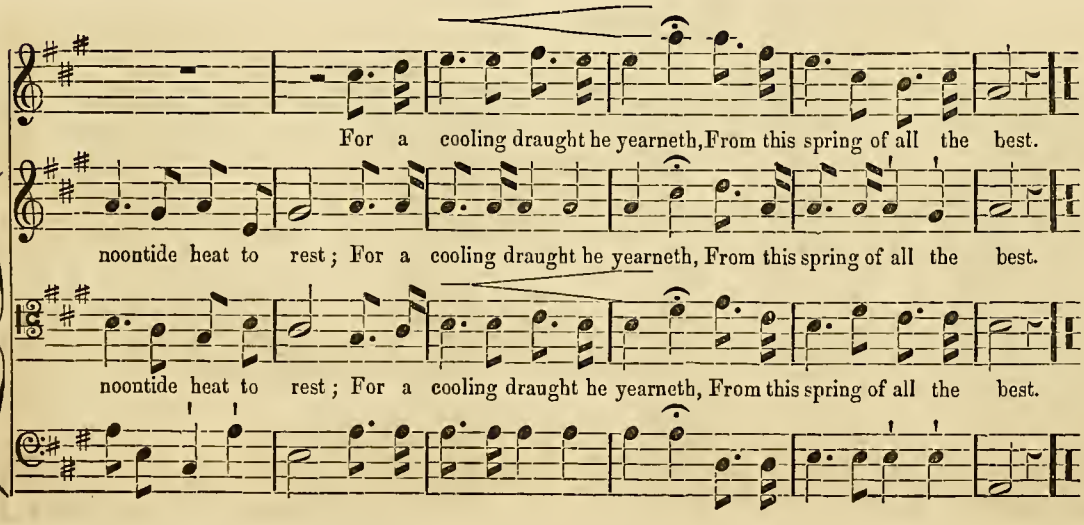
The Crystal Fountain.

Words and Music by E. A. P.



The Crystal Fountain. Concluded.



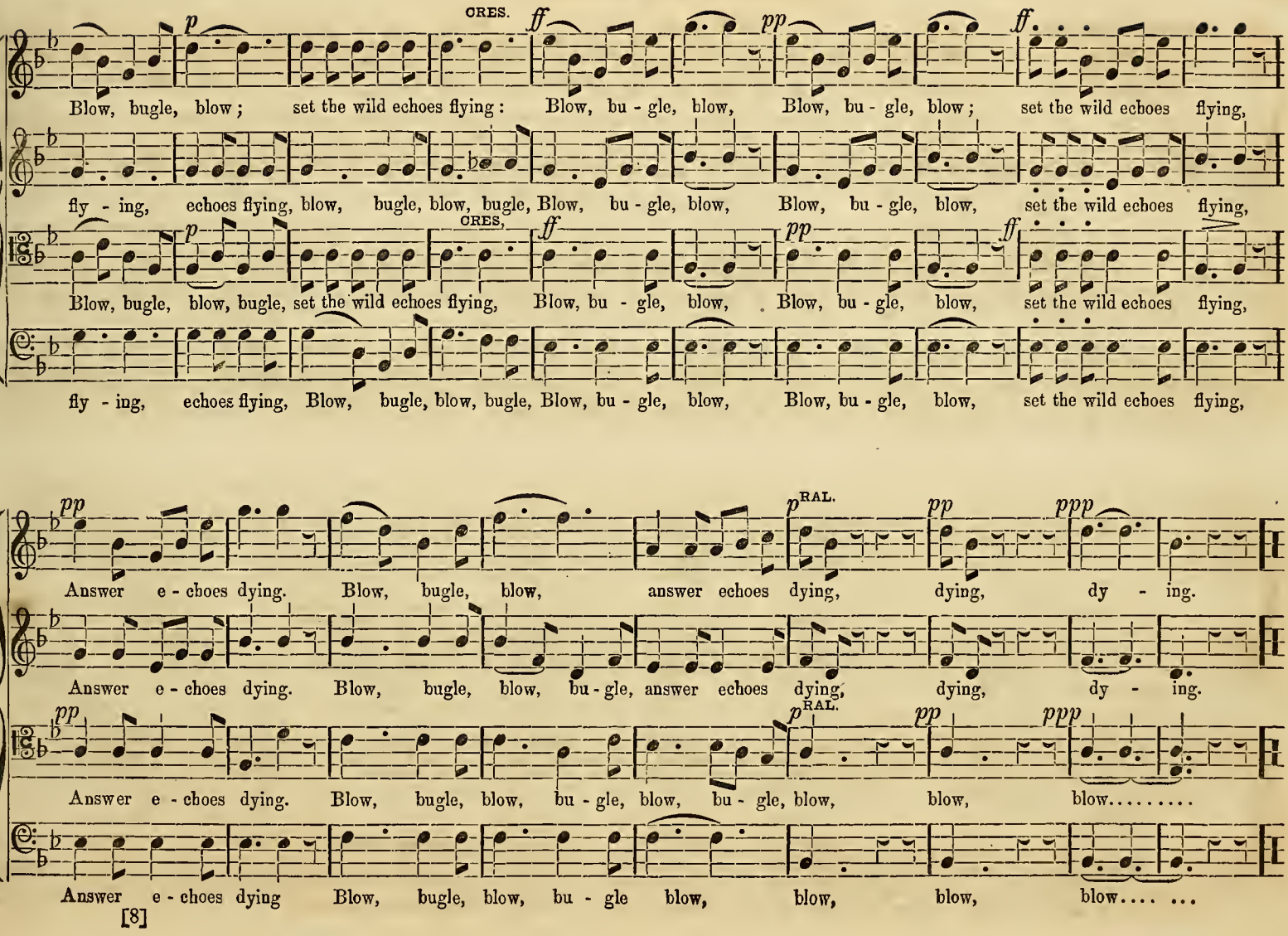


2

Wild and sweet the roses
By that streamlet's side,
Peace with joy reposes,
Where its waters glide.
Brighter crystals sparkled never,
Than are flowing from that rill;
Emblem of a life forever,
Far beyond this world of ill.

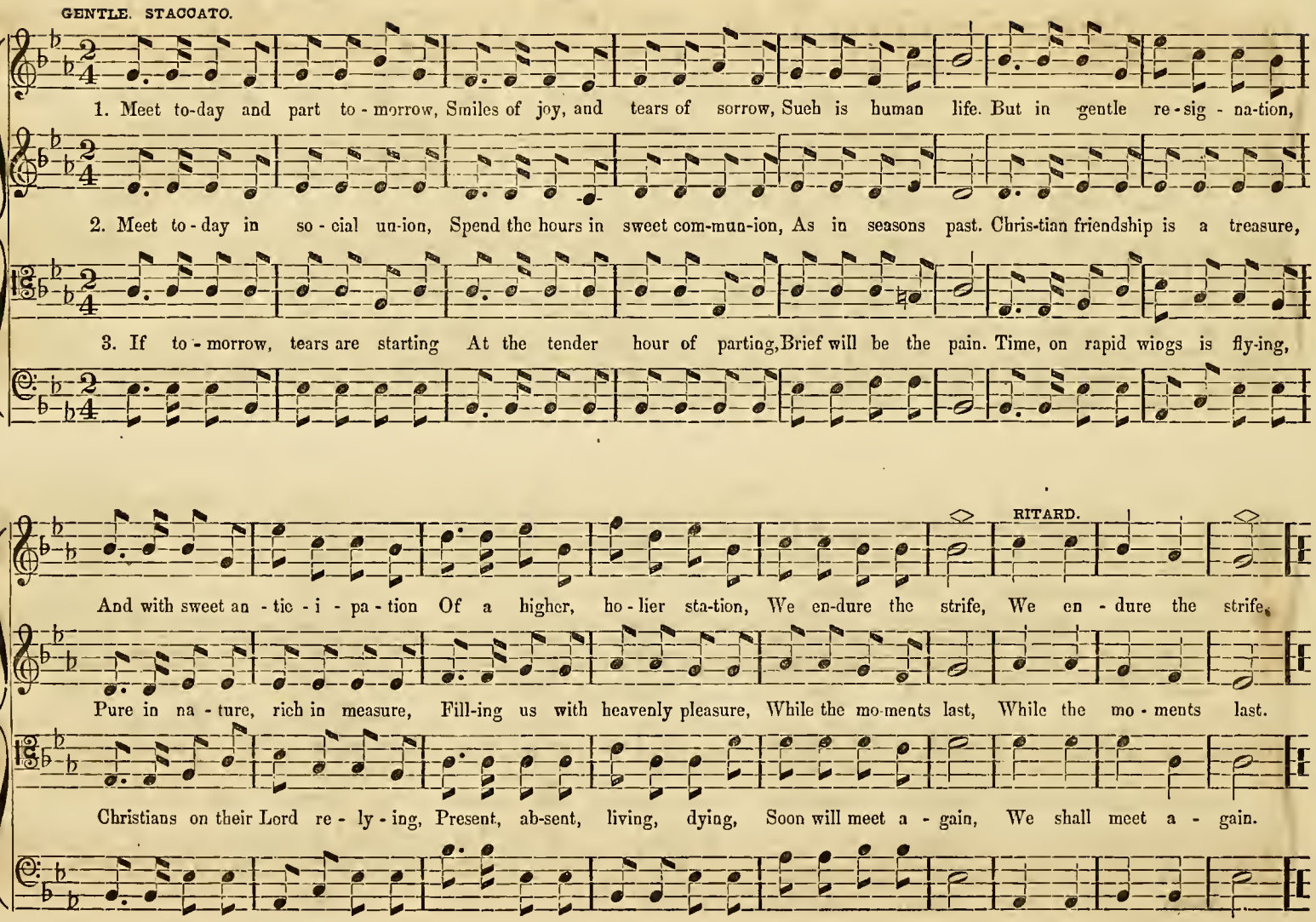
3

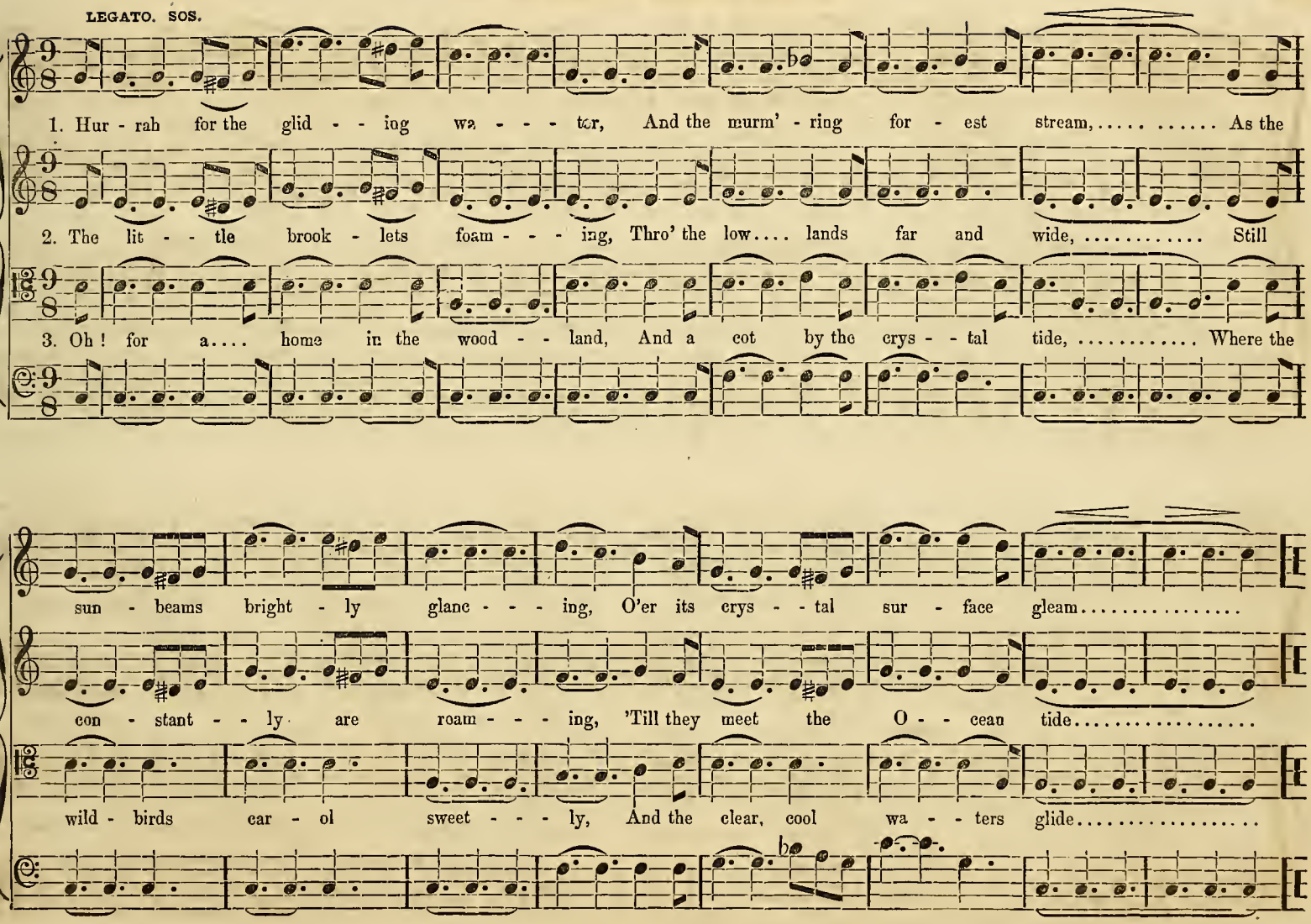
Near to yonder mountain,—
Winding through the glade,—
Now the silver fountain
Seeks the forest shade.
Haste thee onward, singing gaily,
'Till thou reach the ocean, vast;
So we hasten onward daily,
Finding home and heaven at last.

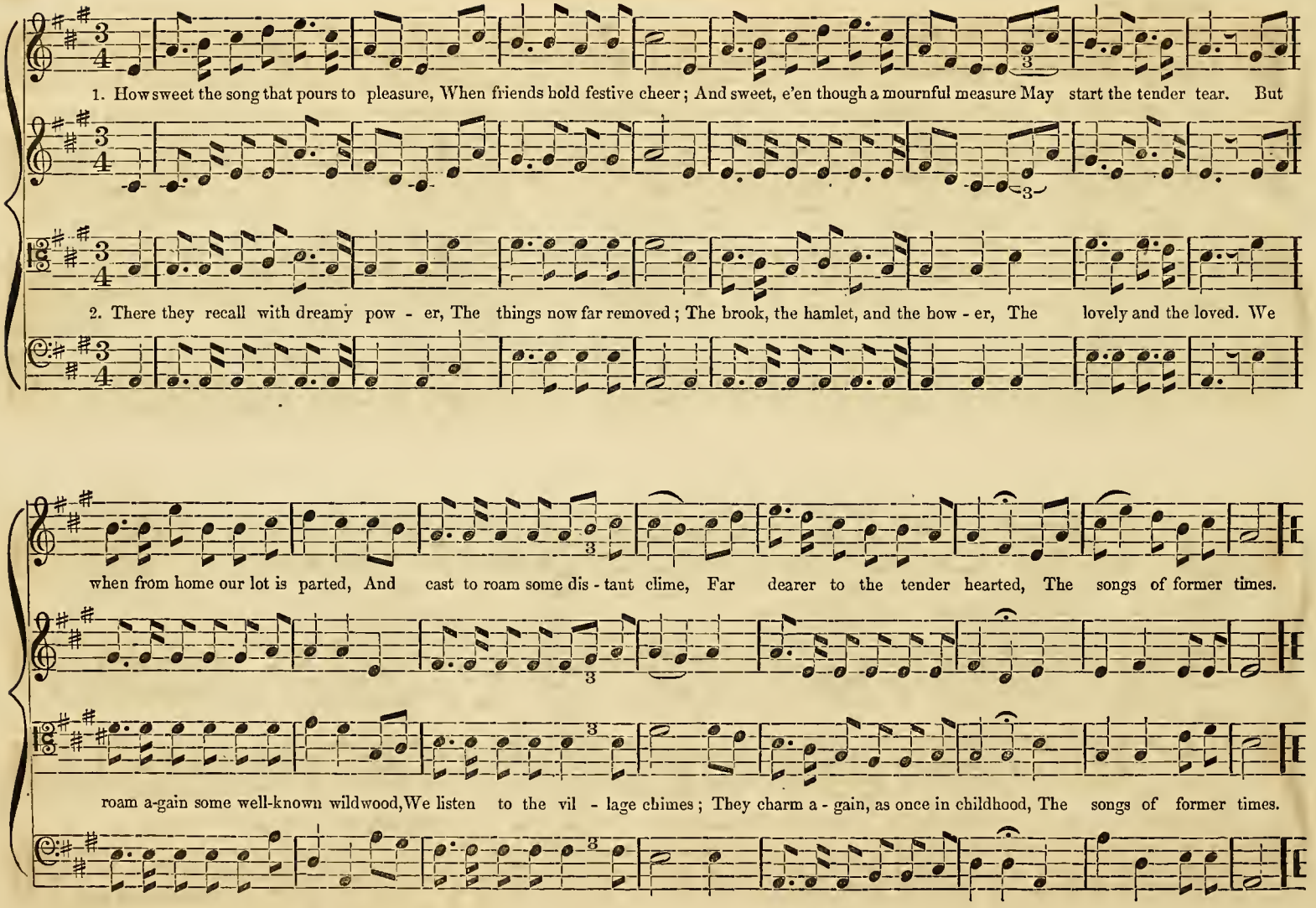

CRES.
p
ff
pp
ff
Blow, bugle, blow; set the wild echoes flying: Blow, bu - gle, blow, Blow, bu - gle, blow; set the wild echoes flying,
fly - ing, echoes flying, blow, bugle, blow, bugle, Blow, bu - gle, blow, Blow, bu - gle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
CRES.
p
ff
pp
ff
Blow, bugle, blow, bugle, set the wild echoes flying, Blow, bu - gle, blow, Blow, bu - gle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
fly - ing, echoes flying, Blow, bugle, blow, bugle, Blow, bu - gle, blow, Blow, bu - gle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
pp
p RAL.
pp
ppp
Answer e - choes dying. Blow, bugle, blow, answer echoes dying, dying, dy - ing.
Answer e - choes dying. Blow, bugle, blow, bu - gle, answer echoes dying, dying, dy - ing.
pp
p RAL.
pp
ppp
Answer e - choes dying. Blow, bugle, blow, bu - gle, blow, bu - gle, blow, blow, blow.....
Answer e - choes dying Blow, bugle, blow, bu - gle blow, blow, blow, blow.... ...

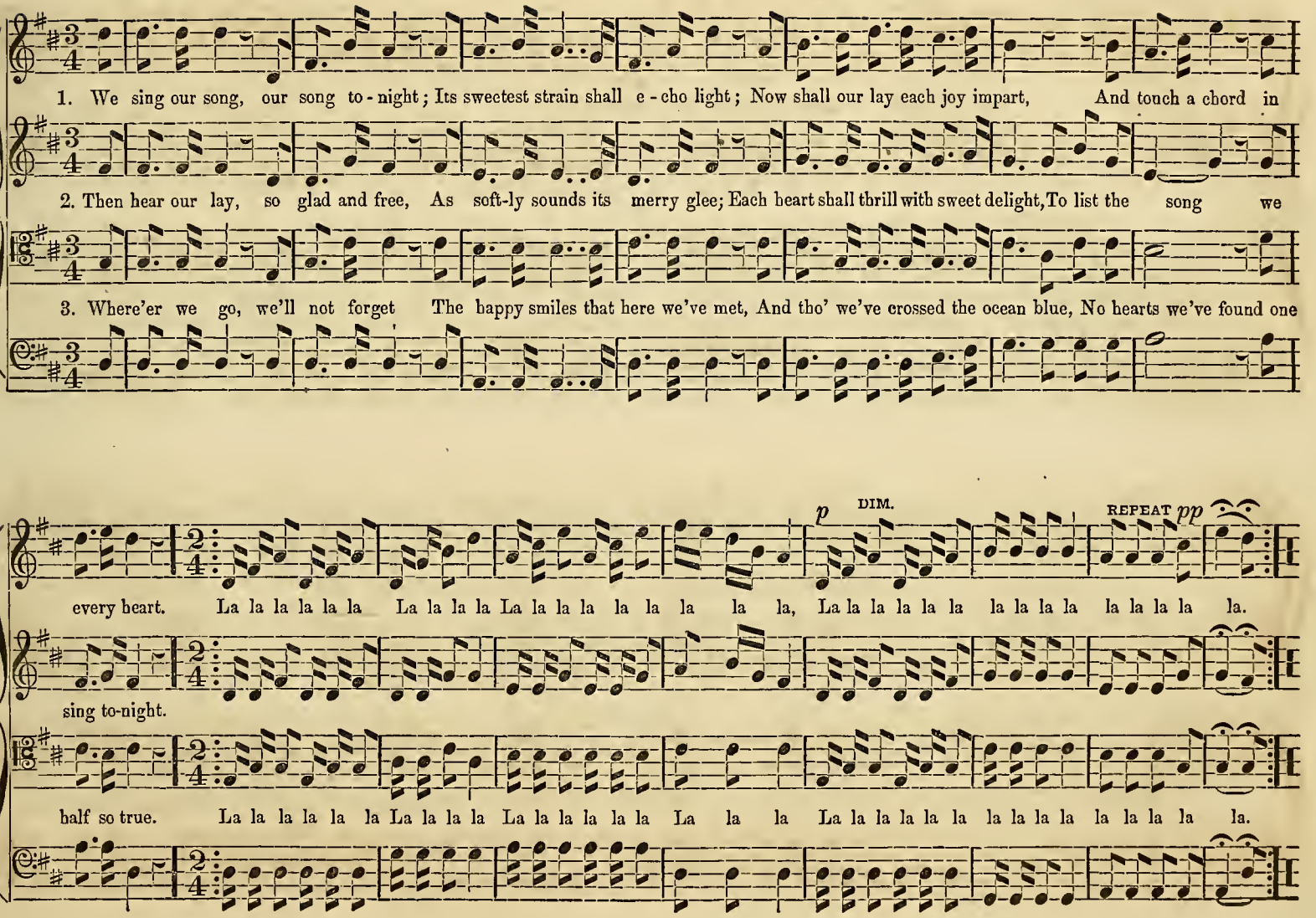
Meeting and Parting.

THOS. HASTINGS.




LEGATO. SOS.
1. Hur - rah for the glid - - ing wa - - - - ter, And the murm' - ring for - est stream, ... As the
2. The lit - - tle brook - lets foam - - - ing, Thro' the low.... lands far and wide, ... Still
3. Oh! for a.... home in the wood - - land, And a cot by the crys - - tal tide, ... Where the
sun - beams bright - ly glanc - - - ing, O'er its crys - - tal sur - face gleam.....
con - stant - - ly are roam - - - ing, 'Till they meet the O - - cean tide.....
wild - birds car - ol sweet - - - ly, And the clear, cool wa - - ters glide.....

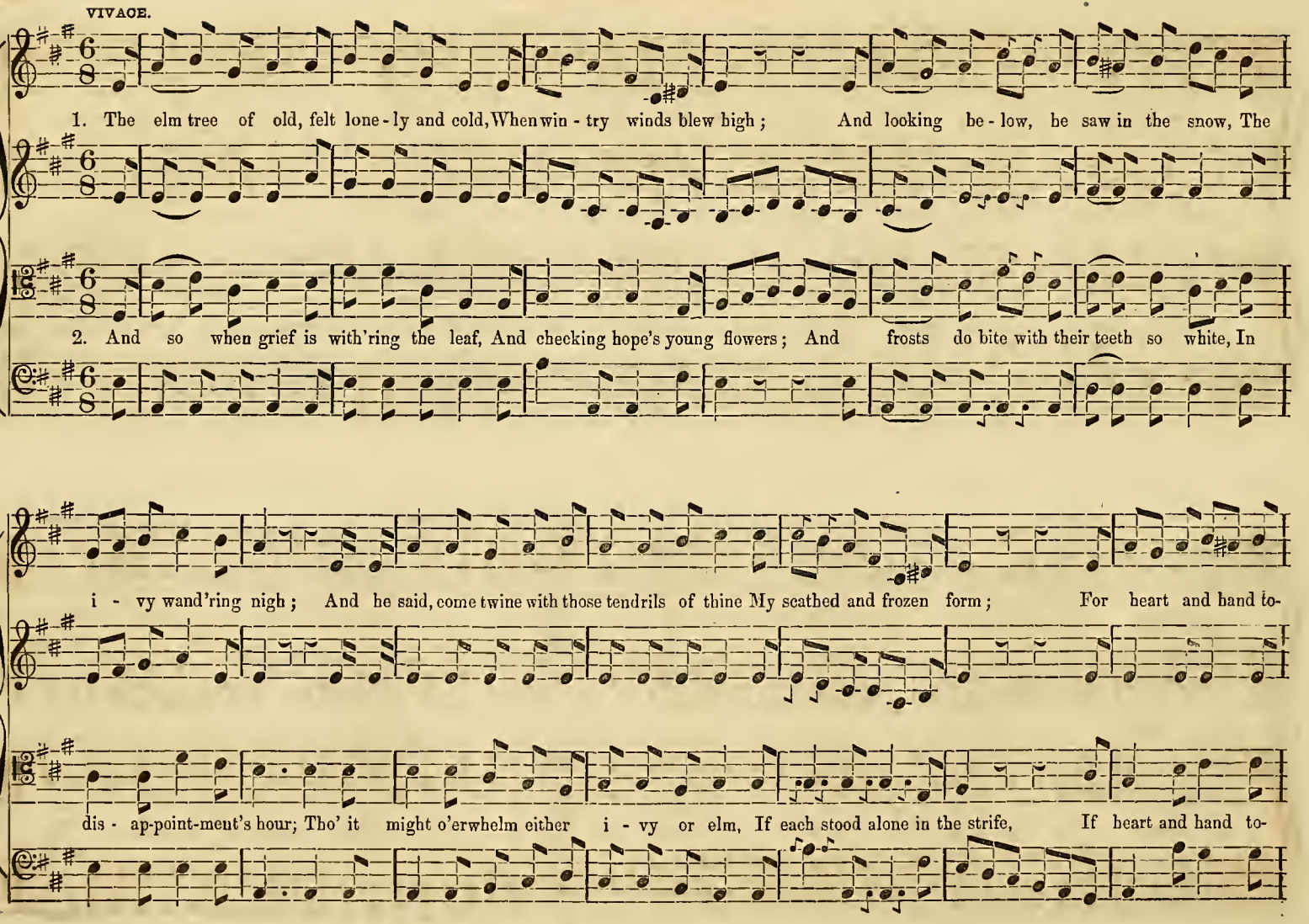

1. How sweet the song that pours to pleasure, When friends hold festive cheer; And sweet, e'en though a mournful measure May start the tender tear. But
2. There they recall with dreamy pow - er, The things now far removed; The brook, the hamlet, and the bow - er, The lovely and the loved. We
when from home our lot is parted, And cast to roam some dis - tant clime, Far dearer to the tender hearted, The songs of former times.
roam a-gain some well-known wildwood, We listen to the vil - lage chimes; They charm a - gain, as once in childhood, The songs of former times.

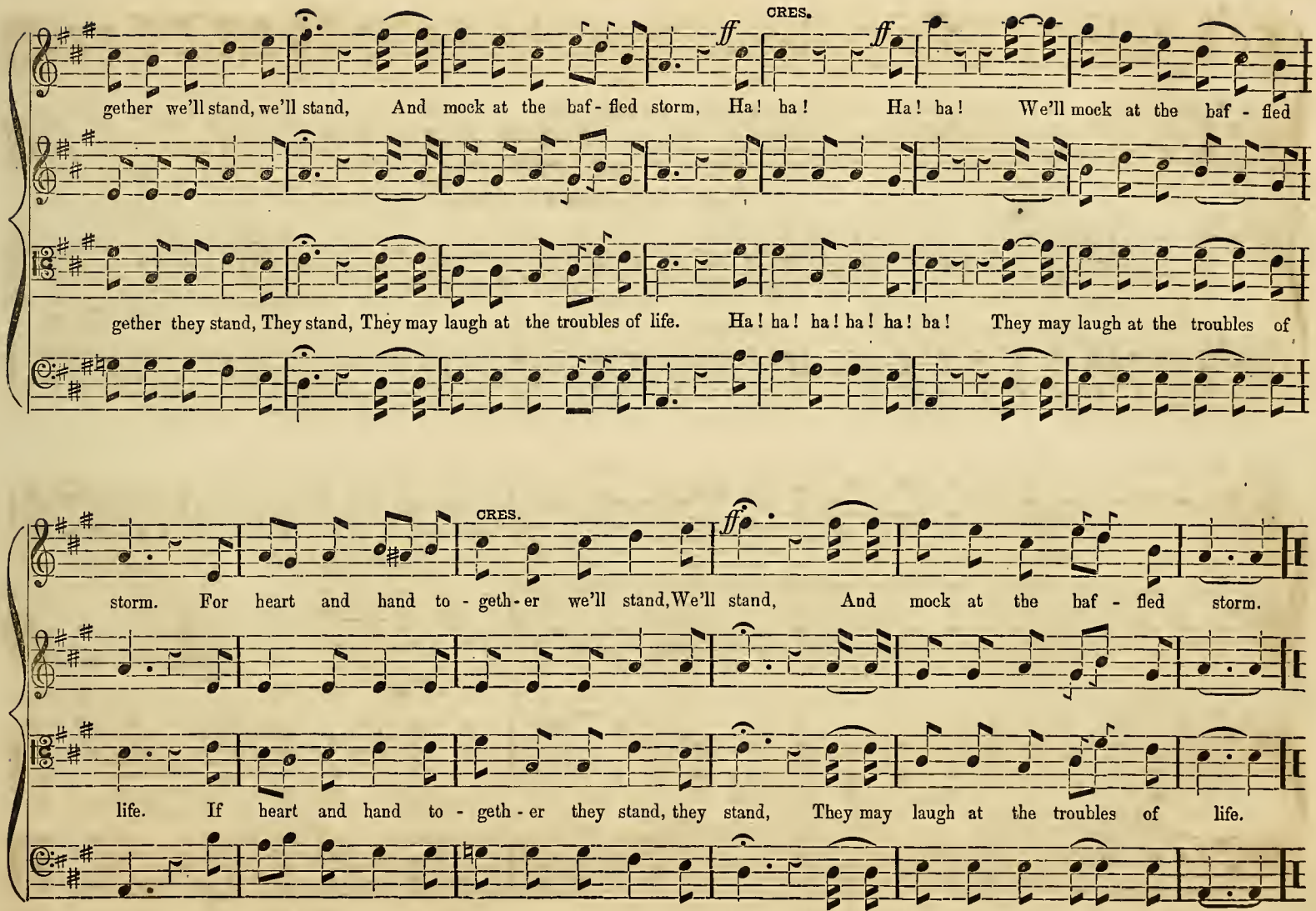

1. We sing our song, our song to-night; Its sweetest strain shall e-cho light; Now shall our lay each joy impart, And touch a chord in
2. Then hear our lay, so glad and free, As soft-ly sounds its merry glee; Each heart shall thrill with sweet delight, To list the song we
3. Where'er we go, we'll not forget The happy smiles that here we've met, And tho' we've crossed the ocean blue, No hearts we've found one
p
DIM.
REPEAT pp
every heart. La la la la la la La la la la La la la la la la la la, La la la la la la la la la la la la la la.
sing to-night.
half so true. La la la la la la La la la la La la la la la la La la la La la la la la la la la la la la la la.

Elm and Ivy.

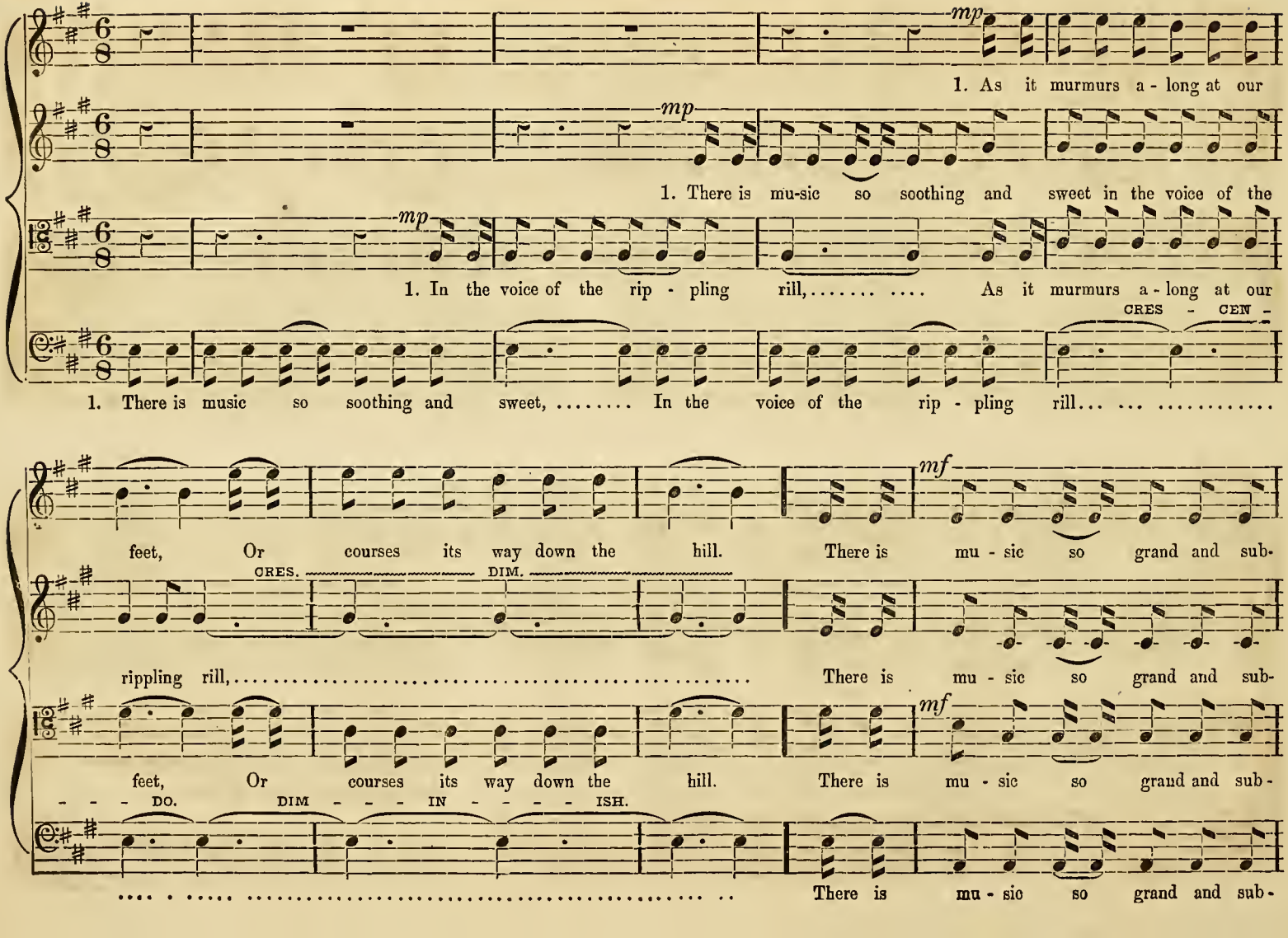
Composed for this work by S. W. HOLDREDGE.

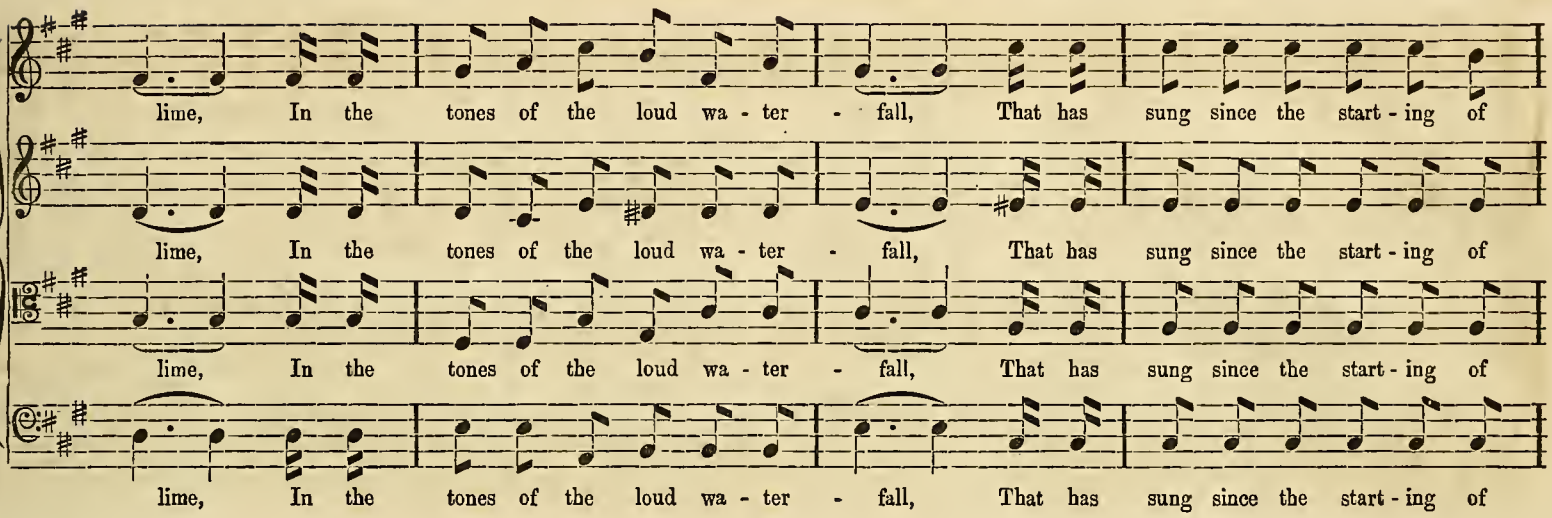
VIVACE.

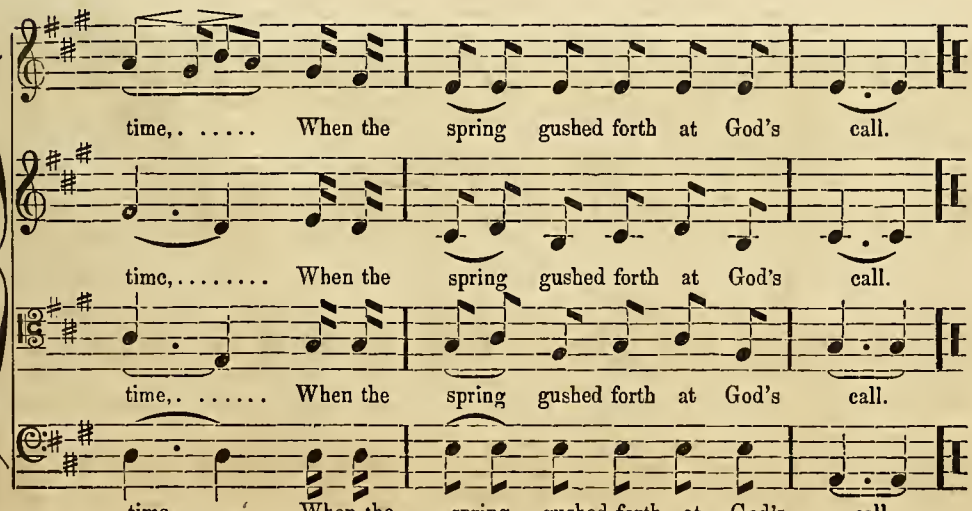



CRES.
ff
ff
gether we'll stand, we'll stand, And mock at the baf - fled storm, Ha! ha! Ha! ha! We'll mock at the baf - fled
gether they stand, They stand, They may laugh at the troubles of life. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! They may laugh at the troubles of
CRES.
ff
storm. For heart and hand to - geth - er we'll stand, We'll stand, And mock at the baf - fled storm.
life. If heart and hand to - geth - er they stand, they stand, They may laugh at the troubles of life.

Music so Soothing and Sweet.







[9]

2

There is music in the low moaning wind,
A troubled and torpescent trill,
As if sadness it left on behind,
When murmuring along o'er the hill,
There's music in the still summer eve,
When the twilight's soft shadows appear,
When the dew drop is on the green leaves,
And the lovers together are near.

Words by E. A. P.

Sleigh-ride Glee.*

Arranged from "Saturday Night Polka," by F. H. P.

1. Old win - ter has re - turned onee more, That hap - py joyous time, Tra la la, With mer - ry glee our hearts run o'er, To

2. Loud shouts from eve - ry cheer - ful voice Shall win - ter's coming greet; Tra la la, Now shall our gladsome hearts re - joice, Its

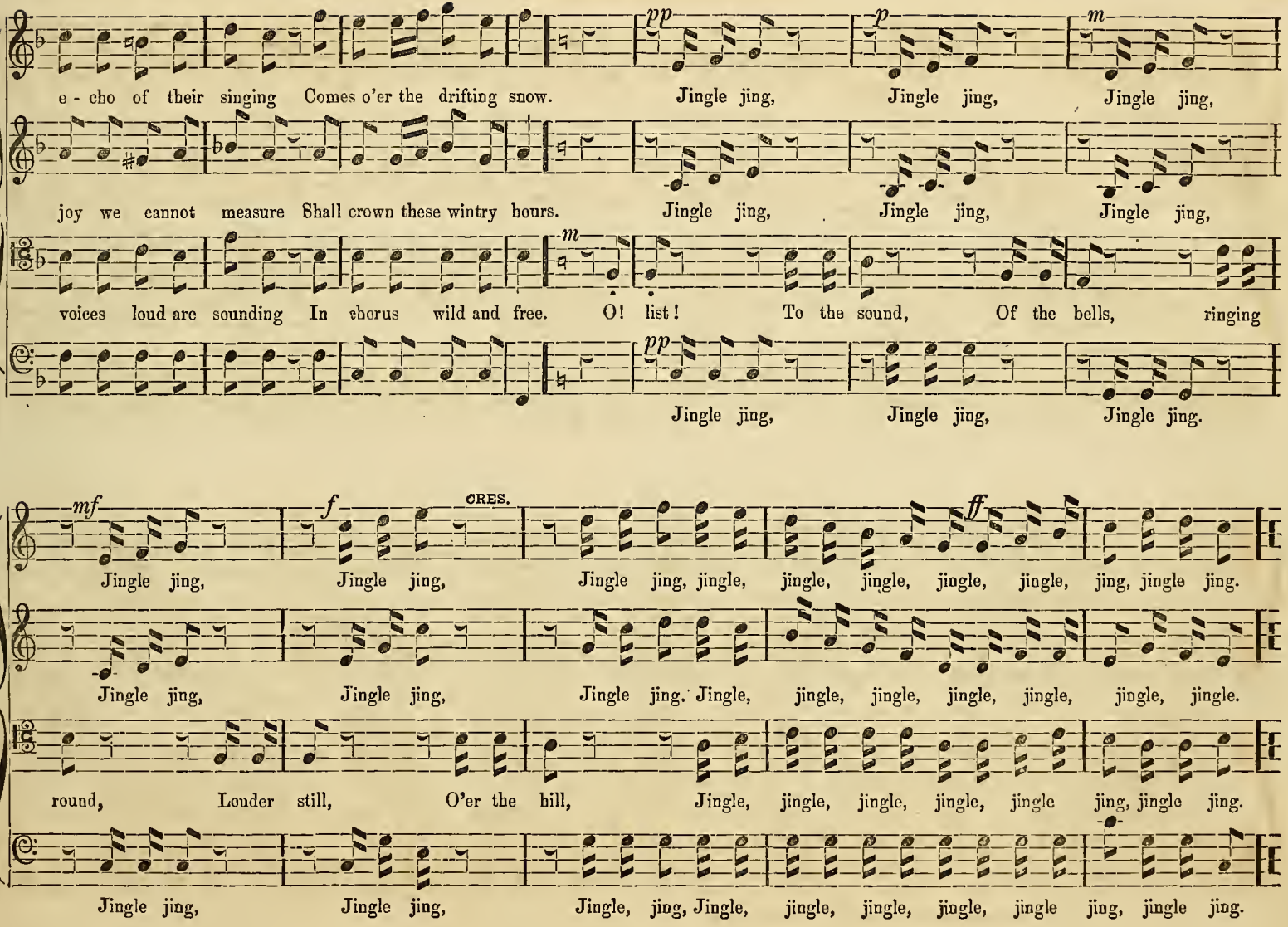
3. Now win - ter winds are blow - ing, While swift we glide a - long, Tra la la, And while we're homeward go - ing, We'll

list the sleigh - bells' chime; Tra la la, We hear glad voices ringing, As swift - ly on we go, Tra la la, An

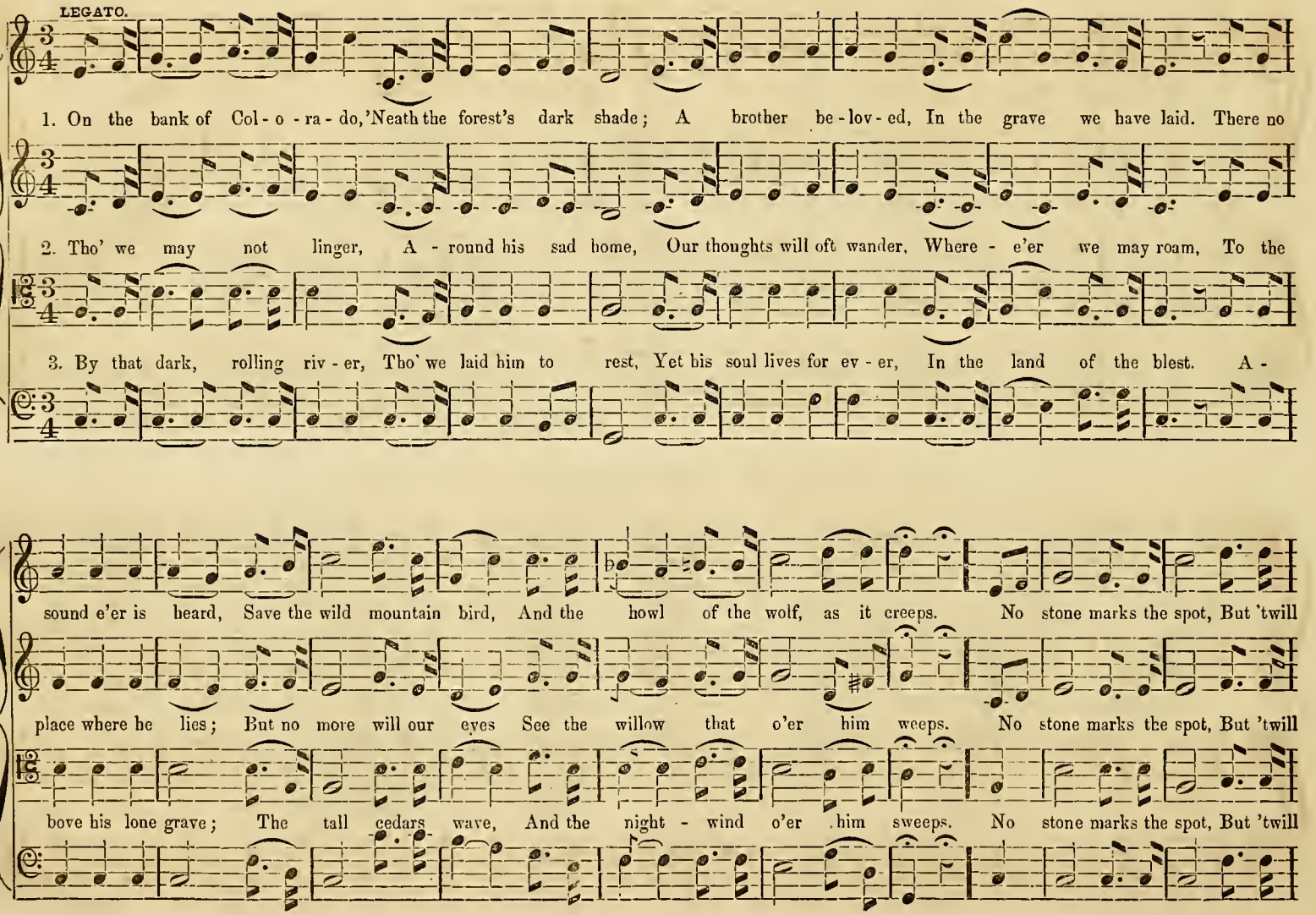
wel - come days to meet, Tra la la, We'll strew, with live - ly pleasure, Our way with snowy flowers, Tra la la, And

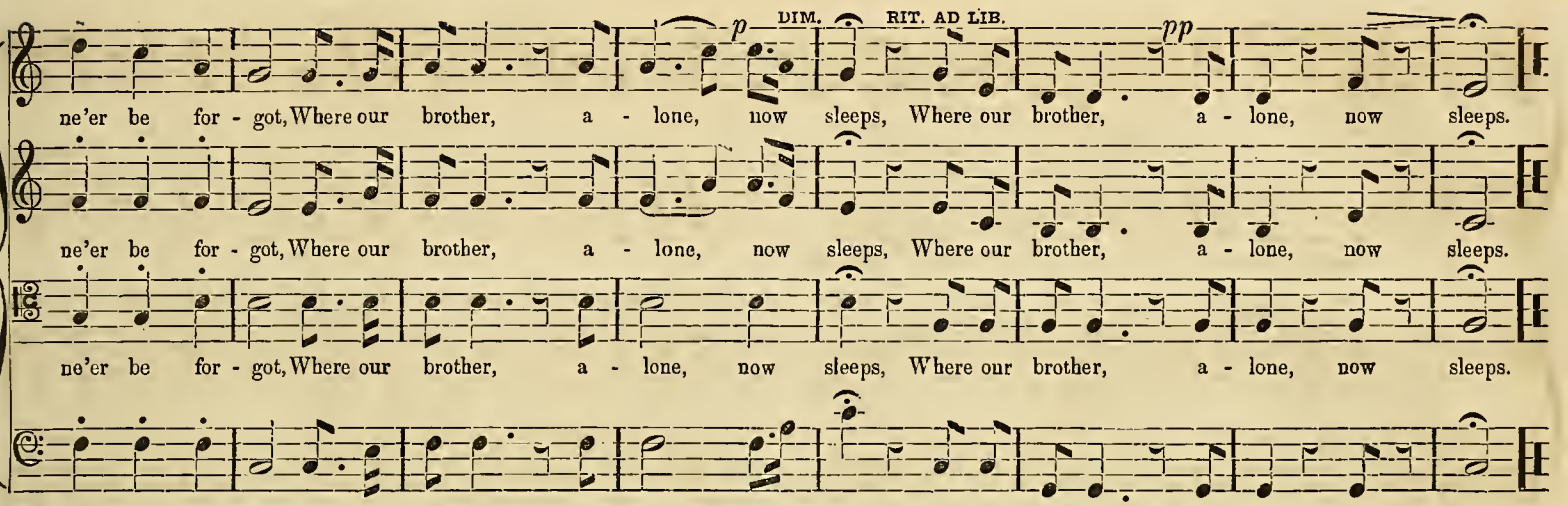
cheer the way with song, Tra la la, The while we're lightly bounding A - cross the snowy sea, Tra la la, Our

* By permission of S. Brainard & Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

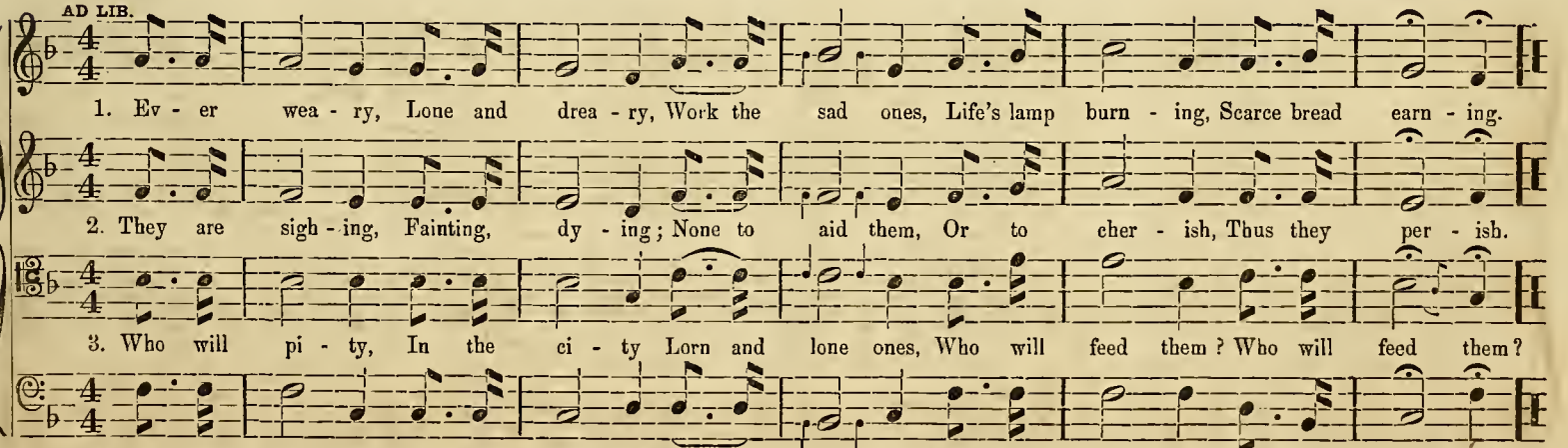

pp
p
m
e - cho of their singing Comes o'er the drifting snow. Jingle jing, Jingle jing, Jingle jing,
joy we cannot measure Shall crown these wintry hours. Jingle jing, Jingle jing, Jingle jing,
m
voices loud are sounding In chorus wild and free. O! list! To the sound, Of the bells, ringing
pp
Jingle jing, Jingle jing, Jingle jing.
mf
f
CRES.
ff
Jingle jing, Jingle jing, Jingle jing, jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle, jing, jingle jing.
Jingle jing, Jingle jing, Jingle jing. Jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle.
round, Louder still, O'er the hill, Jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle jing, jingle jing.
Jingle jing, Jingle jing, Jingle, jing, Jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle jing, jingle jing.

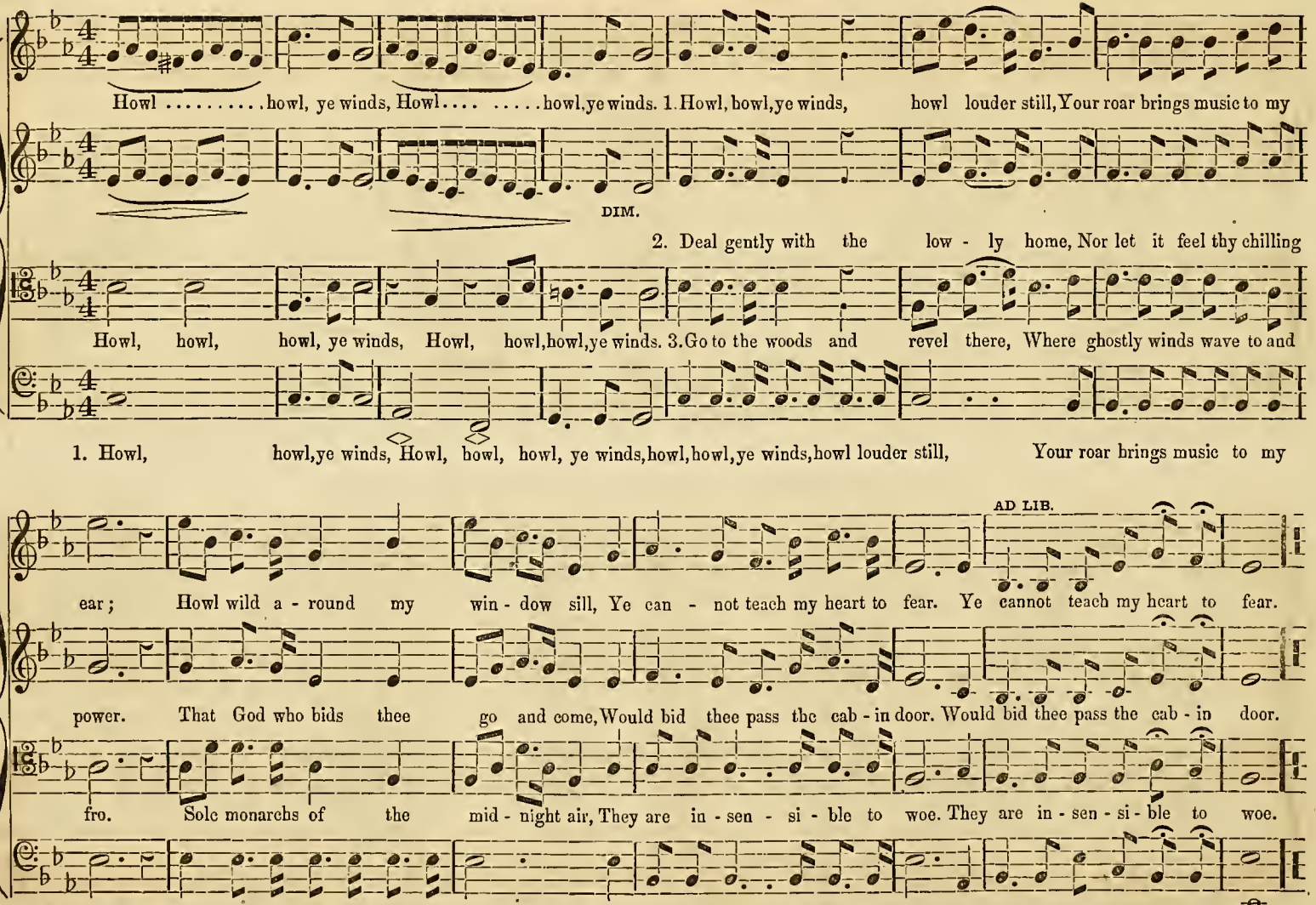
Our Brother's Grave.

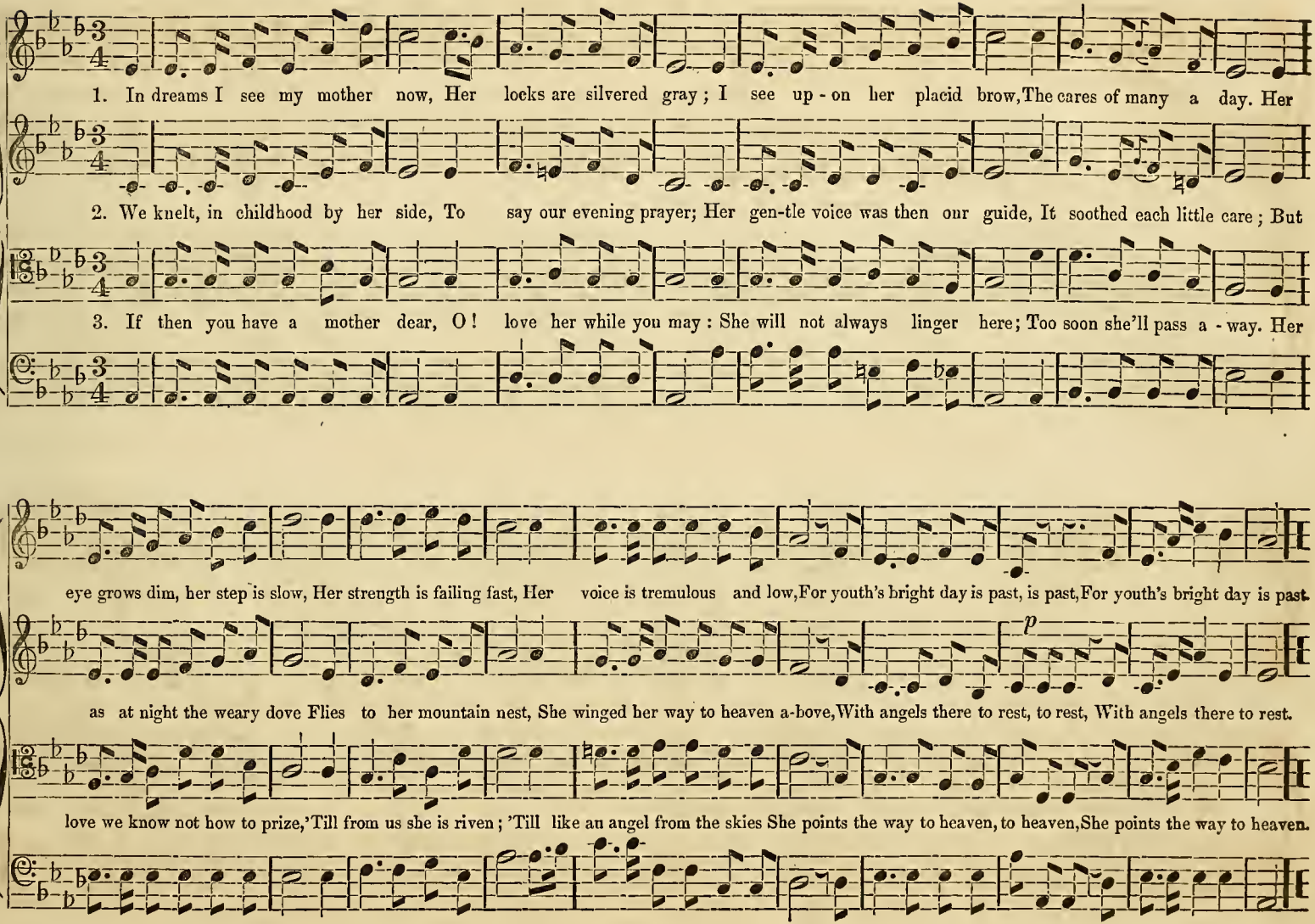




QUARTETTE. The Poor Working Girls.

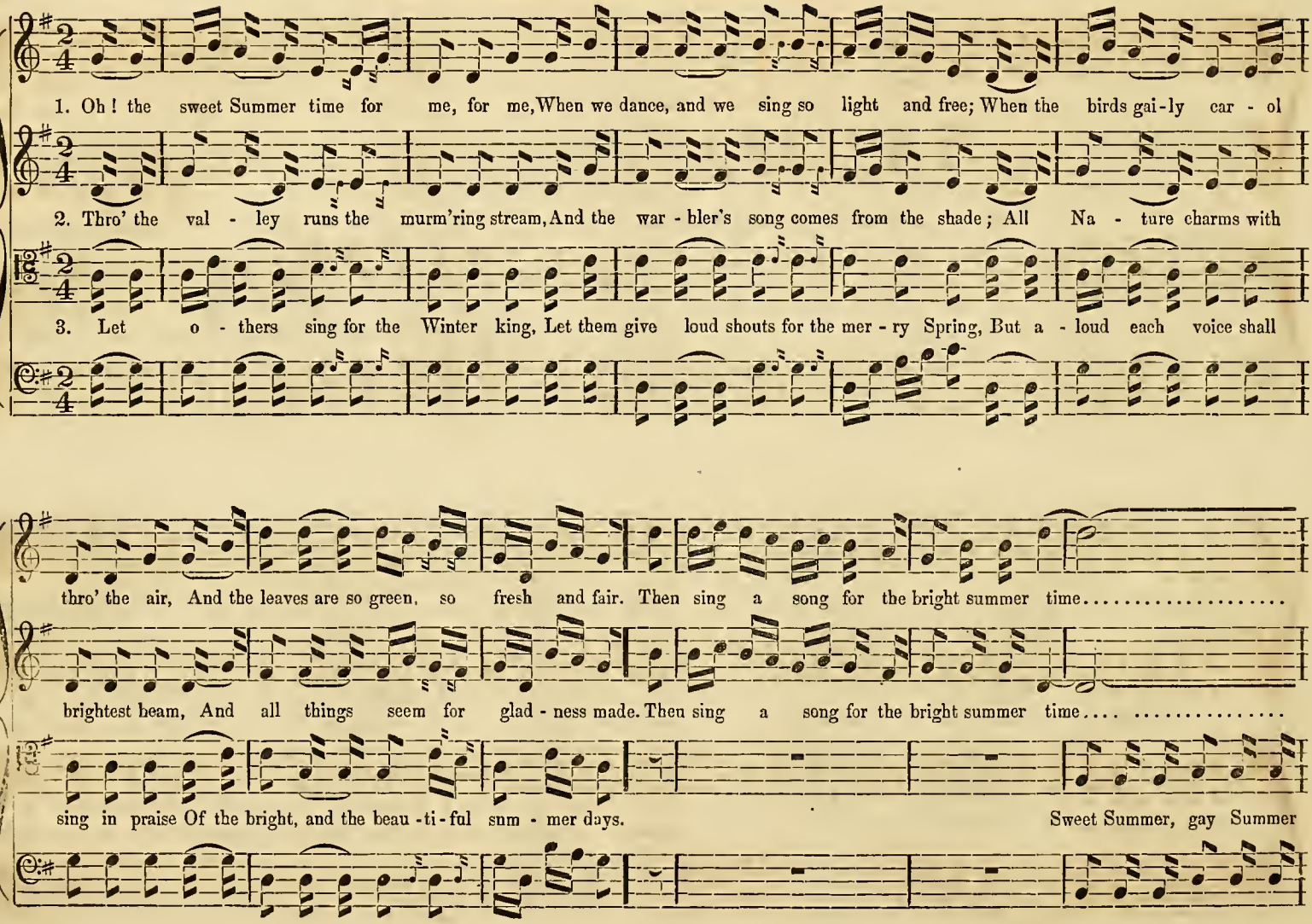


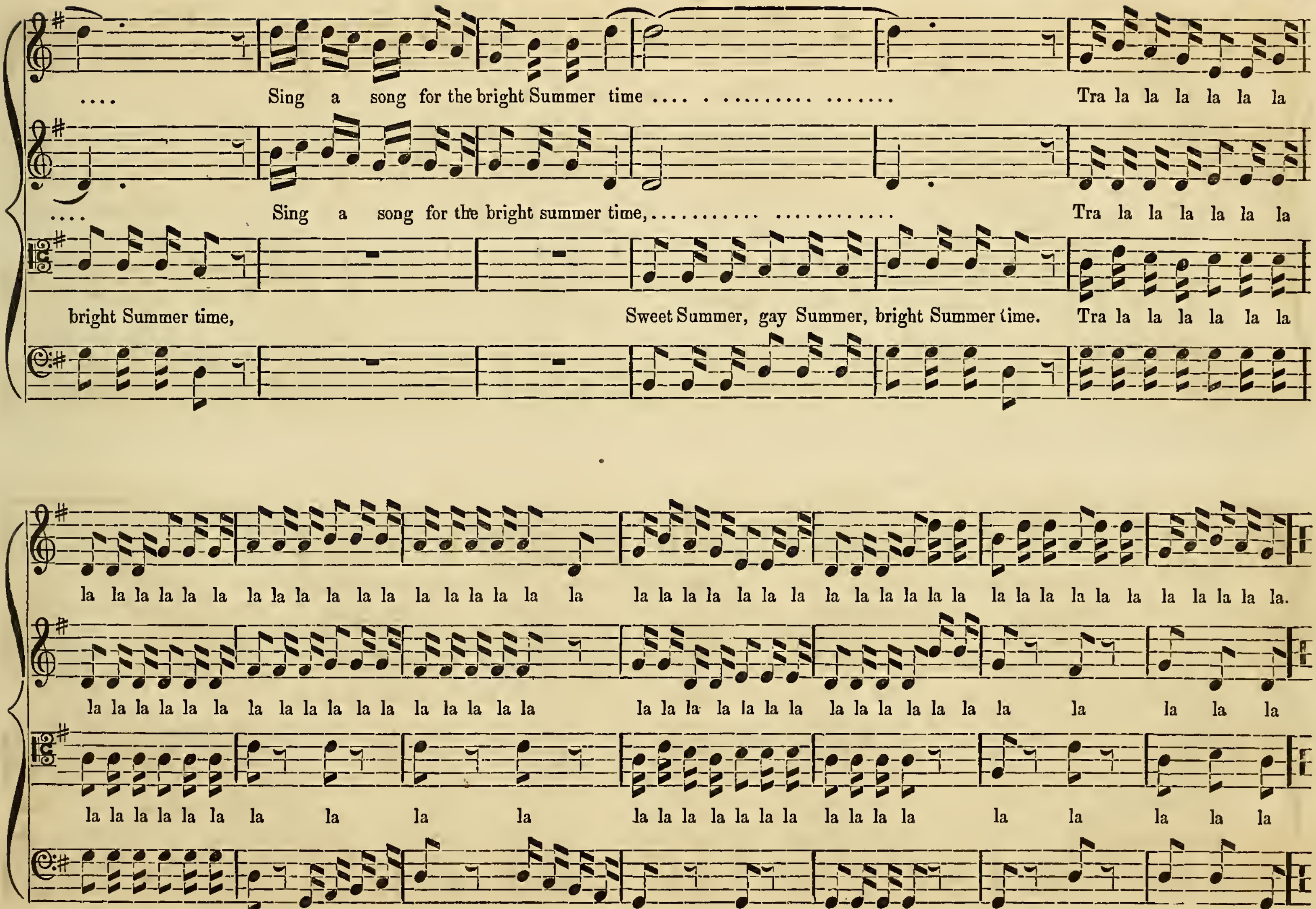

Howl ..... howl, ye winds, Howl.... .....howl, ye winds. 1. Howl, howl, ye winds, howl louder still, Your roar brings music to my
DIM.
2. Deal gently with the low - ly home, Nor let it feel thy chilling
Howl, howl, howl, ye winds, Howl, howl, howl, ye winds. 3. Go to the woods and revel there, Where ghostly winds wave to and
1. Howl, howl, ye winds, Howl, howl, howl, ye winds, howl, howl, ye winds, howl louder still, Your roar brings music to my
AD LIB.
ear; Howl wild a - round my win - dow sill, Ye can - not teach my heart to fear. Ye cannot teach my heart to fear.
power. That God who bids thee go and come, Would bid thee pass the cab - in door. Would bid thee pass the cab - in door.
fro. Sole monarchs of the mid - night air, They are in - sen - si - ble to woe. They are in - sen - si - ble to woe.
ear; Howl wild around my window sill, Ye cannot teach my heart to fear. Ye cannot teach my heart to fear.


1. In dreams I see my mother now, Her locks are silvered gray; I see up-on her placid brow, The cares of many a day. Her
2. We knelt, in childhood by her side, To say our evening prayer; Her gen-tle voice was then our guide, It soothed each little care; But
3. If then you have a mother dear, O! love her while you may: She will not always linger here; Too soon she'll pass a-way. Her
eye grows dim, her step is slow, Her strength is failing fast, Her voice is tremulous and low, For youth's bright day is past, is past, For youth's bright day is past.
as at night the weary dove Flies to her mountain nest, She winged her way to heaven a-bove, With angels there to rest, to rest, With angels there to rest.
p
love we know not how to prize, 'Till from us she is riven; 'Till like an angel from the skies She points the way to heaven, to heaven, She points the way to heaven.

Sweet Summer Time.

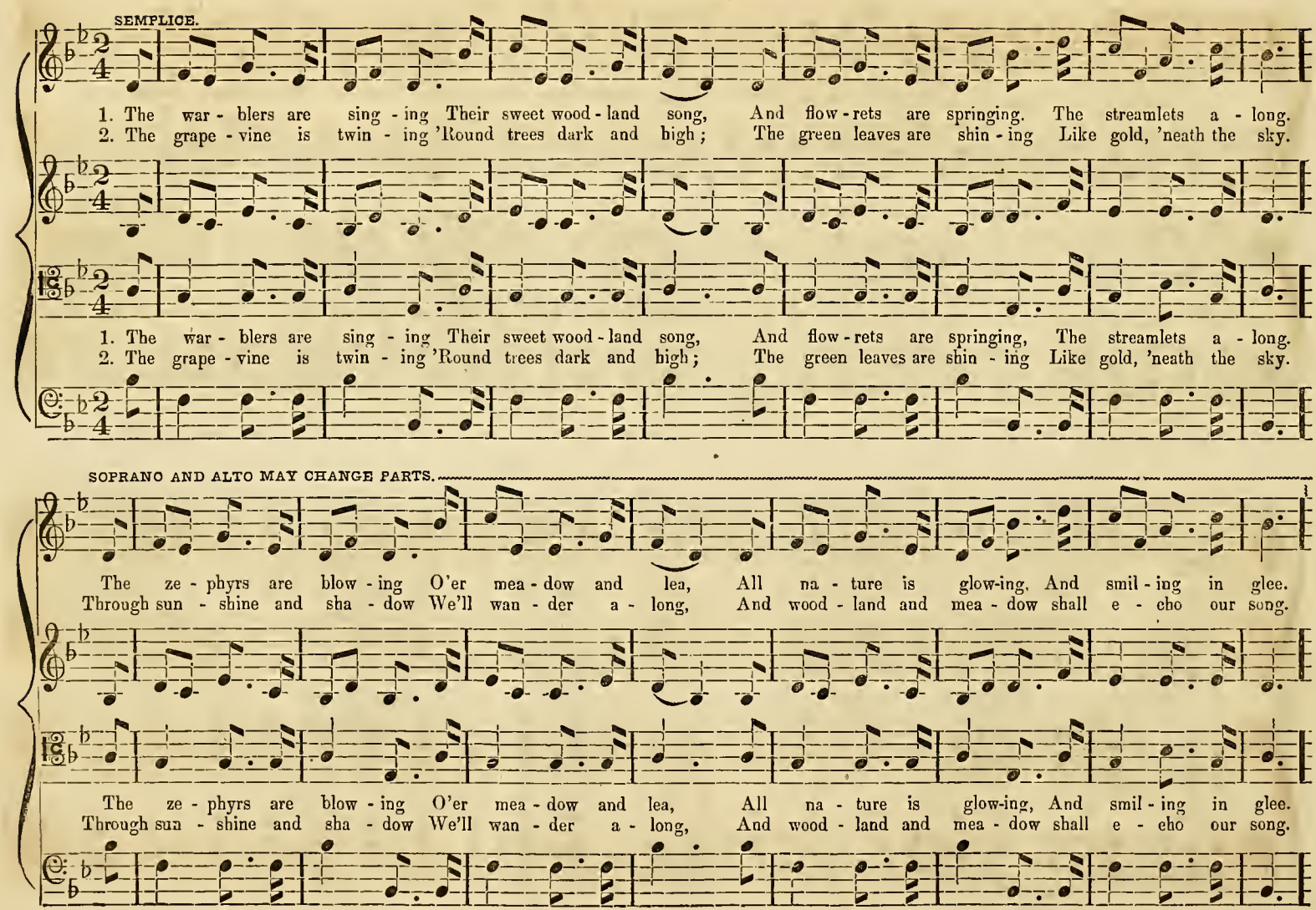
Arranged from a popular Melody.

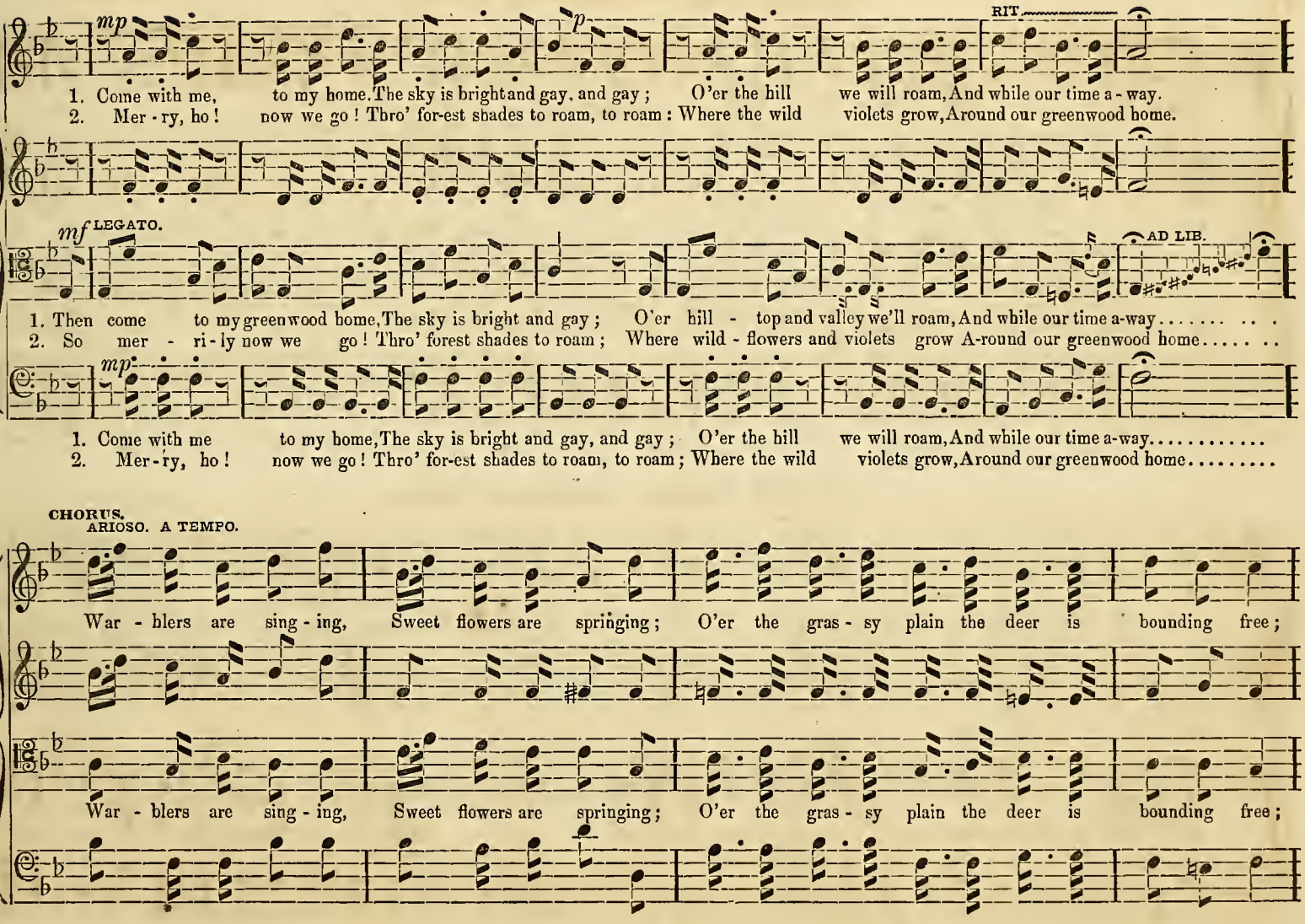



.... Sing a song for the bright Summer time ....
Tra la la la la la la
.... Sing a song for the bright summer time, ...
Tra la la la la la la
bright Summer time,
Sweet Summer, gay Summer, bright Summer time.
Tra la la la la la la
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la.
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

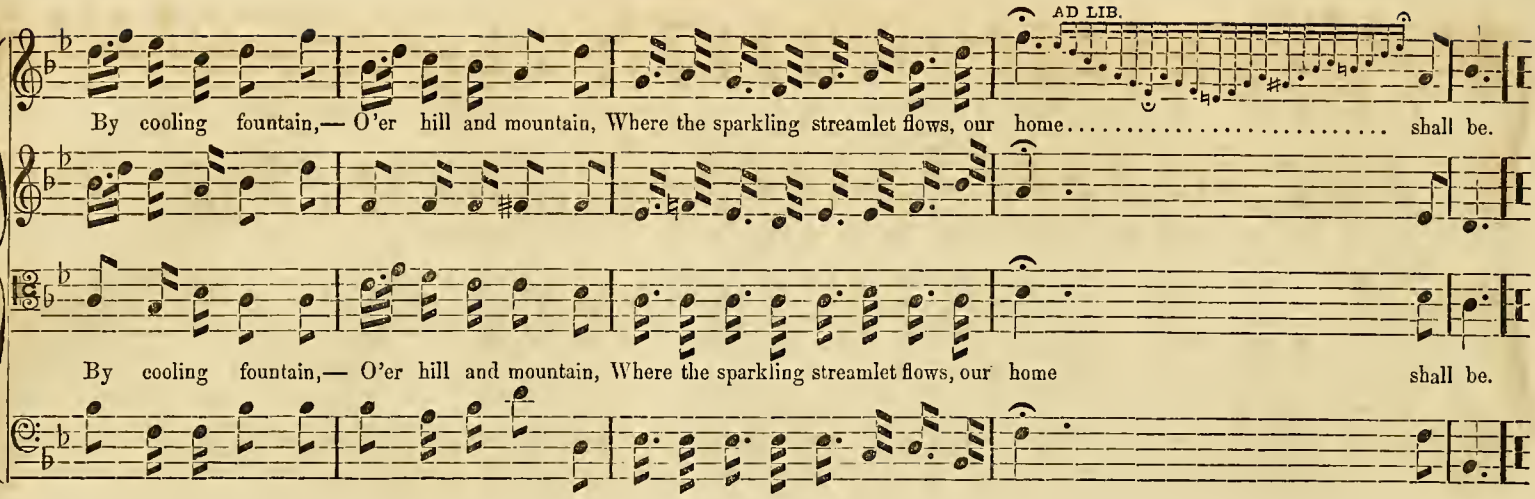
GLEE. My Greenwood Home.

Music by E. A. P.



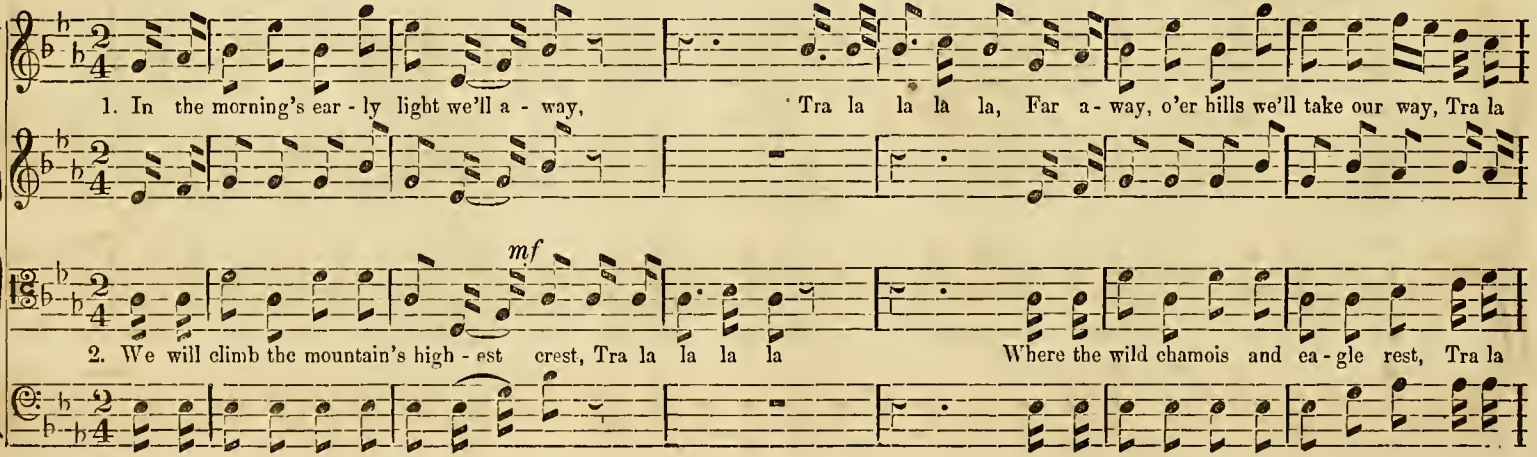

mp
p
RIT.
1. Come with me, to my home. The sky is bright and gay, and gay; O'er the hill we will roam, And while our time a-way.
2. Mer-ry, ho! now we go! Thro' for-est shades to roam, to roam: Where the wild violets grow, Around our greenwood home.
mf LEGATO.
AD LIB.
1. Then come to my greenwood home, The sky is bright and gay; O'er hill-top and valley we'll roam, And while our time a-way.....
2. So mer-ri-ly now we go! Thro' forest shades to roam; Where wild-flowers and violets grow A-round our greenwood home.....
mp
1. Come with me to my home, The sky is bright and gay, and gay; O'er the hill we will roam, And while our time a-way.....
2. Mer-ry, ho! now we go! Thro' for-est shades to roam, to roam; Where the wild violets grow, Around our greenwood home.....
CHORUS.
ARIOSO. A TEMPO.
War-blers are sing-ing, Sweet flowers are springing; O'er the gras-sy plain the deer is bounding free;
War-blers are sing-ing, Sweet flowers are springing; O'er the gras-sy plain the deer is bounding free;

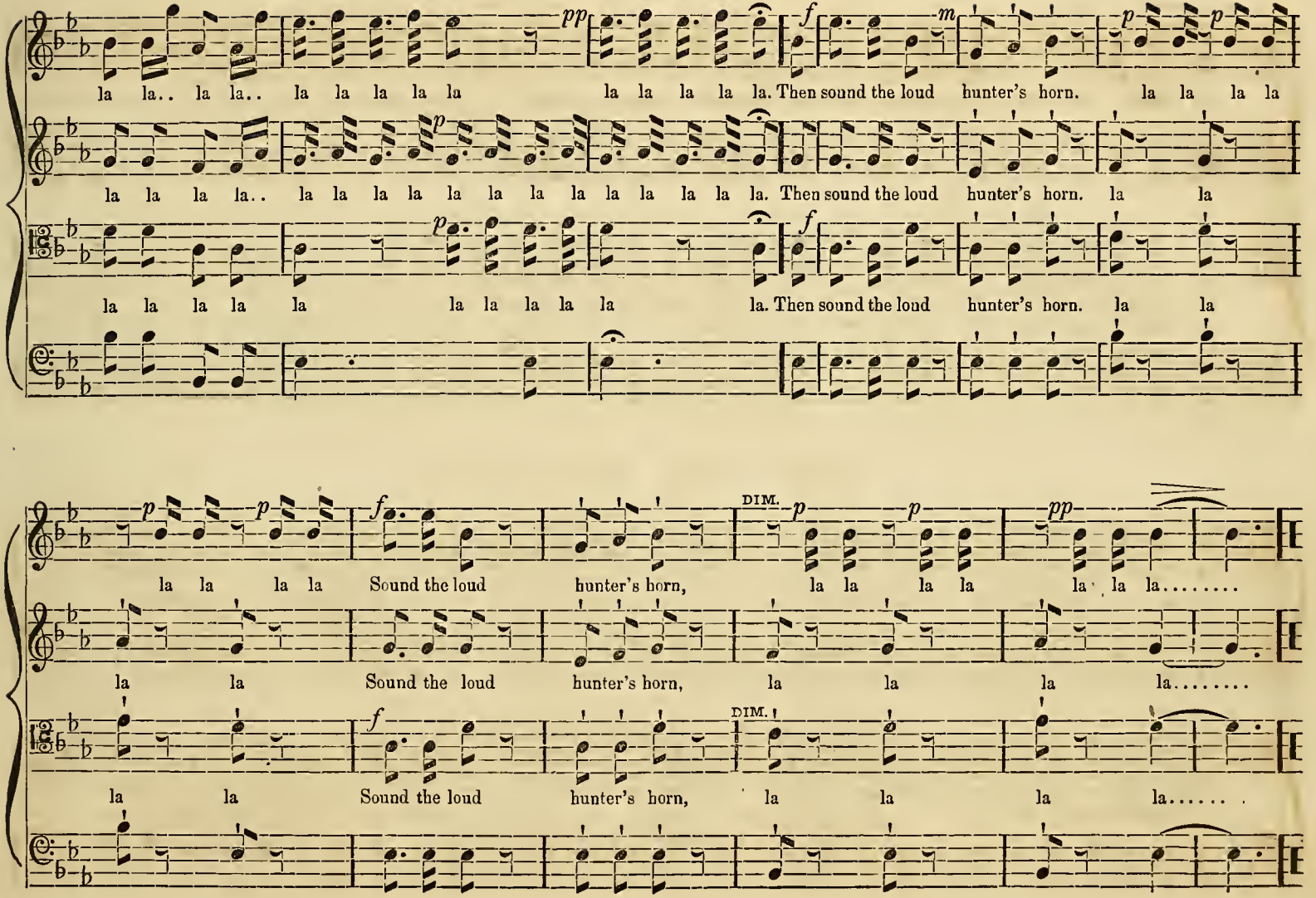
My Greenwood Home. Concluded.



ECHO SONG. Hunter's Horn.

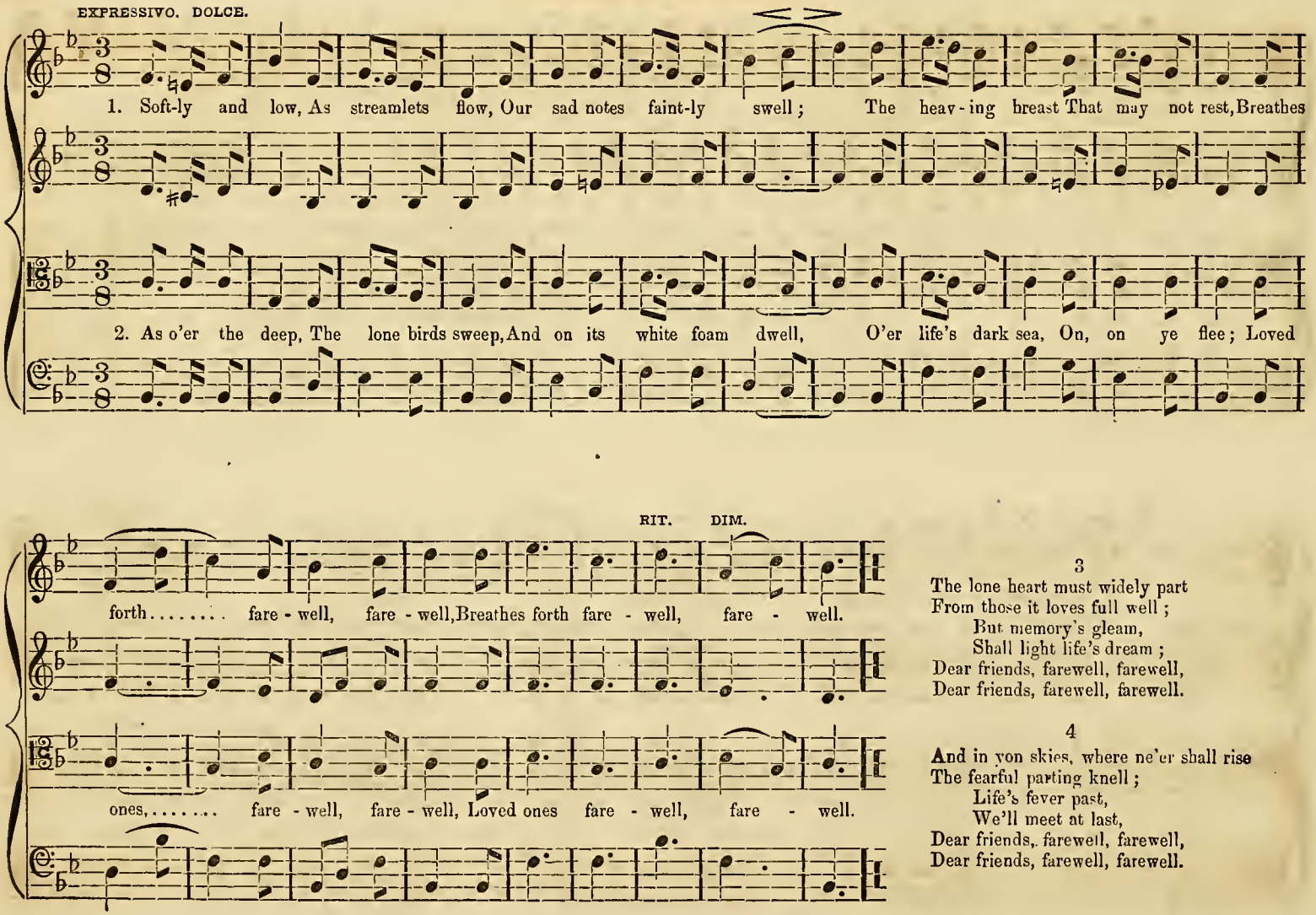
F. H. P.




pp
f
m
p
la la.. la la.. la la la la la la la la la la. Then sound the loud hunter's horn. la la la la
la la la la.. la la la la la la la la la la la la. Then sound the loud hunter's horn. la la
la la la la la la la la la la la la. Then sound the loud hunter's horn. la la
DIM.
la la la la Sound the loud hunter's horn, la la la la la la la.....
la la Sound the loud hunter's horn, la la la la.....
la la Sound the loud hunter's horn, la la la la.....

"Softly and low."

THEODORE WOOD.

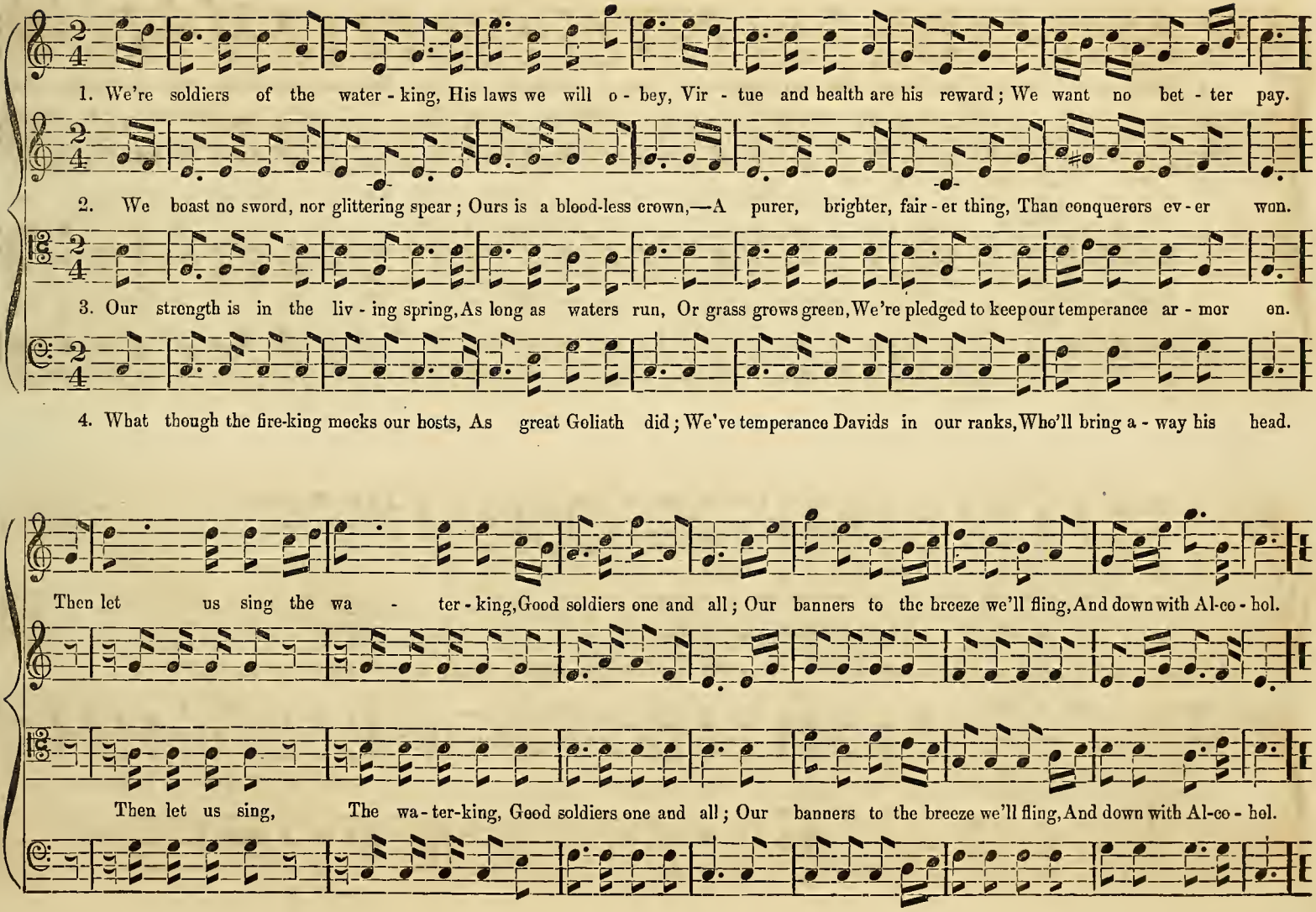


3

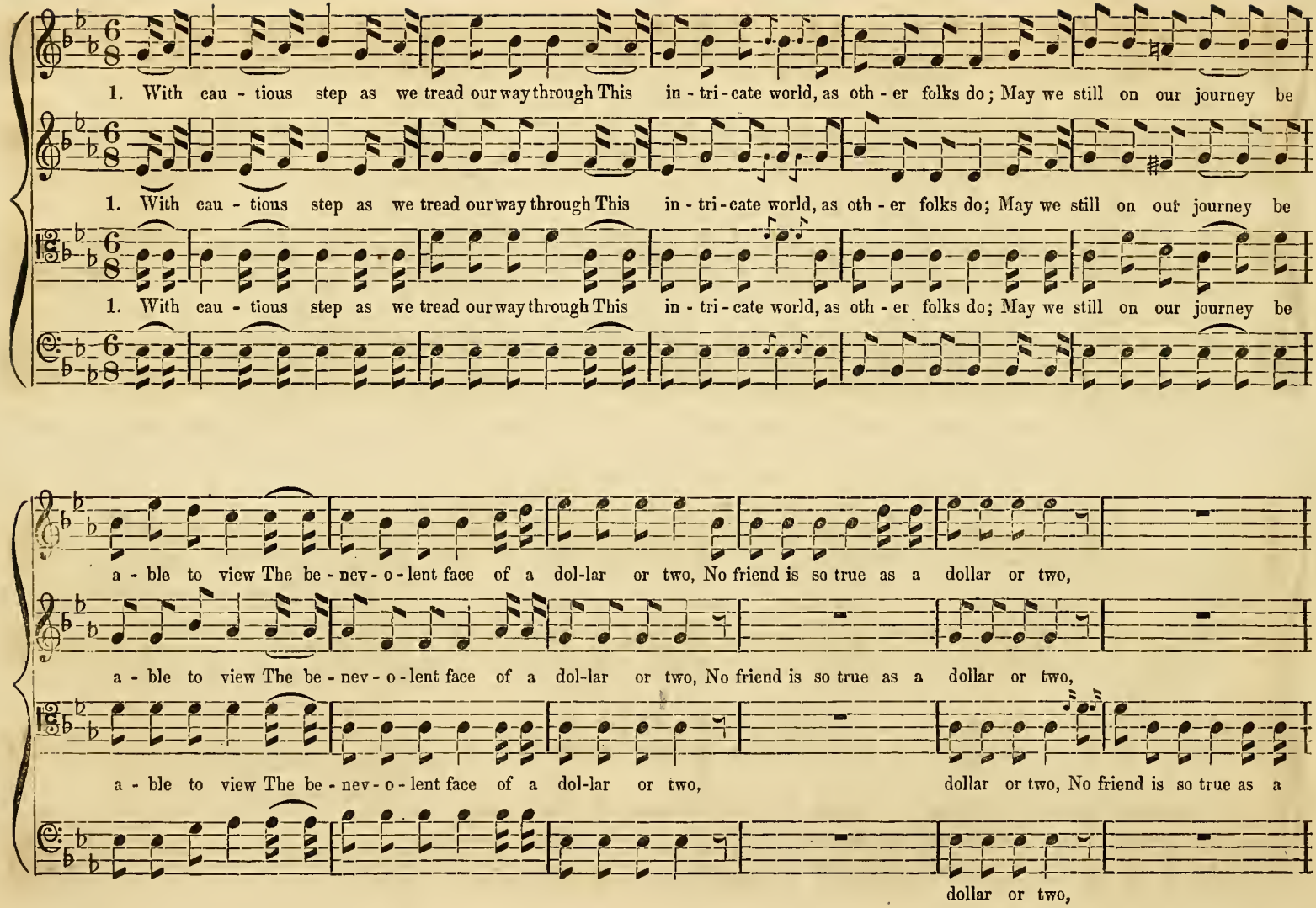
The lone heart must widely part
From those it loves full well;
But memory's gleam,
Shall light life's dream;
Dear friends, farewell, farewell,
Dear friends, farewell, farewell.

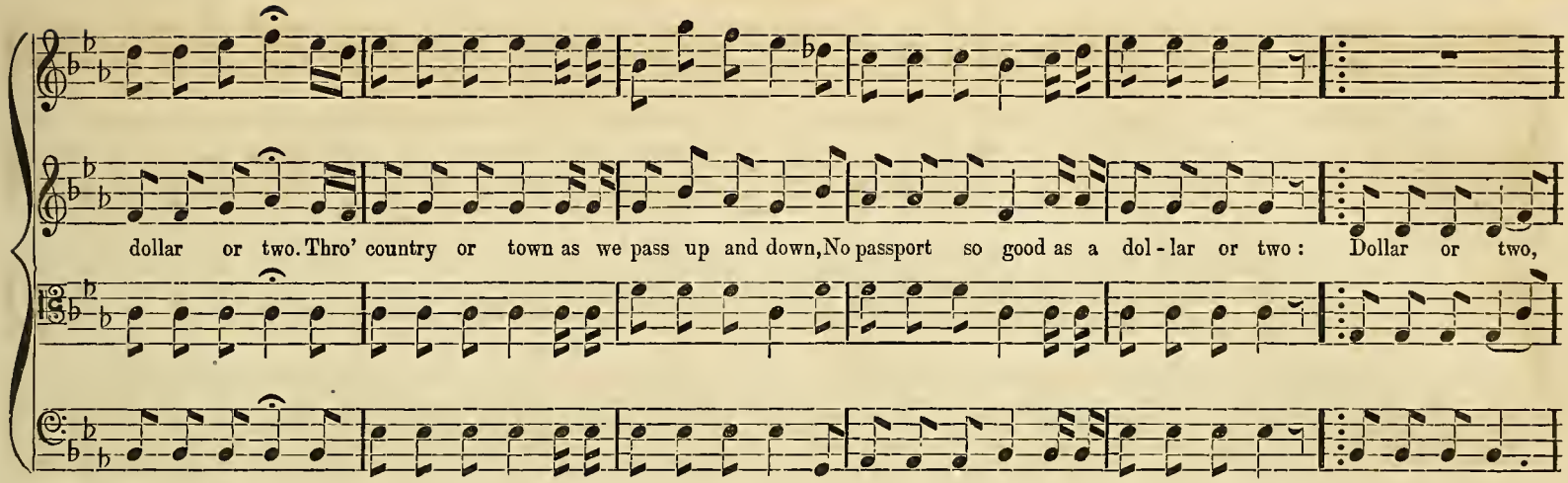
4

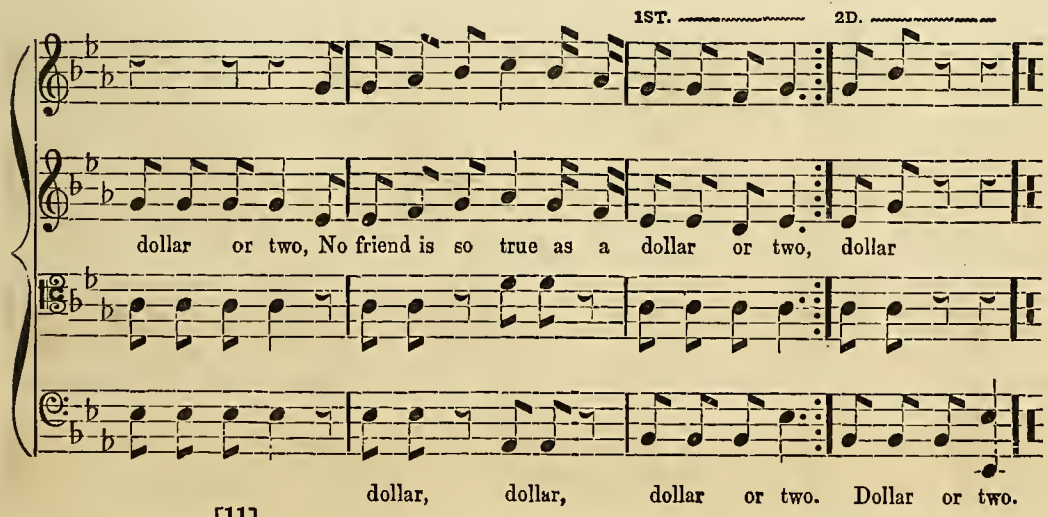
And in yon skies, where ne'er shall rise
The fearful parting knell;
Life's fever past,
We'll meet at last,
Dear friends, farewell, farewell,
Dear friends, farewell, farewell.


1. We're soldiers of the water - king, His laws we will o - bey, Vir - tue and health are his reward; We want no bet - ter pay.
2. We boast no sword, nor glittering spear; Ours is a blood-less crown,—A purer, brighter, fair - er thing, Than conquerors ev - er won.
3. Our strength is in the liv - ing spring, As long as waters run, Or grass grows green, We're pledged to keep our temperance ar - mor on.
4. What though the fire-king mocks our hosts, As great Goliath did; We've temperance Davids in our ranks, Who'll bring a - way his head.
Then let us sing the wa - ter - king, Good soldiers one and all; Our banners to the breeze we'll fling, And down with Al-co - hol.
Then let us sing, The wa - ter-king, Good soldiers one and all; Our banners to the breeze we'll fling, And down with Al-co - hol.

Dollar or Two.







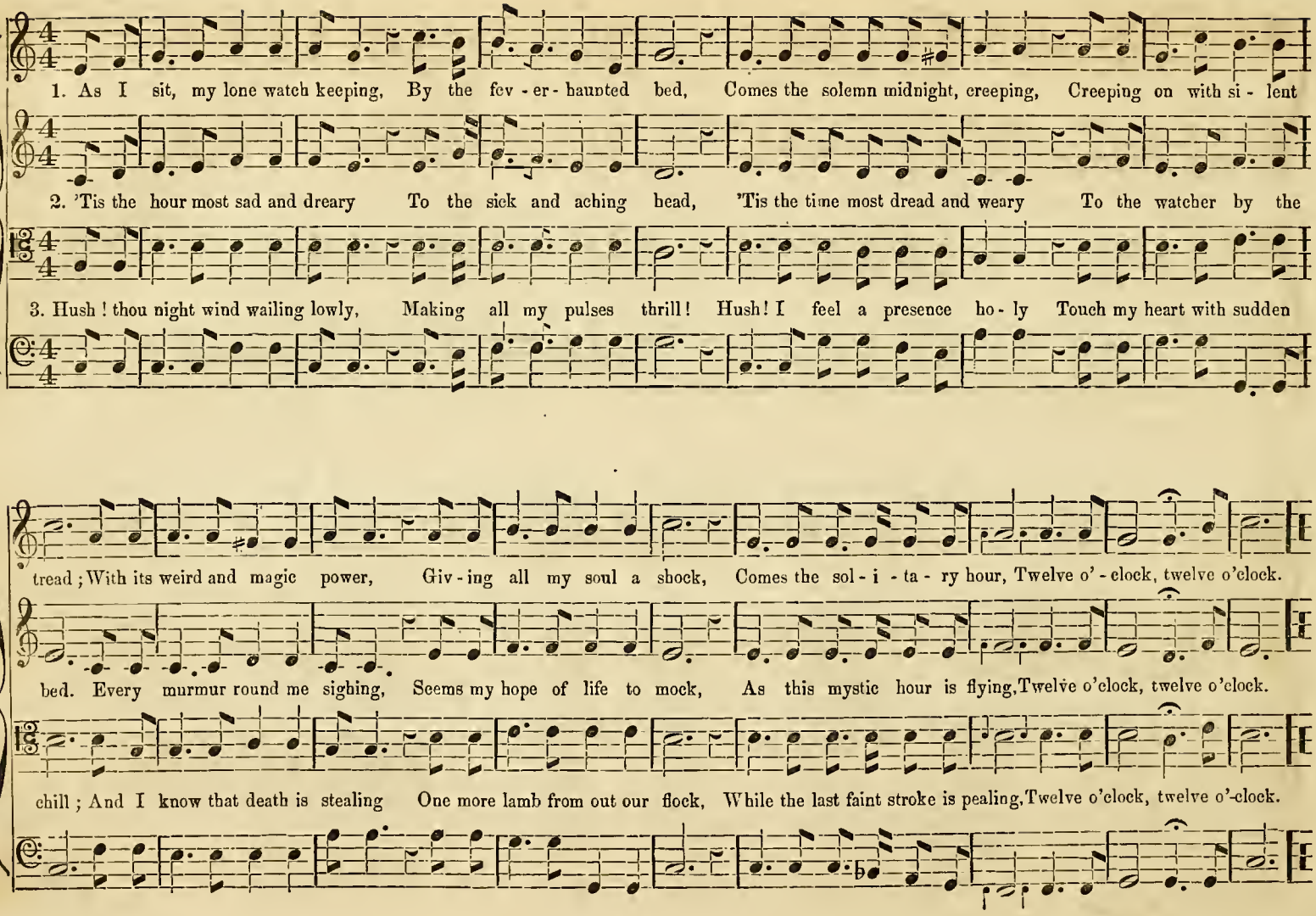
2

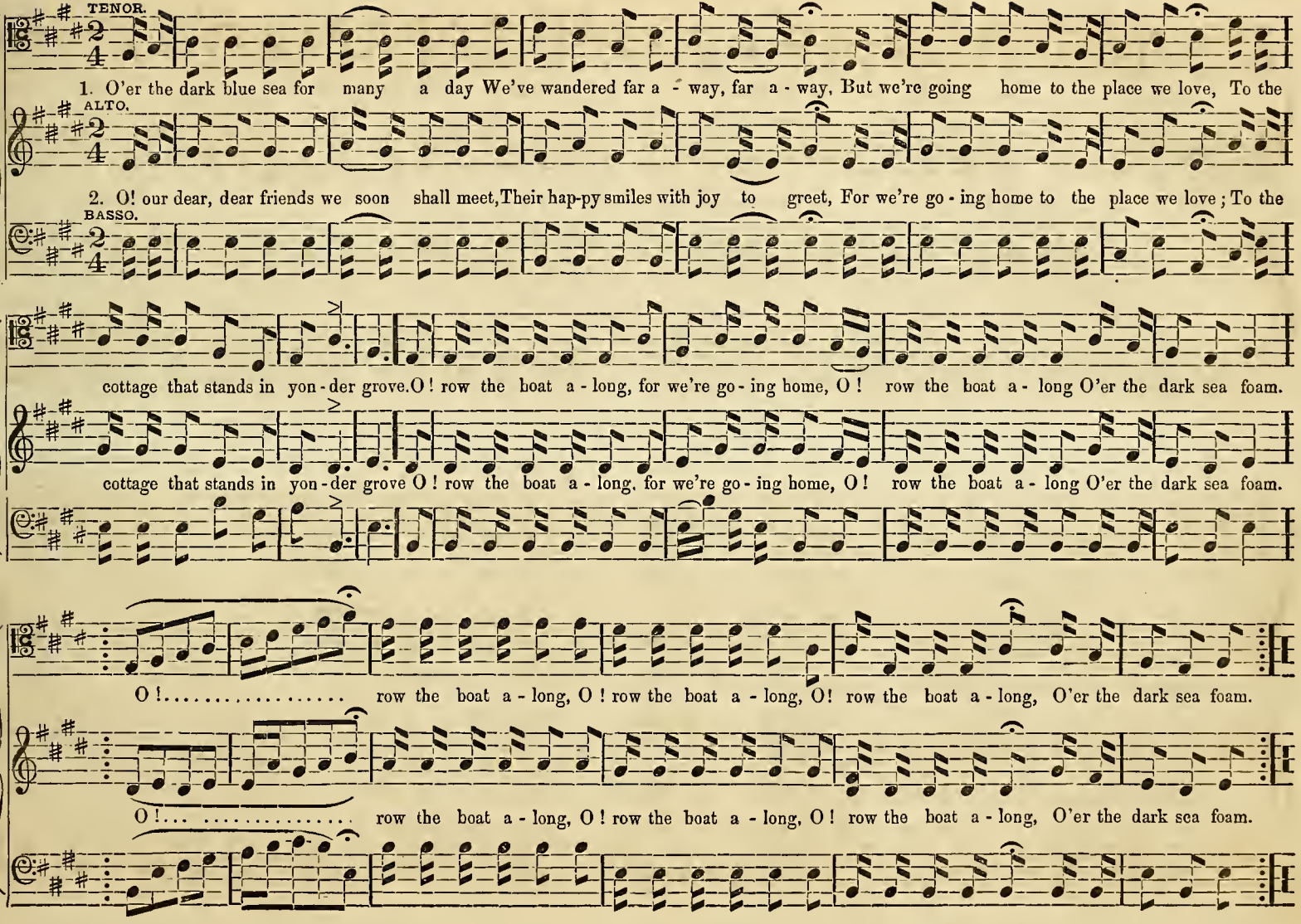
Would you read yourself out of a bachelor crew,
And the hand of a female divinity sue;
You must always expect the handsome to do,
Although it should cost you a dollar or two.
Love's arrows are tipped with a dollar or two,
And affection is gained with a dollar or two,
No aid is so good in advancing your suit,
As the eloquent chink of a dollar or two.

Dollar or two, &c.

Twelve O'clock.

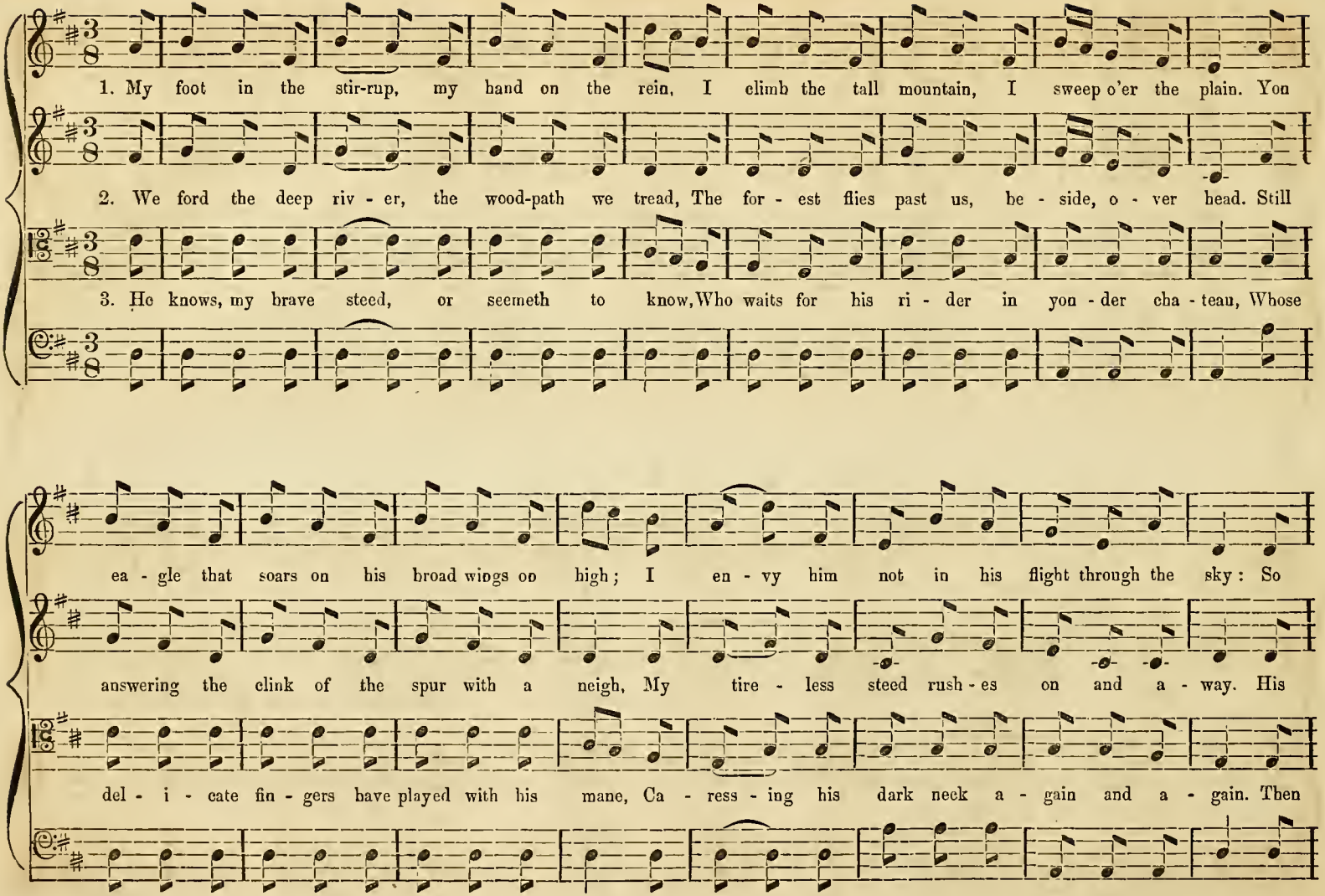
Composed by OSSIAN E. DODGE.

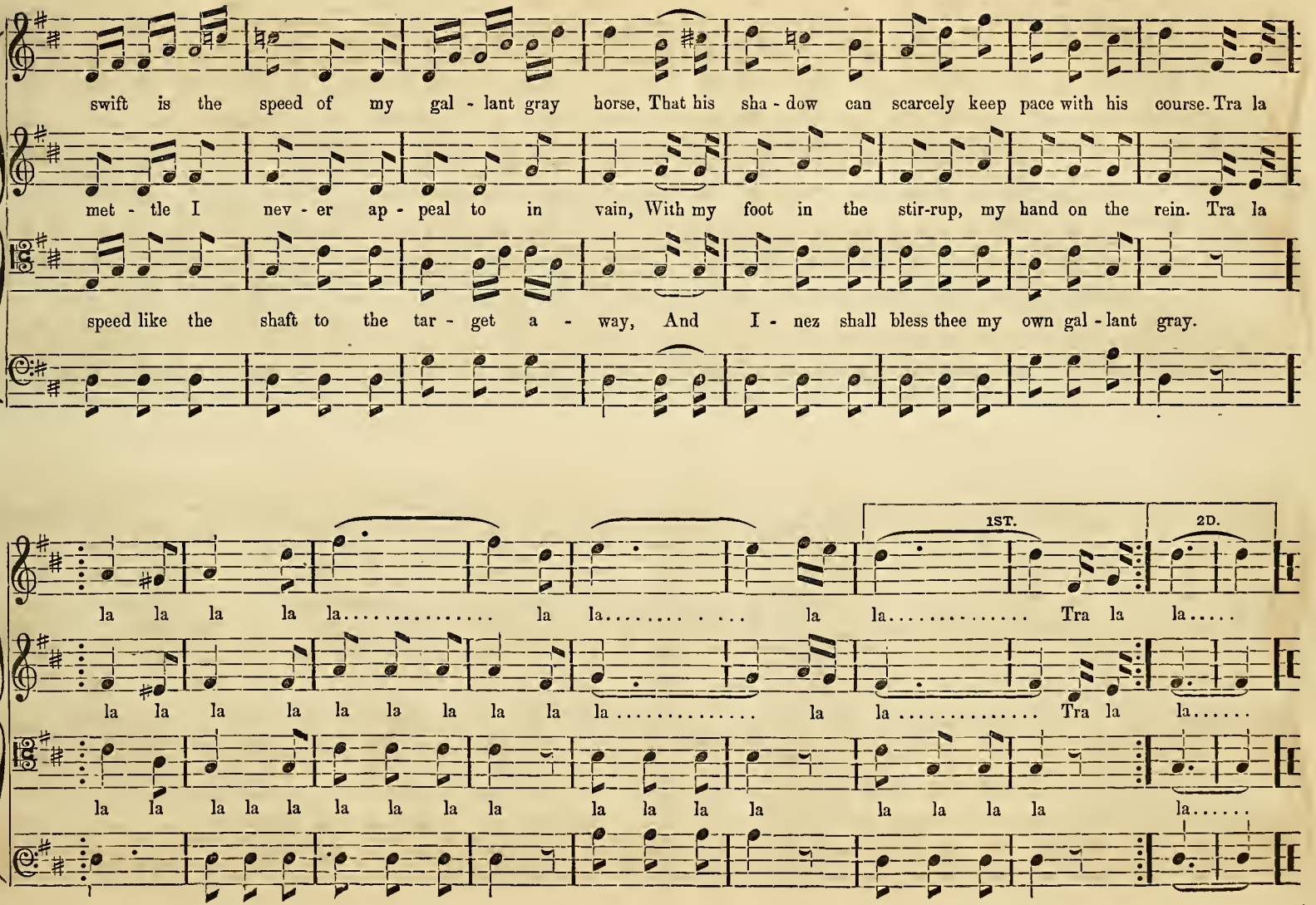



TENOR.
ALTO.
BASSO.
1. O'er the dark blue sea for many a day We've wandered far a - way, far a - way, But we're going home to the place we love, To the
2. O! our dear, dear friends we soon shall meet, Their hap-py smiles with joy to greet, For we're go - ing home to the place we love; To the
cottage that stands in yon - der grove. O! row the boat a - long, for we're go - ing home, O! row the boat a - long O'er the dark sea foam.
cottage that stands in yon - der grove O! row the boat a - long, for we're go - ing home, O! row the boat a - long O'er the dark sea foam.
O!..... row the boat a - long, O! row the boat a - long, O! row the boat a - long, O'er the dark sea foam.
O!..... row the boat a - long, O! row the boat a - long, O! row the boat a - long, O'er the dark sea foam.

Song of the Cavalier.

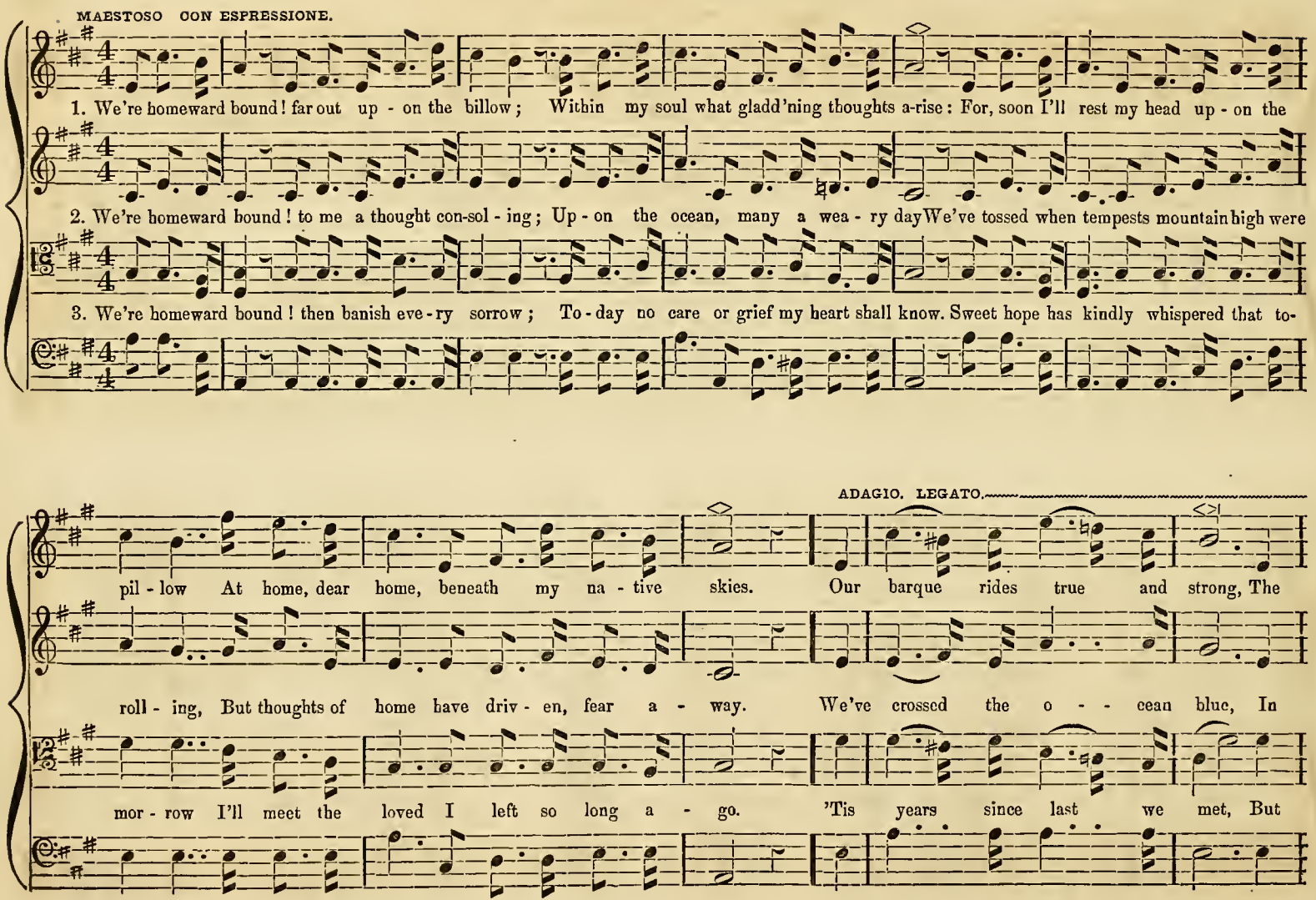
F. H. P.

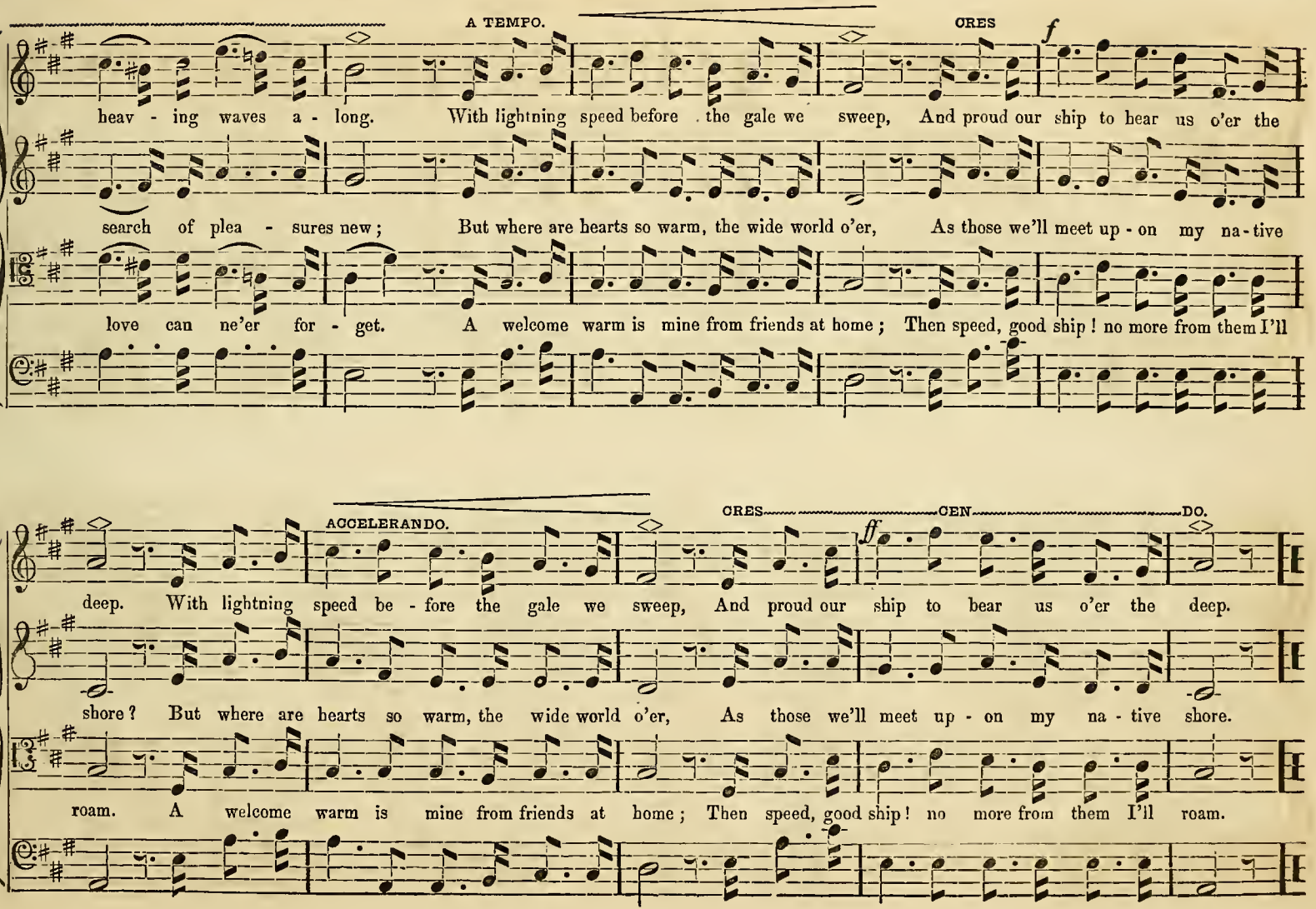



swift is the speed of my gal - lant gray horse, That his sha - dow can scarcely keep pace with his course. Tra la
met - tle I nev - er ap - peal to in vain, With my foot in the stir-rup, my hand on the rein. Tra la
speed like the shaft to the tar - get a - way, And I - nez shall bless thee my own gal - lant gray.
1ST.
2D.
la la la la la..... la la..... la la..... Tra la la.....
la la la la la la la la la la..... la la..... Tra la la.....
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la.....

"We're homeward bound."

Words and Music by EDWARD A. PERKINS.

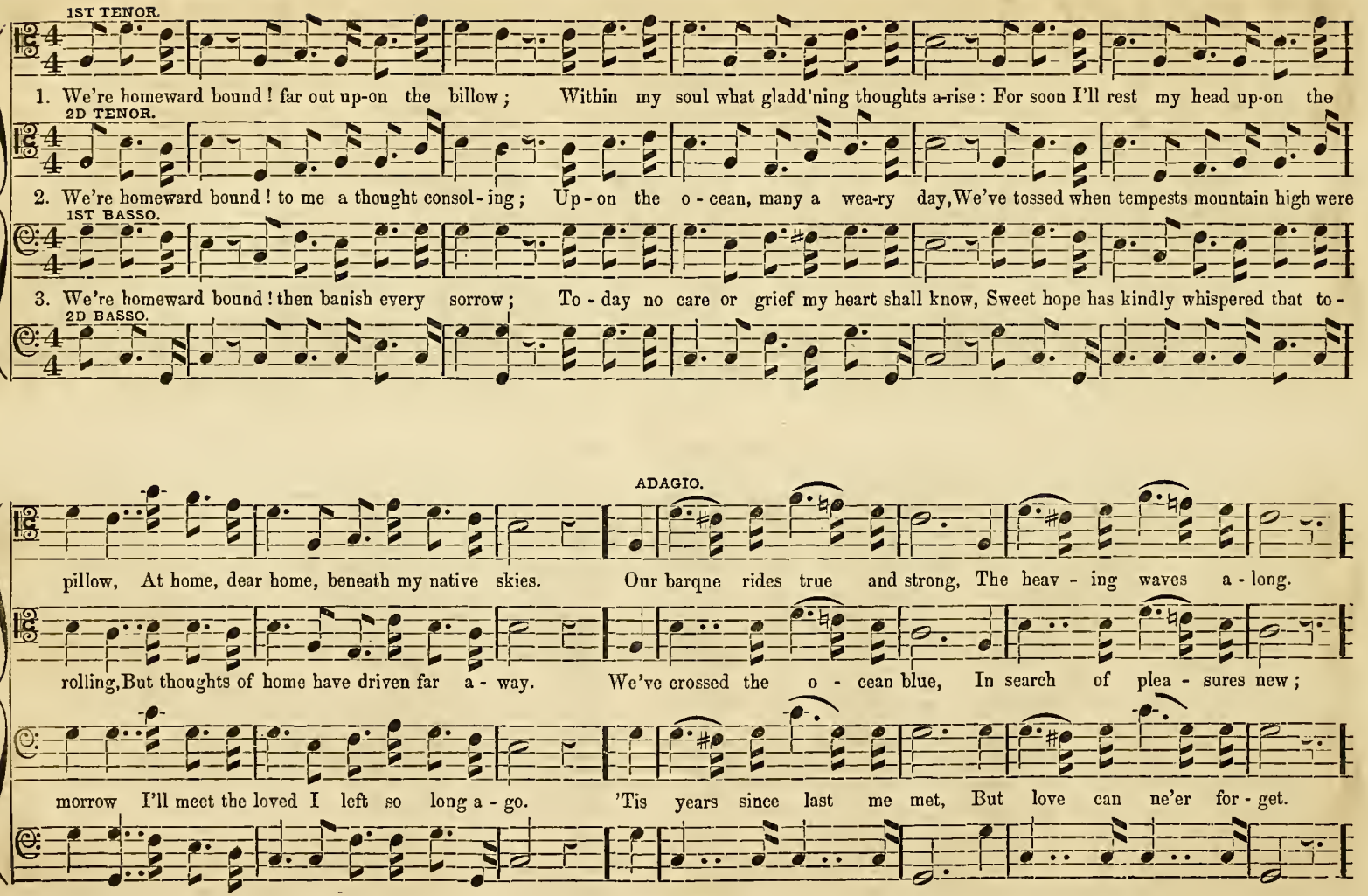


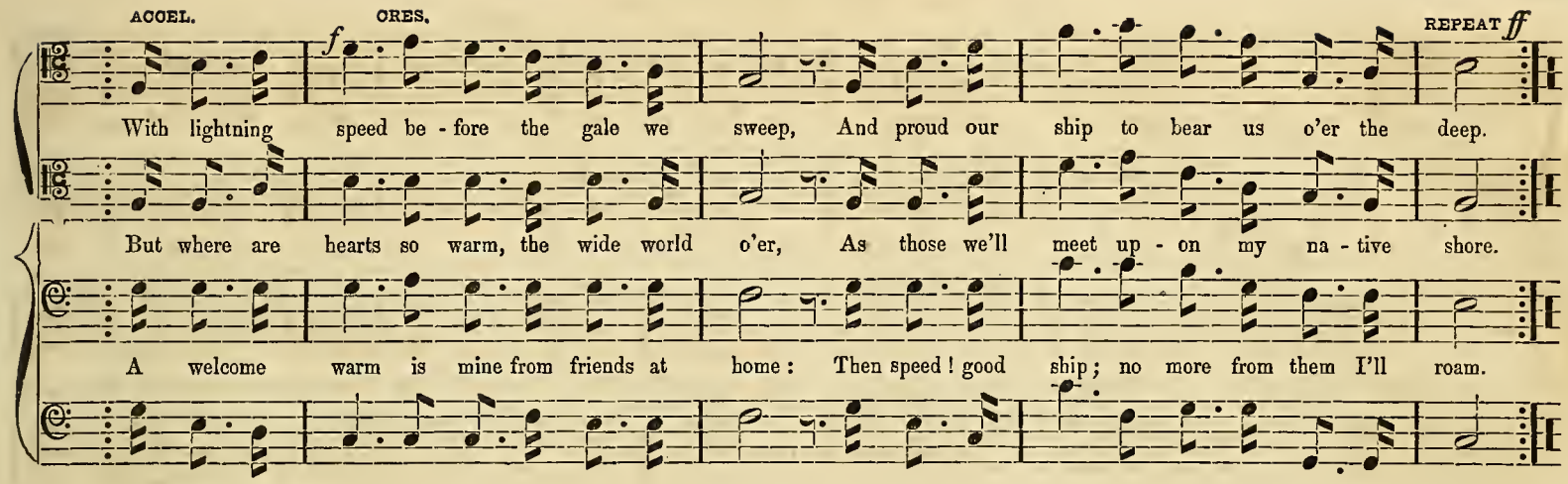

A TEMPO.
CRES
f
heav - ing waves a - long. With lightning speed before the gale we sweep, And proud our ship to bear us o'er the
search of plea - sures new; But where are hearts so warm, the wide world o'er, As those we'll meet up - on my na - tive
love can ne'er for - get. A welcome warm is mine from friends at home; Then speed, good ship! no more from them I'll
ACCELERANDO.
CRES
CEN
DO.
ff
deep. With lightning speed be - fore the gale we sweep, And proud our ship to bear us o'er the deep.
shore? But where are hearts so warm, the wide world o'er, As those we'll meet up - on my na - tive shore.
roam. A welcome warm is mine from friends at home; Then speed, good ship! no more from them I'll roam.

"We're homeward bound."

Harmonized by L. H. SHERWOOD.

FOR GENTLEMEN'S VOICES.

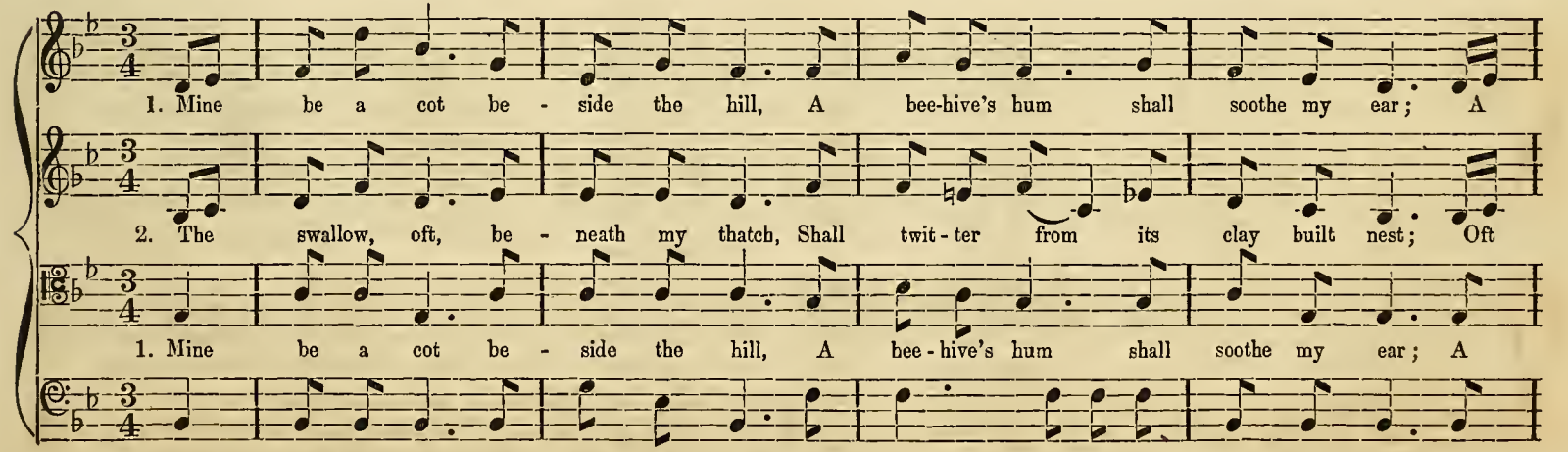




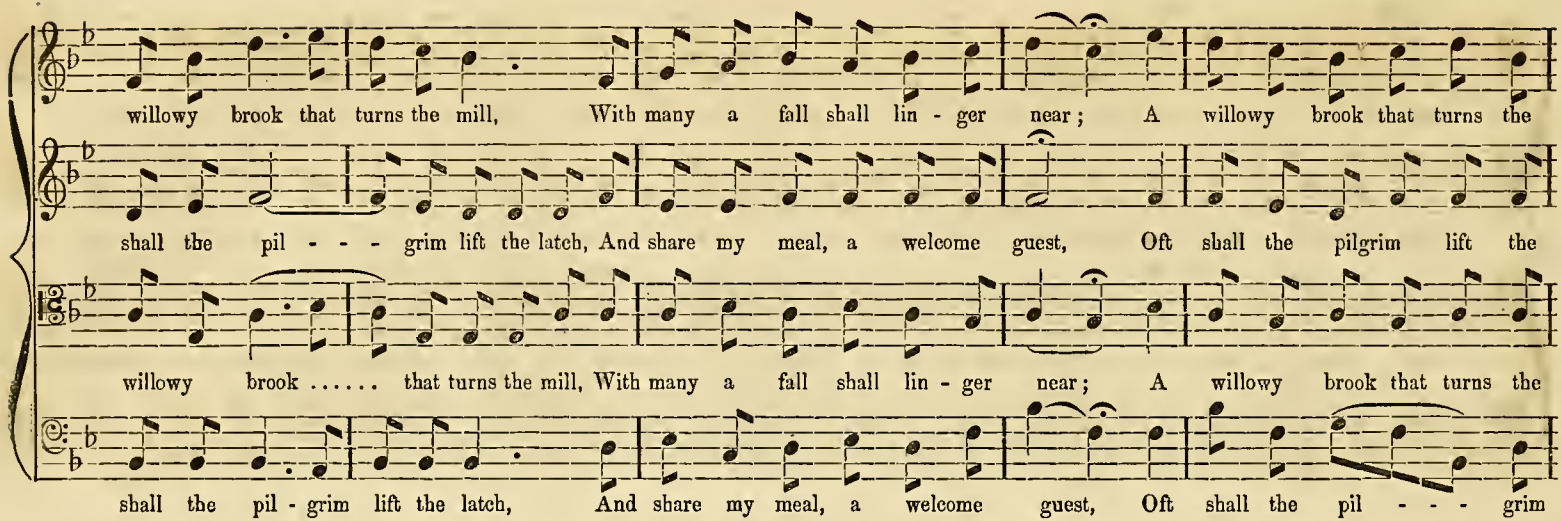
Poetry by J. H. BRIGHT.

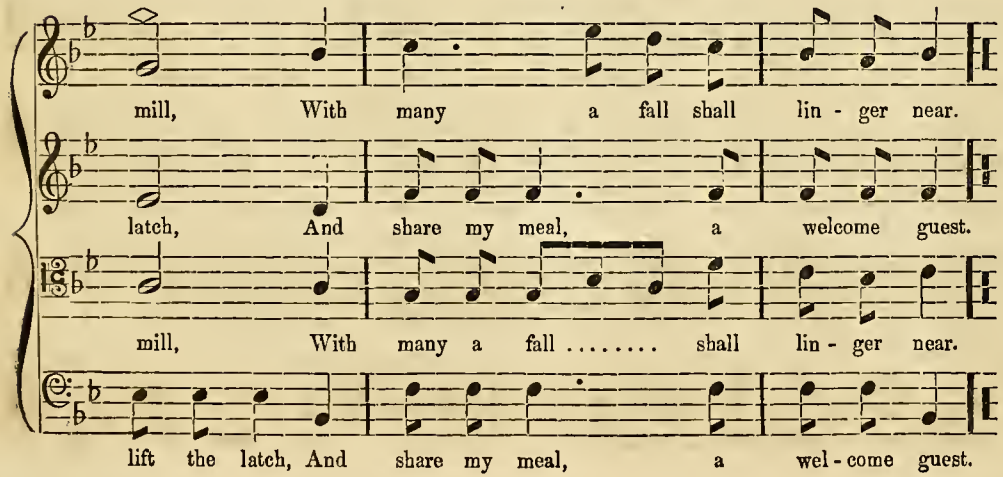
A Cot beside the Hill.

Music by E. A. P.



A Cot beside the Hill. Concluded.



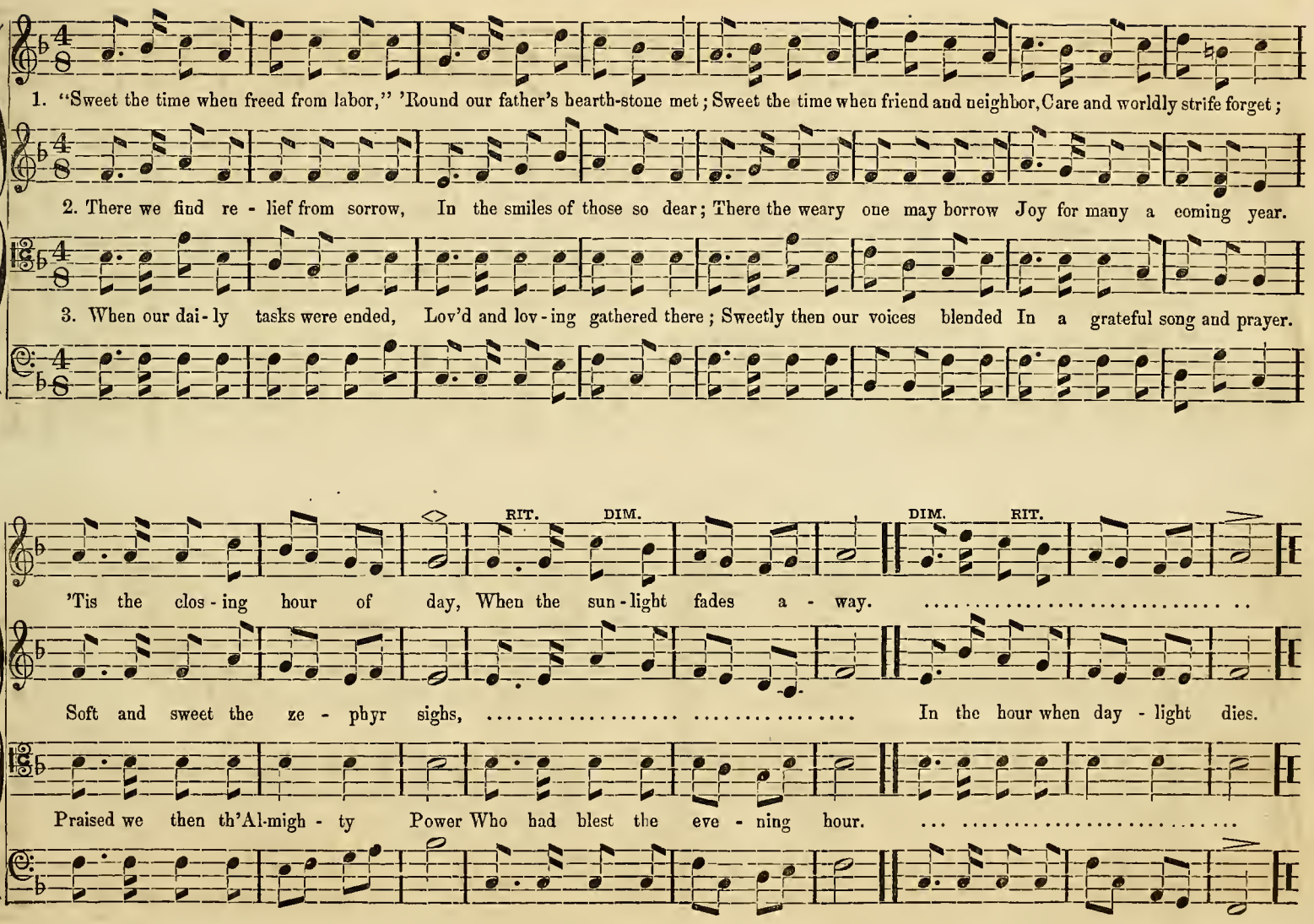


3

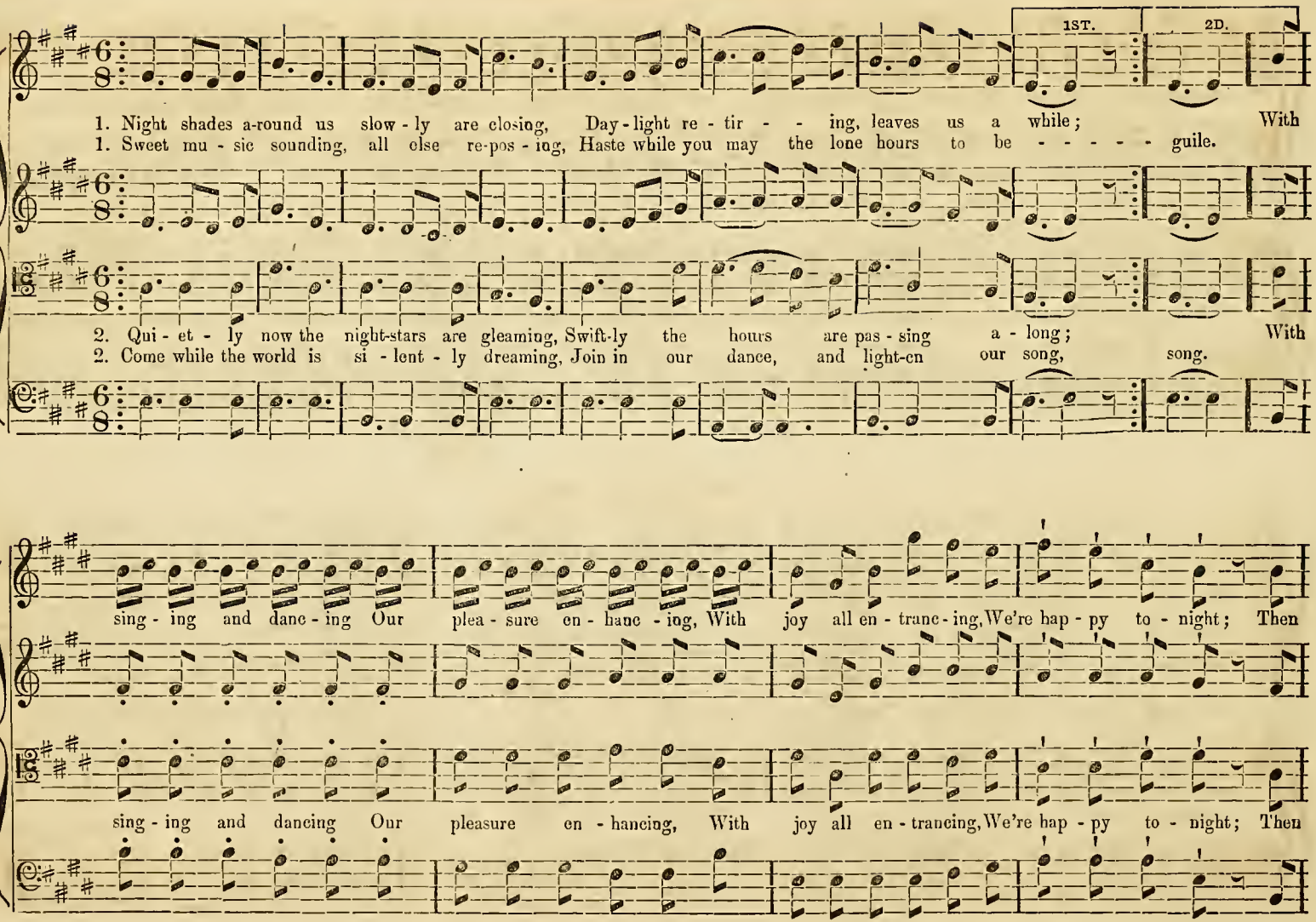
Around my ivied porch shall spring
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;
And Mary at her wheel shall sing,
In rustic gown and apron blue;
And Mary at her wheel shall sing,
In rustic gown and apron blue.

4

The village church among the trees,
Where first our marriage vows were given,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
And point with taper spire to heaven;
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
And point with taper spire to heaven.


1. "Sweet the time when freed from labor," 'Round our father's hearth-stone met; Sweet the time when friend and neighbor, Care and worldly strife forget;
2. There we find re - lief from sorrow, In the smiles of those so dear; There the weary one may borrow Joy for many a coming year.
3. When our dai - ly tasks were ended, Lov'd and lov - ing gathered there; Sweetly then our voices blended In a grateful song and prayer.
RIT.
DIM.
DIM.
RIT.
'Tis the clos - ing hour of day, When the sun - light fades a - way.
Soft and sweet the ze - phyr sighs,
In the hour when day - light dies.
Praised we then th'Al-migh - ty Power Who had blest the eve - ning hour.

We're happy to-night.



join in our pleasure, Love flows without measure, Warm hearts, what a treasure, We're hap-py to-night.

join in our plea-sure, Love flows with-out mea-sure, Warm hearts, what a treasure, We're hap-py to-night.

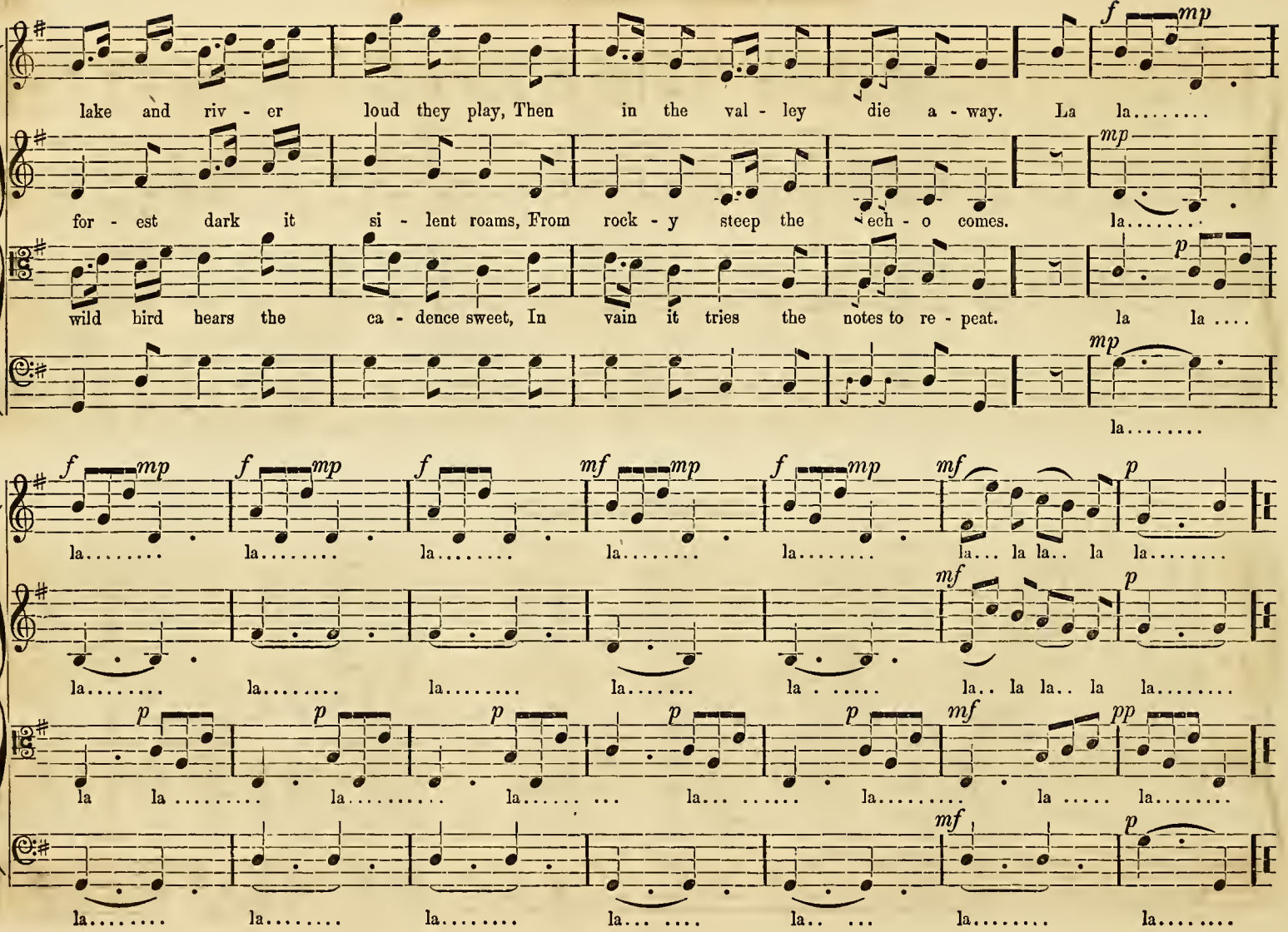
Mountain Bugle.

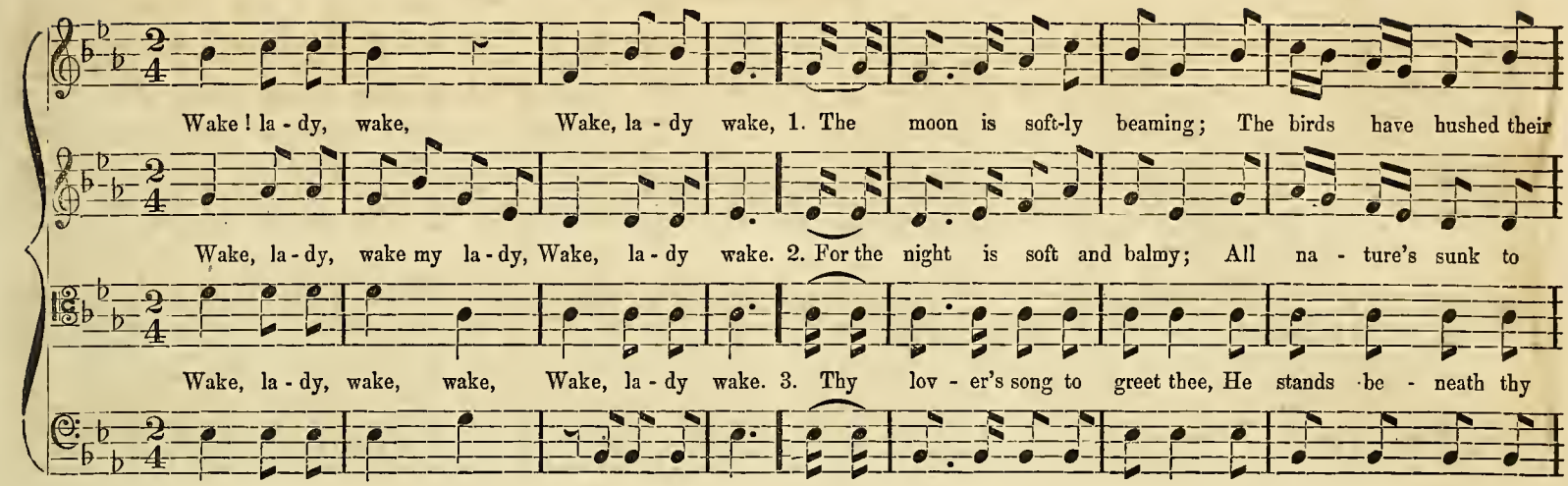
1. Hark! hark, to the moun-tain bu-gle's notes, As on the air their ech-o floats; O'er

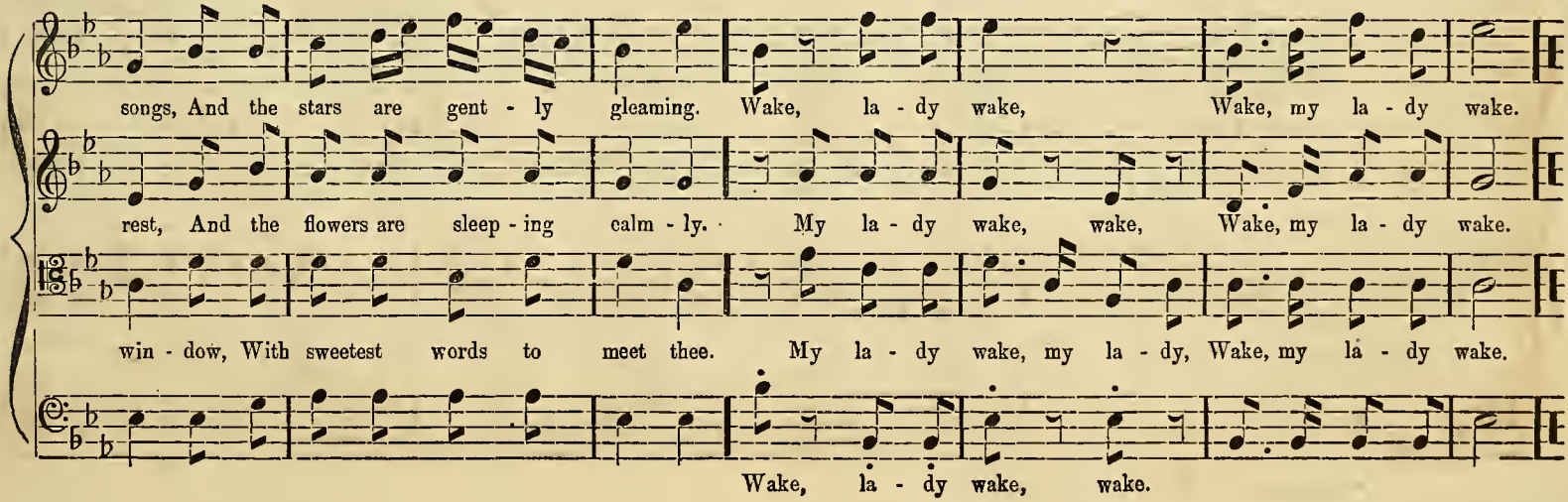
2. List! list to the bu-gle's ech-o song, O'er moun-tain top it sweeps a-long; Through

3. List! list to the song of syl-van sound, It starts the red deer with a bound: The

Mountain Bugle. Concluded.




Wake ! la - dy, wake, Wake, la - dy wake, 1. The moon is soft-ly beaming; The birds have hushed their
Wake, la - dy, wake my la - dy, Wake, la - dy wake. 2. For the night is soft and balmy; All na - ture's sunk to
Wake, la - dy, wake, wake, Wake, la - dy wake. 3. Thy lov - er's song to greet thee, He stands be - neath thy

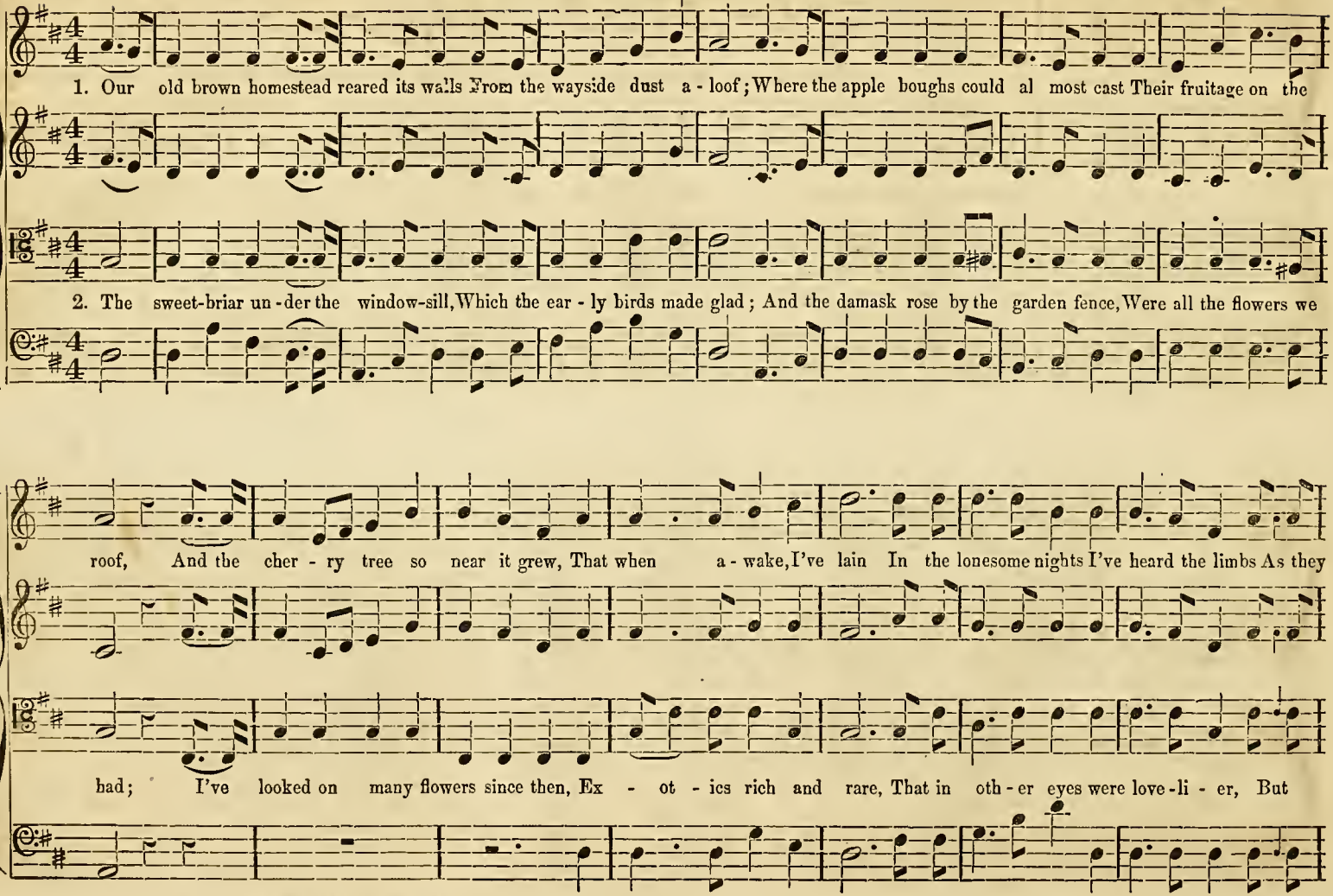

songs, And the stars are gent - ly gleaming. Wake, la - dy wake, Wake, my la - dy wake.
rest, And the flowers are sleep - ing calm - ly. My la - dy wake, wake, Wake, my la - dy wake.
win - dow, With sweetest words to meet thee. My la - dy wake, my la - dy, Wake, my la - dy wake.
Wake, la - dy wake, wake.

Poetry by MISS PHOEBE CAREY.

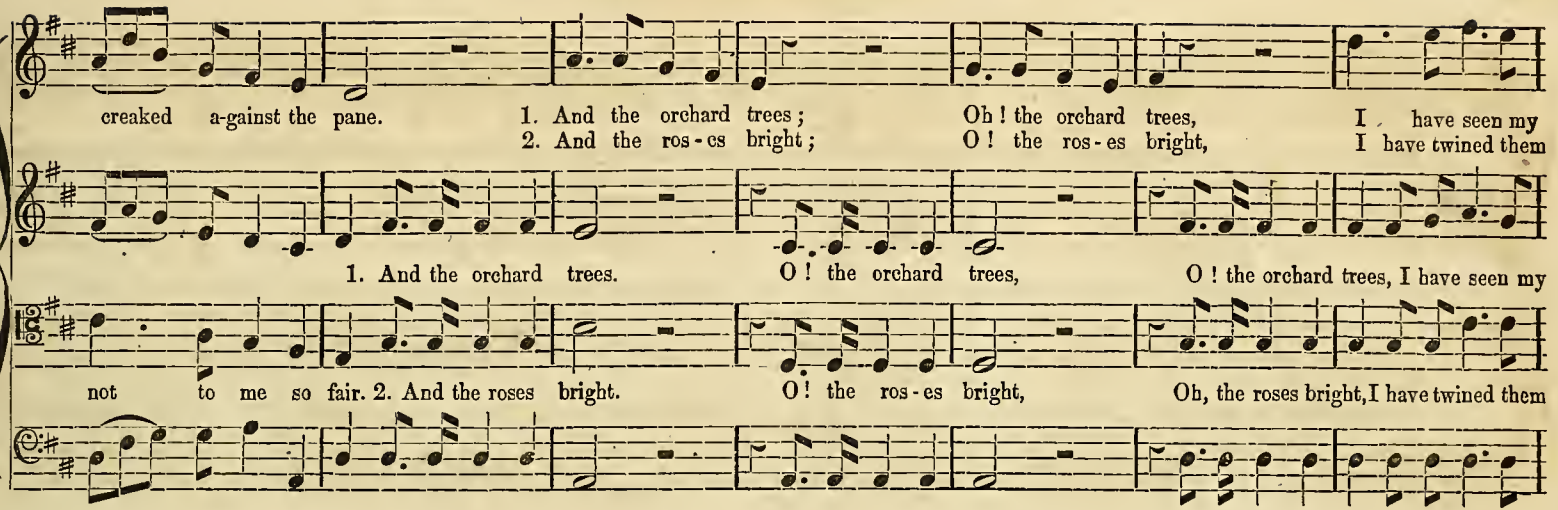
Our Old Homestead.*

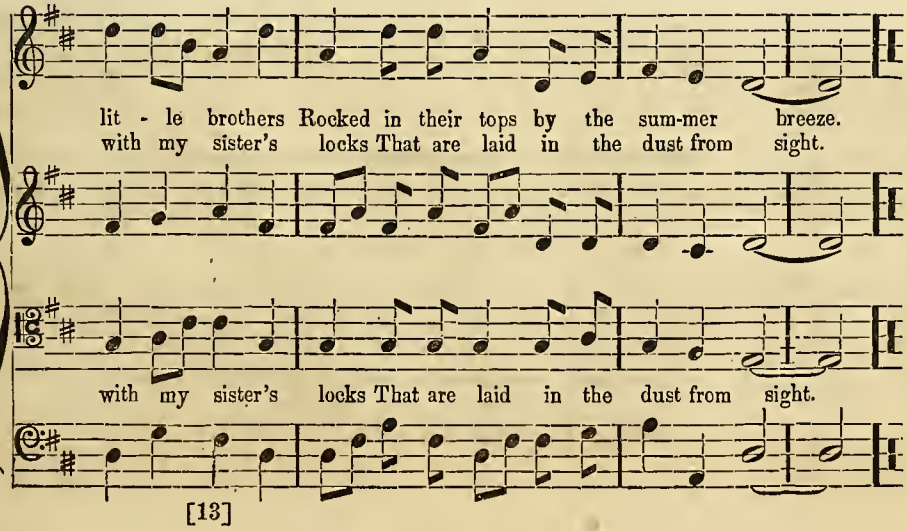
NEWLY ARRANGED.

Music by A. D. FILLMORE.



* By permission of S. Brainard & Co., Cleveland, O.

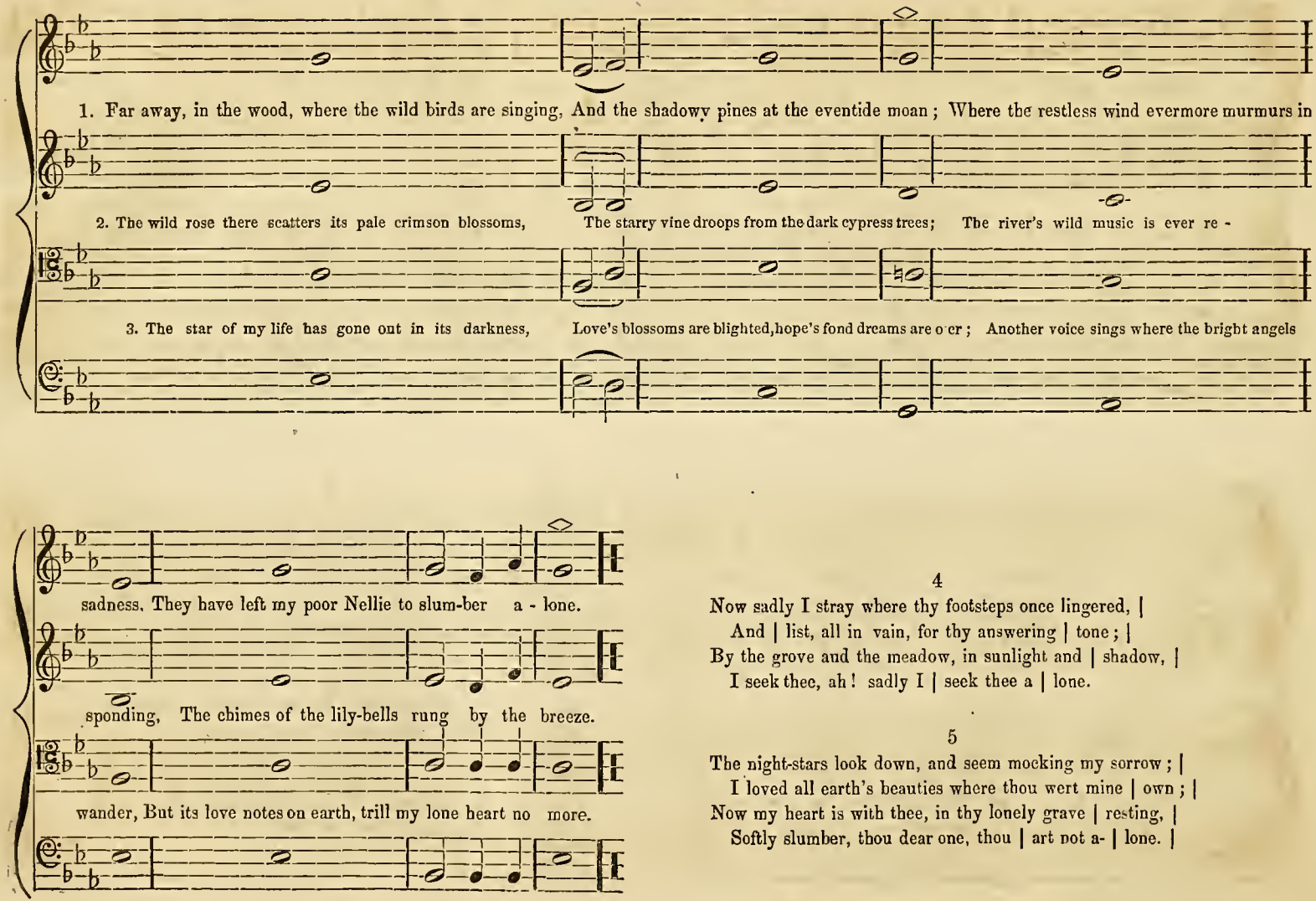




3.

Our homstead had an ample hearth,
Where at night we loved to meet;
Where my mother's voice was always kind,
And her smile was always sweet;
And there I have sat on my father's knee,
And watched his thoughtful brow,
With my childish hand in his raven hair,
That hair is silver now;
But the broad hearth's light,
O! the broad hearth's light,
And my father's look, and my mother's smile,
Are in my heart to-night.

CHANT. Nellie's Grave.



4

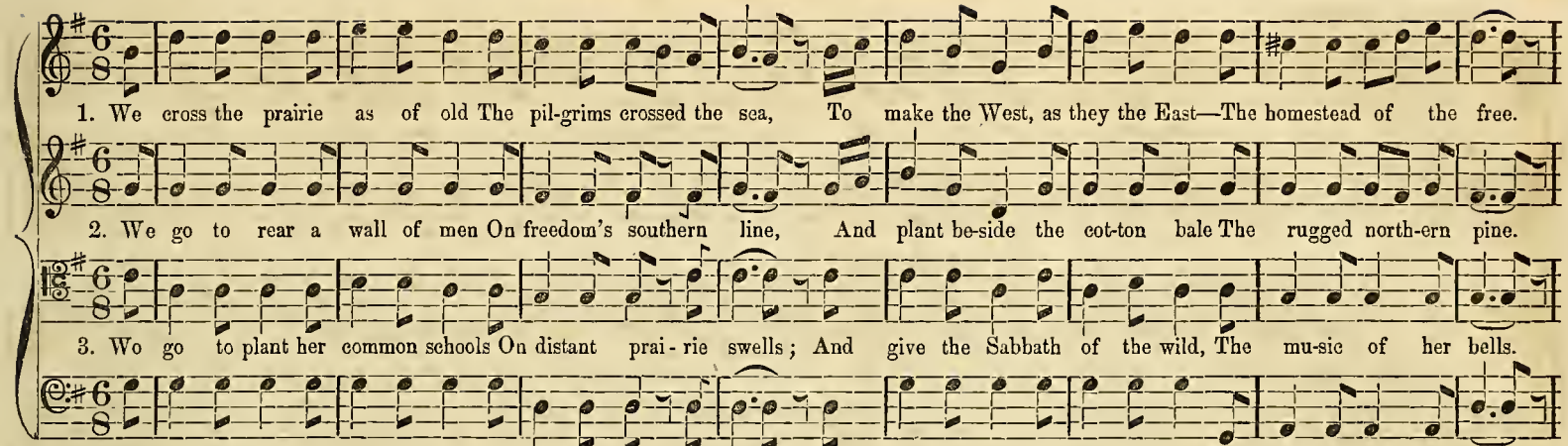
Now sadly I stray where thy footsteps once lingered, |
And | list, all in vain, for thy answering | tone; |
By the grove and the meadow, in sunlight and | shadow, |
I seek thee, ah! sadly I | seek thee a | lone.

5

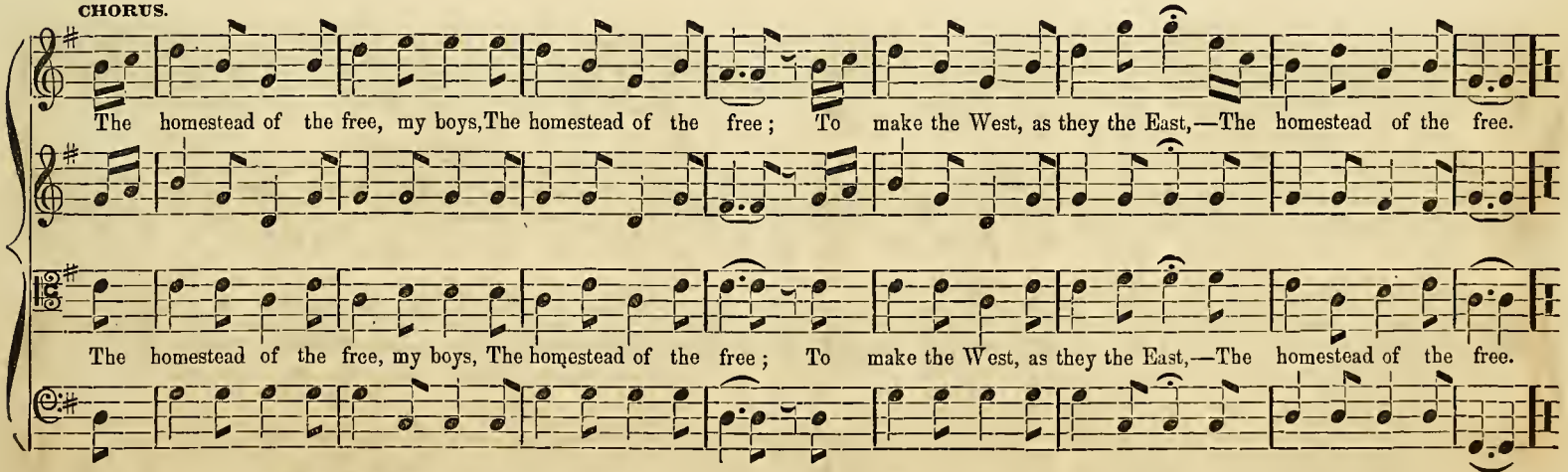
The night-stars look down, and seem mocking my sorrow; |
I loved all earth's beauties where thou wert mine | own; |
Now my heart is with thee, in thy lonely grave | resting, |
Softly slumber, thou dear one, thou | art not a- | lone. |

Song of the Kansas Emigrant.*

Poetry by JOHN G. WHITTIER.



CHORUS.



* By permission of S. Brainard & Co. Publishers, Cleveland, O.

"I know a sweet valley."

F. H. P.

ALLEGRO. SIMPLICE.

1. I know a sweet val - ley, Where wild flowers grow, Where gay birds are singing, And bright wa - ters flow.

2. There lives a sweet maiden, So gentle and kind, In yon lit - tle cottage Her home we will find.

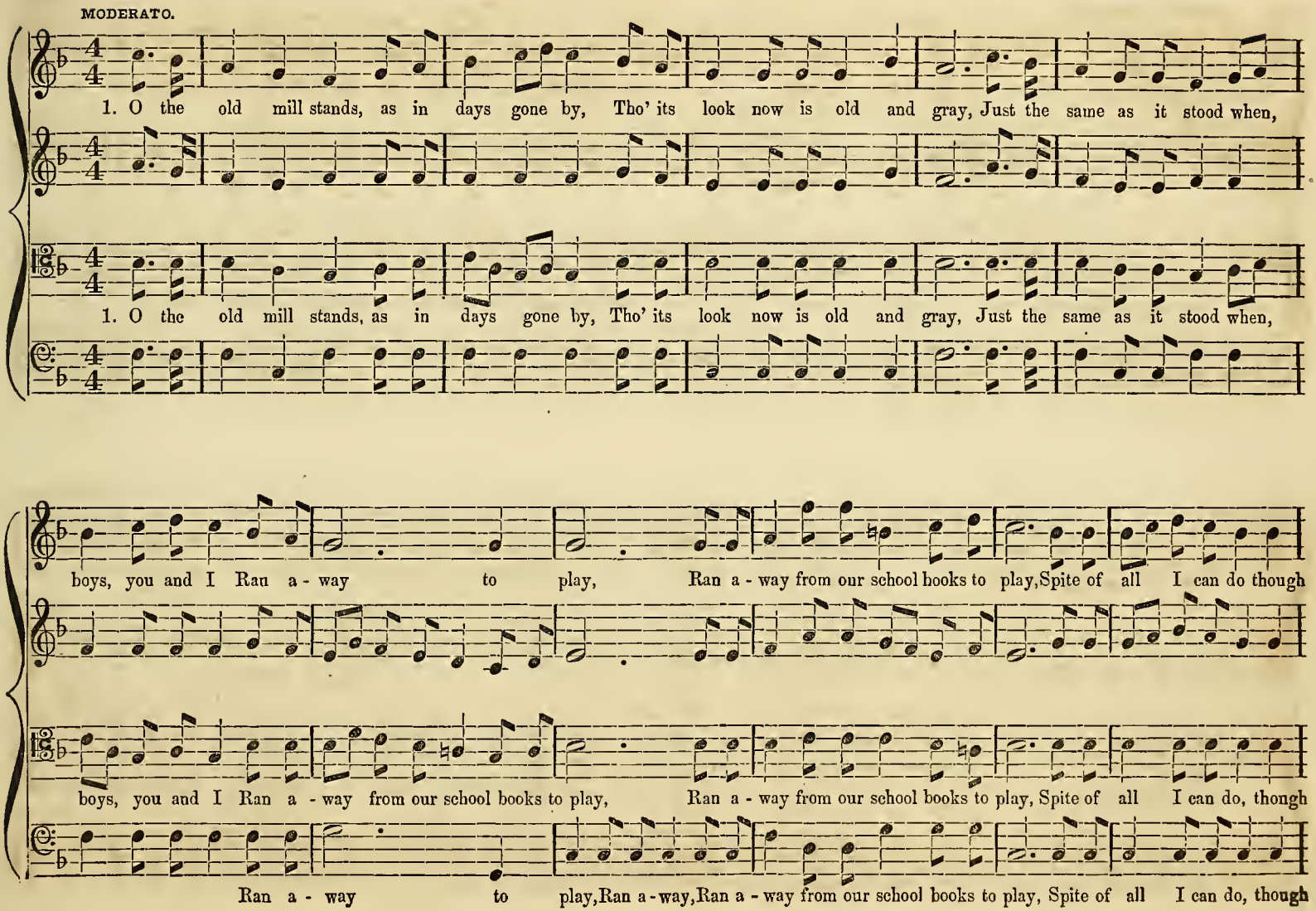
3. Her flock she is tend - ing On yon mountain side, She knows that I love her, She'll soon be my bride.

4. Our home will be hap - py in yon lit - tle dell, For true love is with us Wherev - er we dwell.

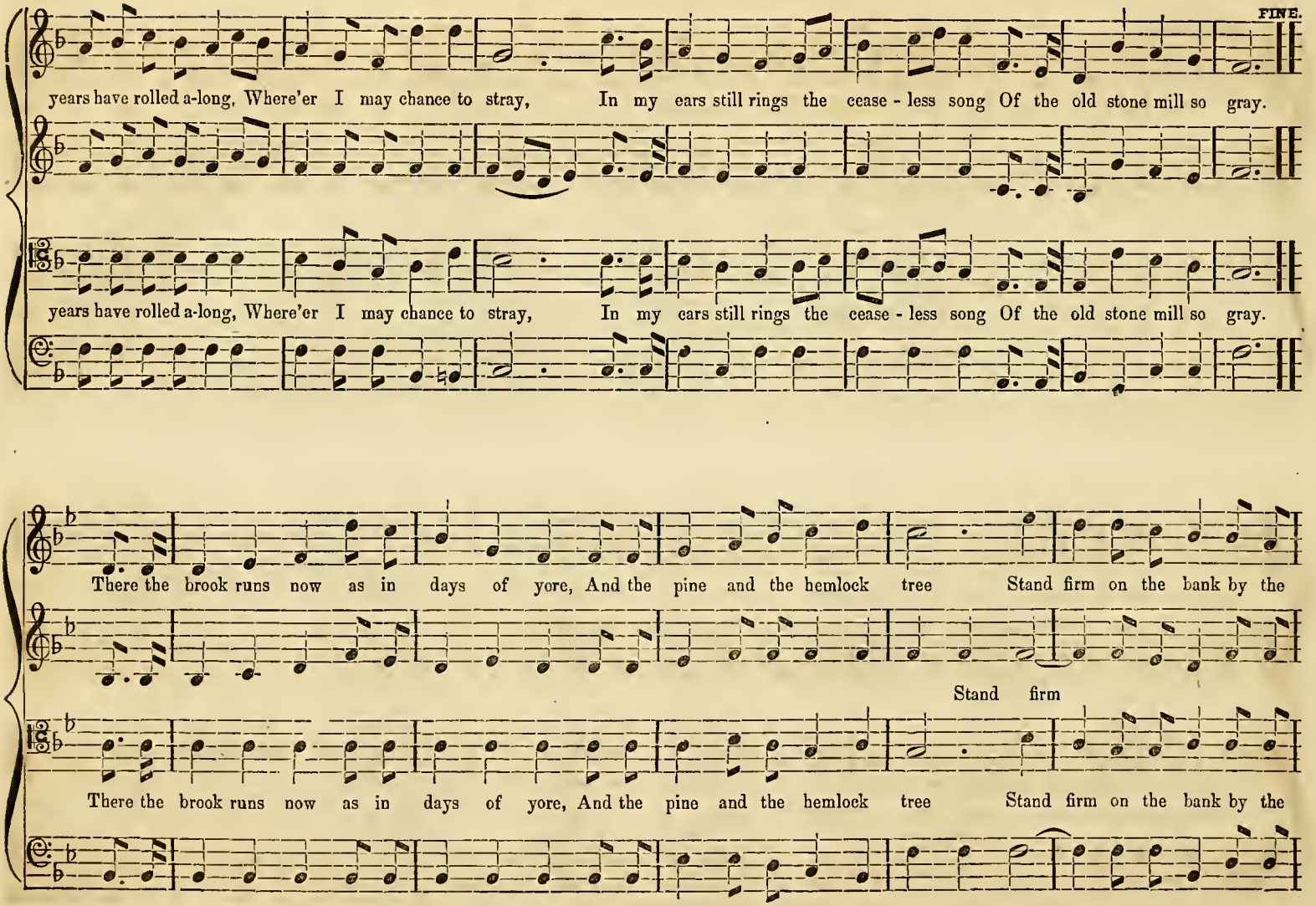
Tra la la la la la la la..... la..... la. Tra la la la la la la la.... ... la la.

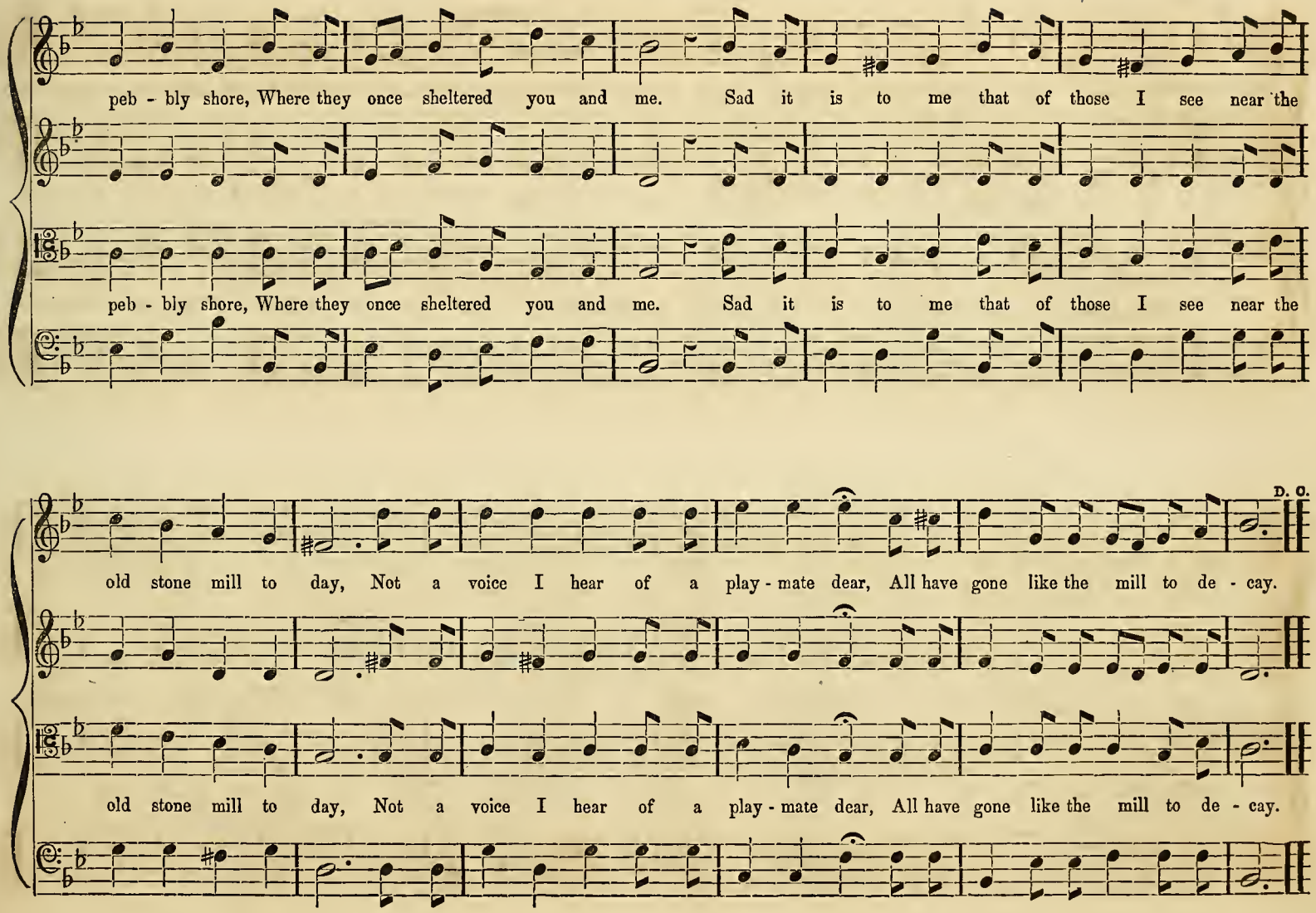
Tra la la la la la la la la. Tra la la la la la la.

Tra la la la la la la la la. Tra la la la la la la.


MODERATO.
1. O the old mill stands, as in days gone by, Tho' its look now is old and gray, Just the same as it stood when,
1. O the old mill stands, as in days gone by, Tho' its look now is old and gray, Just the same as it stood when,
boys, you and I Ran a - way to play, Ran a - way from our school books to play, Spite of all I can do though
boys, you and I Ran a - way from our school books to play, Ran a - way from our school books to play, Spite of all I can do, though
Ran a - way to play, Ran a - way, Ran a - way from our school books to play, Spite of all I can do, though

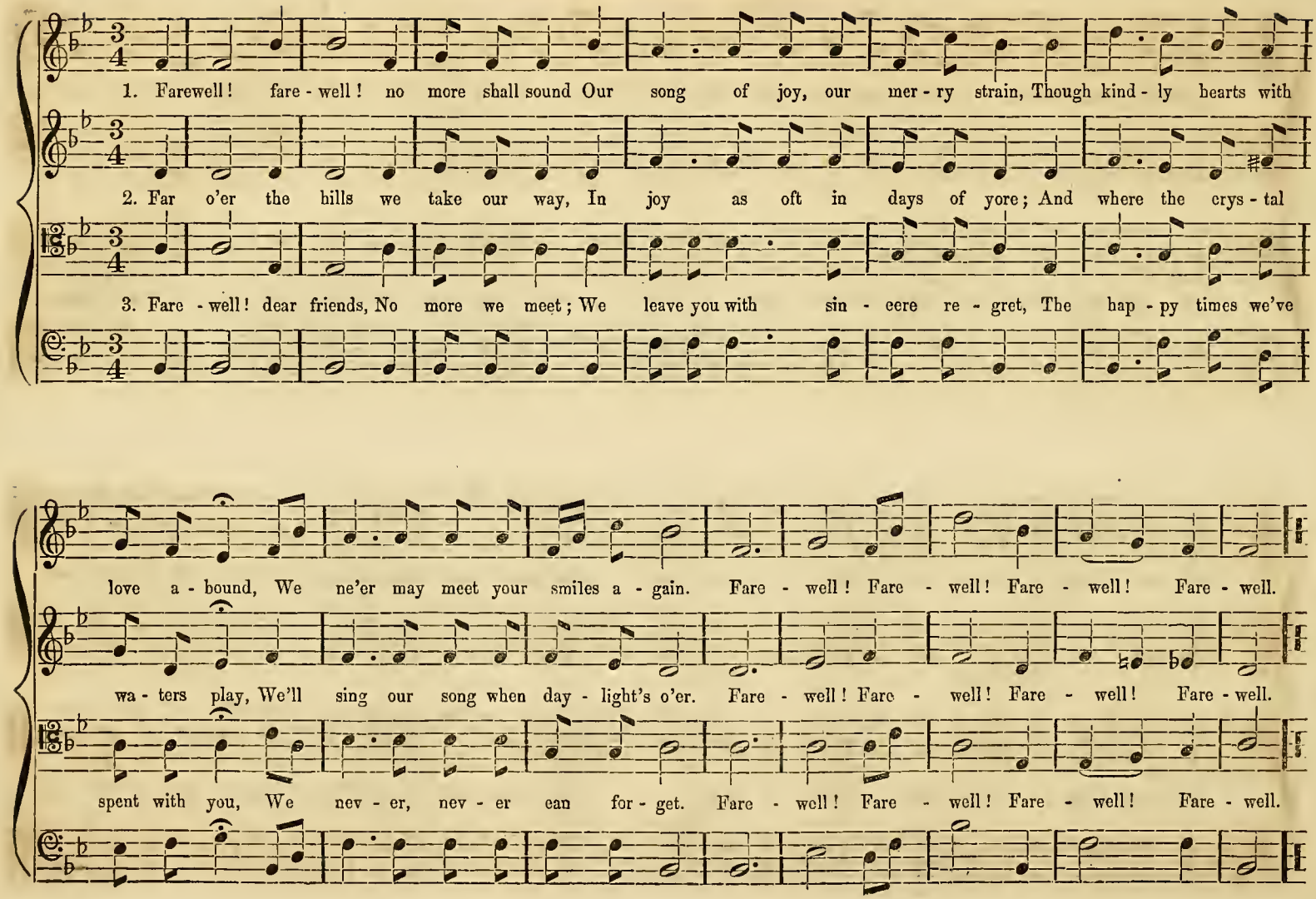
The Old Stone Mill. Continued.

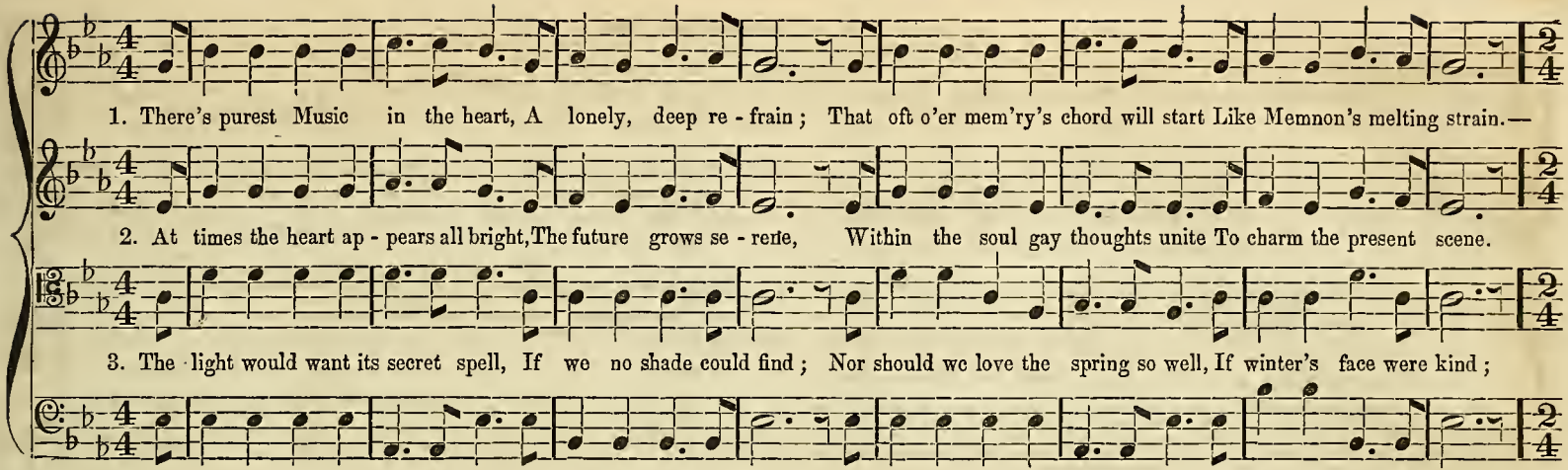


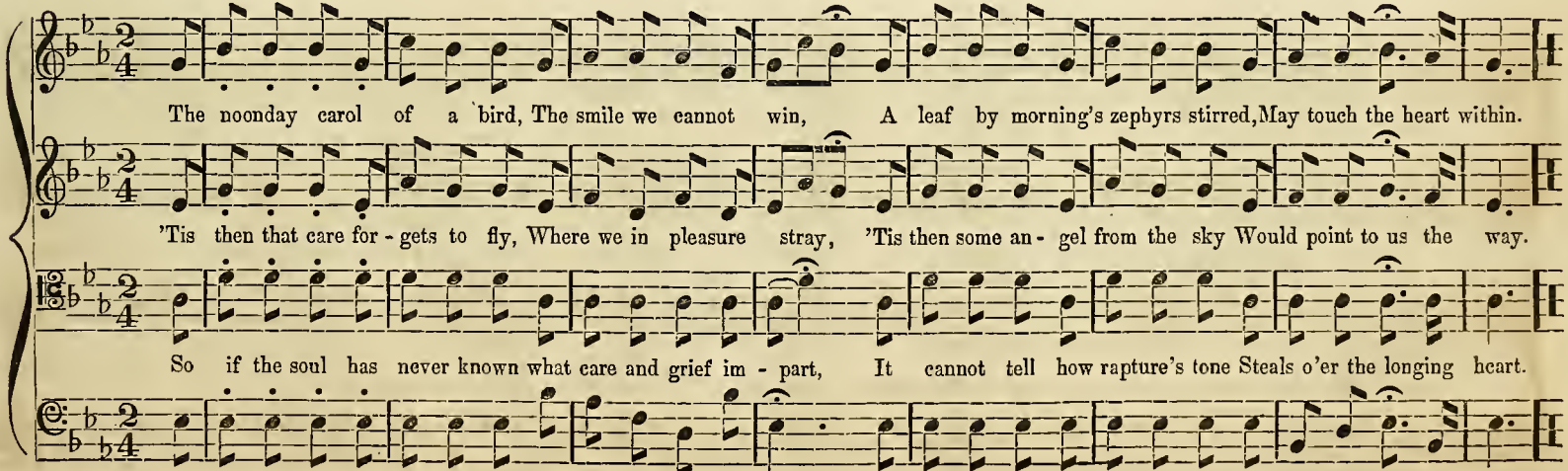

peb - bly shore, Where they once sheltered you and me. Sad it is to me that of those I see near the
peb - bly shore, Where they once sheltered you and me. Sad it is to me that of those I see near the
D. C.
old stone mill to day, Not a voice I hear of a play - mate dear, All have gone like the mill to de - cay.
old stone mill to day, Not a voice I hear of a play - mate dear, All have gone like the mill to de - cay.

The Parting Song.

Words by T. H. PERKINS.



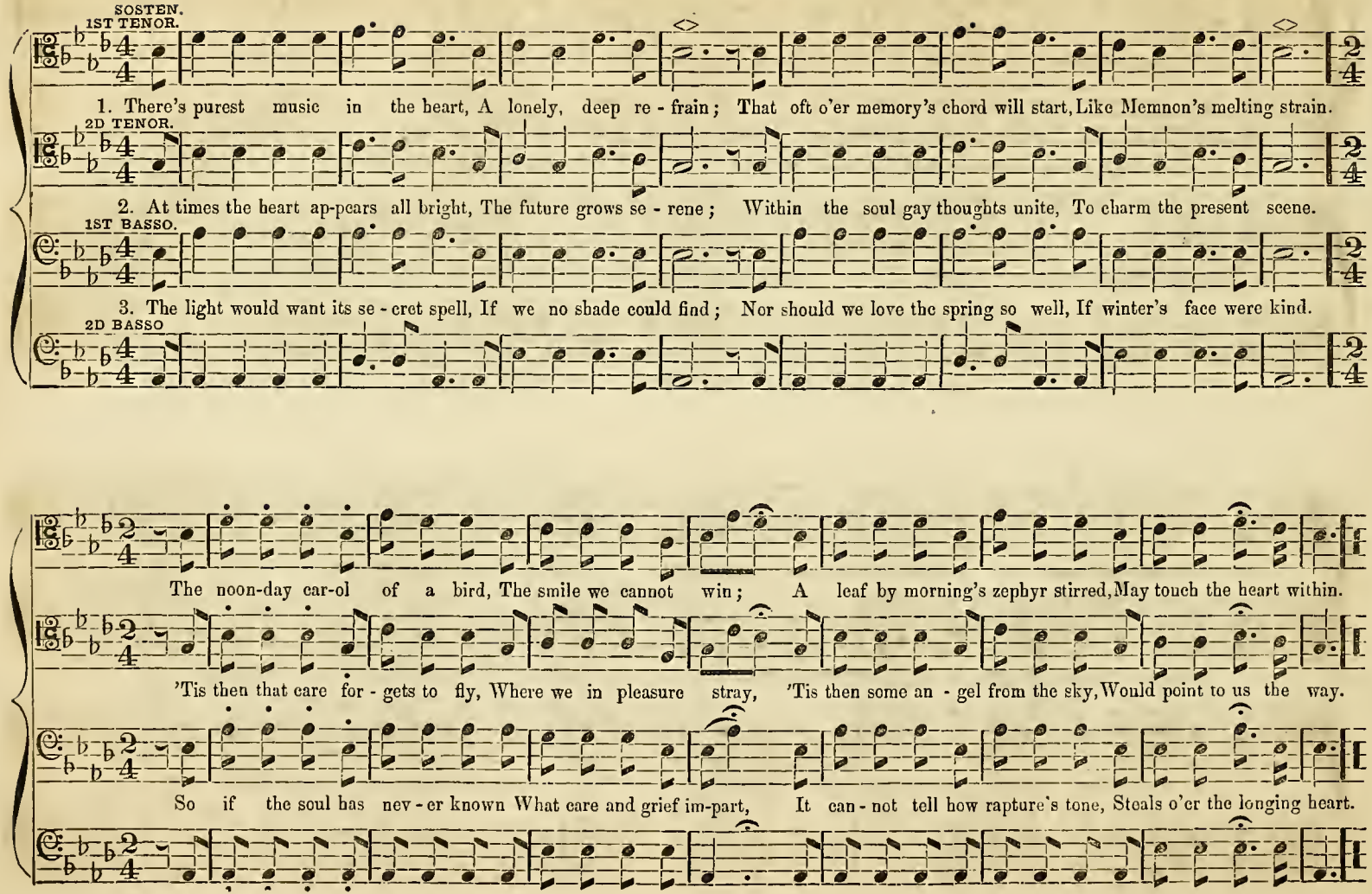

1. There's purest Music in the heart, A lonely, deep re - frain; That oft o'er mem'ry's chord will start Like Memnon's melting strain.—
2. At times the heart ap - pears all bright, The future grows se - rene, Within the soul gay thoughts unite To charm the present scene.
3. The light would want its secret spell, If we no shade could find; Nor should we love the spring so well, If winter's face were kind;

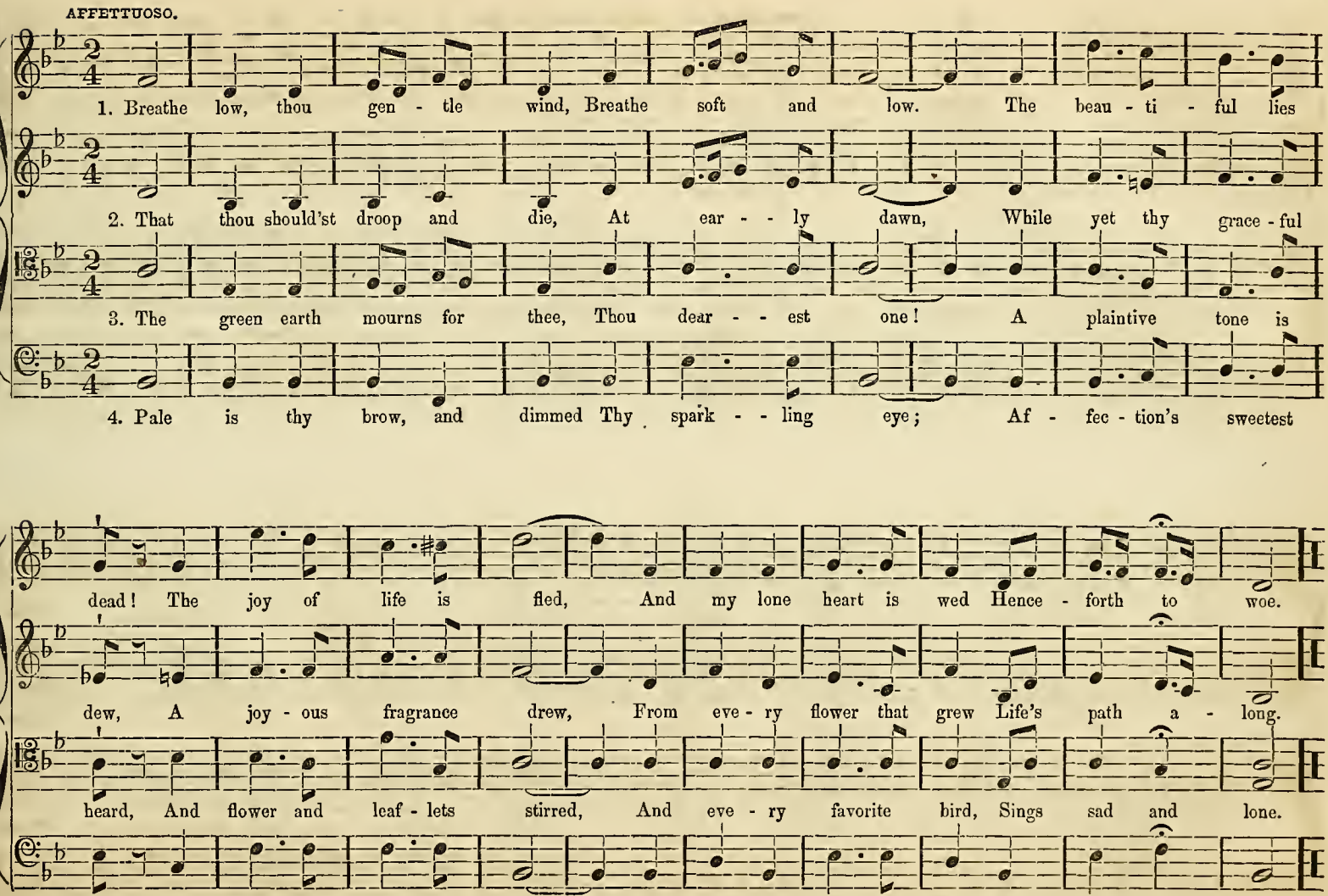

The noonday carol of a bird, The smile we cannot win, A leaf by morning's zephyrs stirred, May touch the heart within.
'Tis then that care for - gets to fly, Where we in pleasure stray, 'Tis then some an - gel from the sky Would point to us the way.
So if the soul has never known what care and grief im - part, It cannot tell how rapture's tone Steals o'er the longing heart.

There's Music in the Heart.

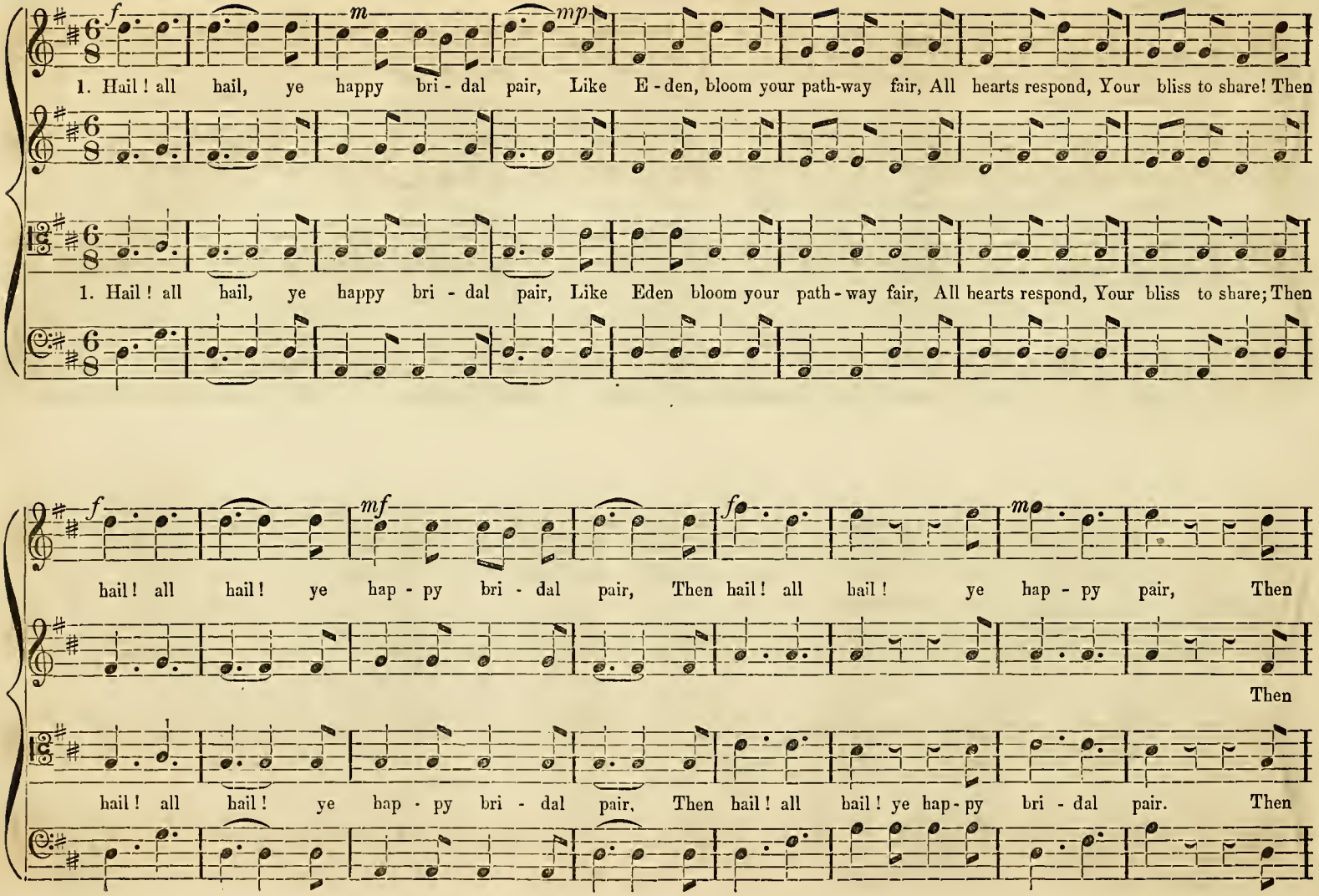
E. A. P.

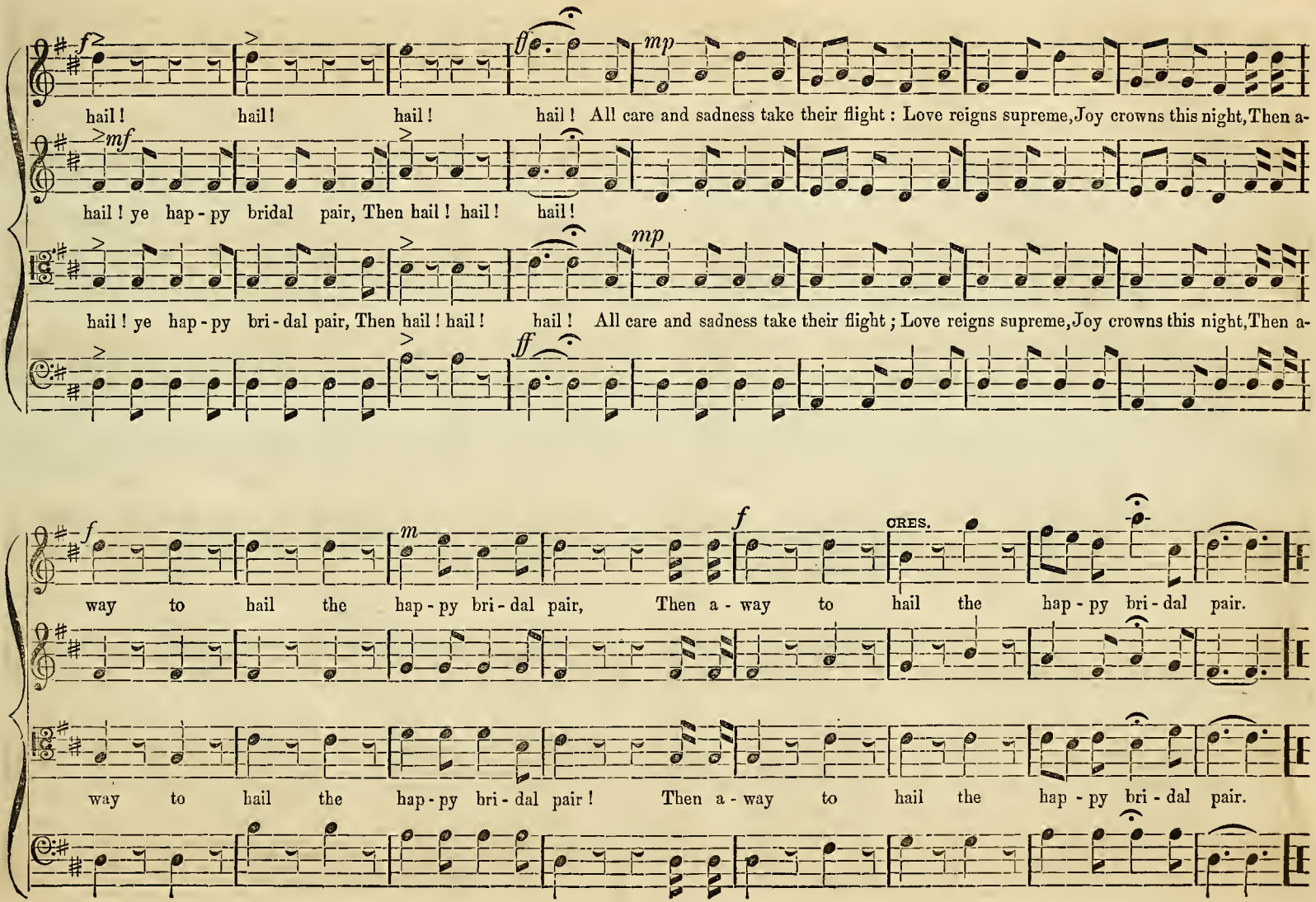
QUARTETTE FOR GENTLEMEN'S VOICES.




AFFETTUOSO.
1. Breathe low, thou gen - tle wind, Breathe soft and low. The beau - ti - ful lies
2. That thou should'st droop and die, At ear - - ly dawn, While yet thy grace - ful
3. The green earth mourns for thee, Thou dear - - est one! A plaintive tone is
4. Pale is thy brow, and dimmed Thy spark - - ling eye; Af - fec - tion's sweetest
dead! The joy of life is fled, And my lone heart is wed Hence - forth to woe.
dew, A joy - ous fragrance drew, From eve - ry flower that grew Life's path a - long.
heard, And flower and leaf - lets stirred, And eve - ry favorite bird, Sings sad and lone.
token Is lost for - ever and broken; The last kind word is spoken; Why didst thou die?

Bridal Serenade.

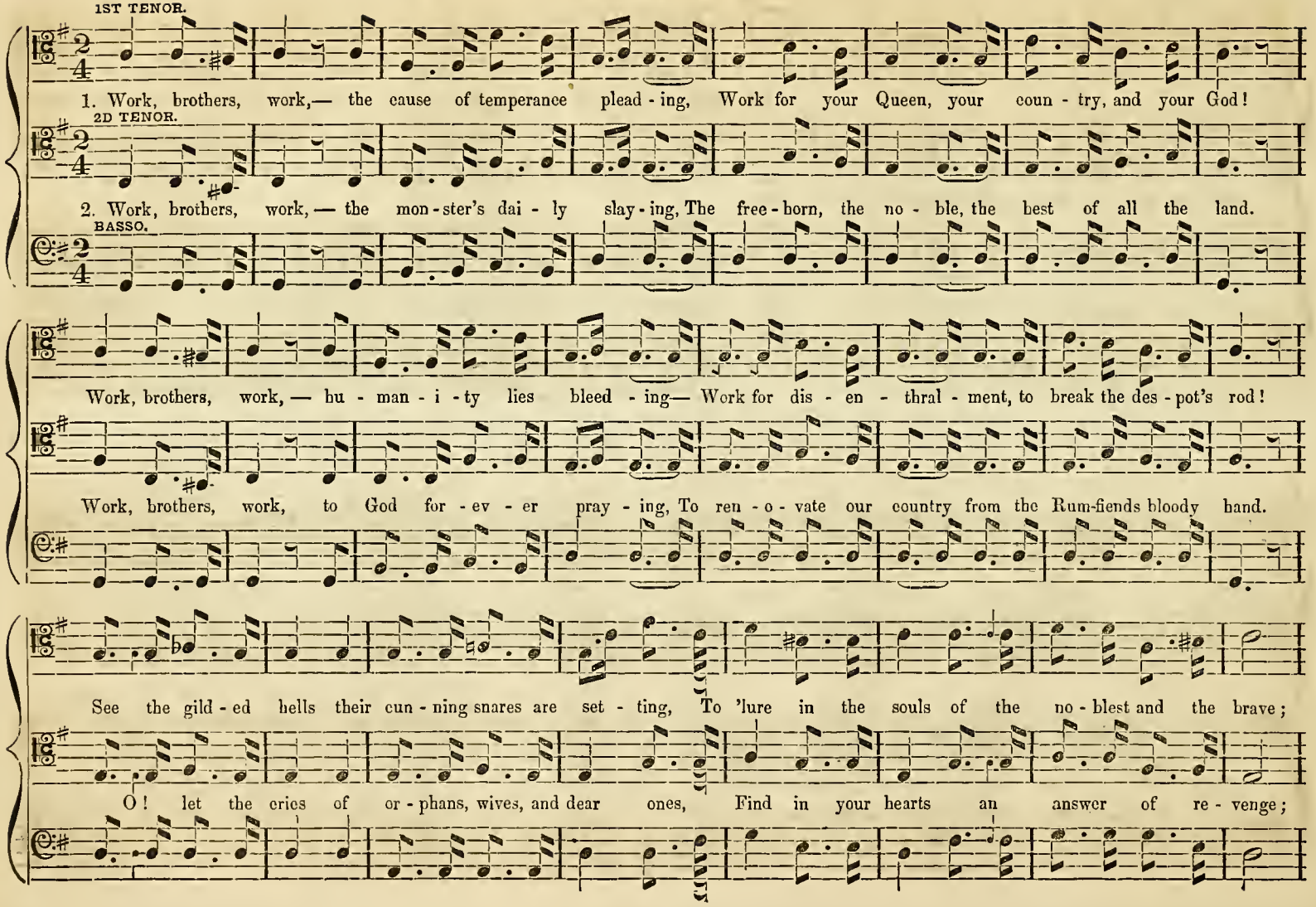


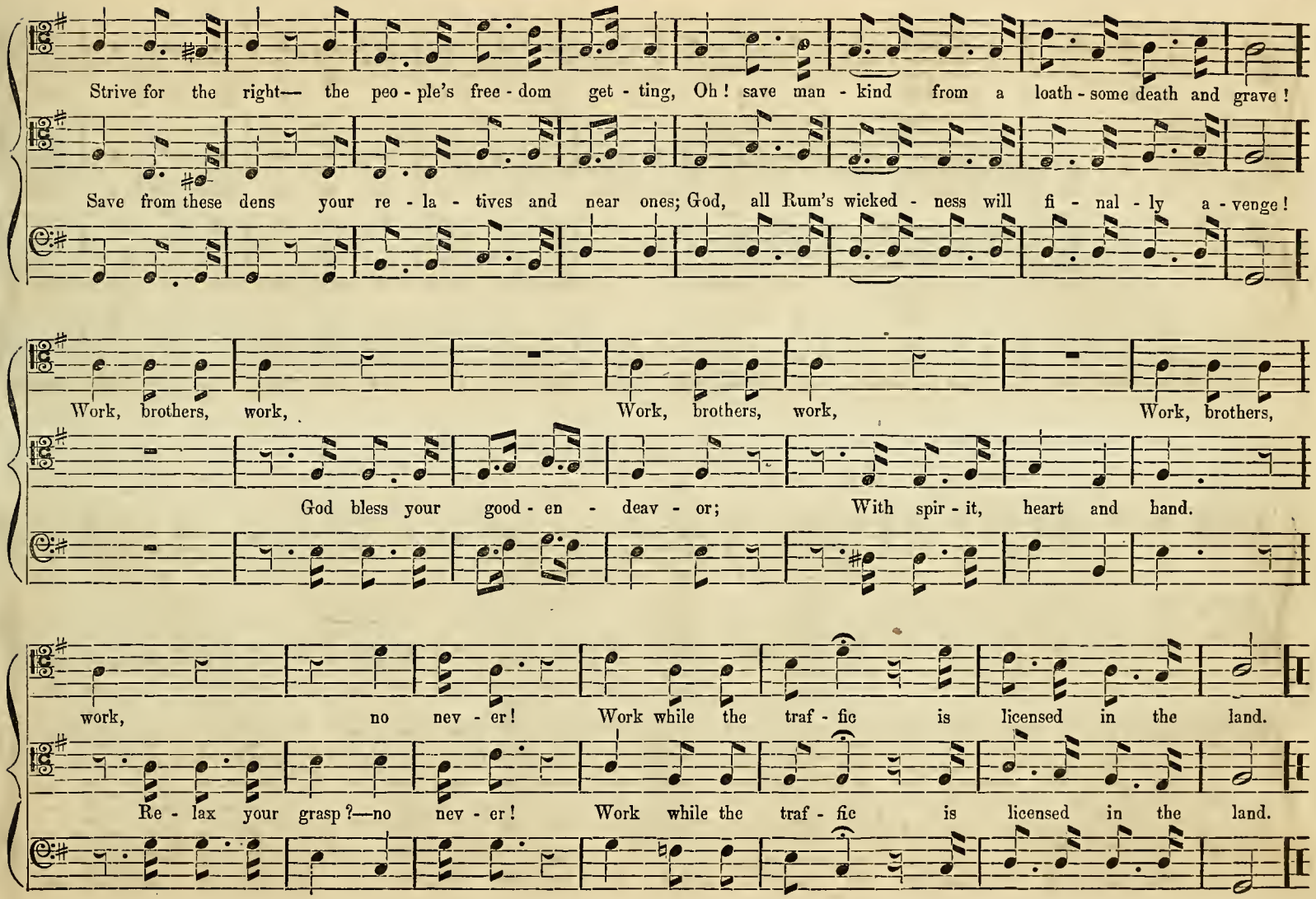

f
ff
mp
hail! hail! hail! hail! All care and sadness take their flight: Love reigns supreme, Joy crowns this night, Then a-
mf
hail! ye hap-py bridal pair, Then hail! hail! hail!
mp
hail! ye hap-py bri-dal pair, Then hail! hail! hail! All care and sadness take their flight; Love reigns supreme, Joy crowns this night, Then a-
ff
f
m
f
CRES.
way to hail the hap-py bri-dal pair, Then a-way to hail the hap-py bri-dal pair.
way to hail the hap-py bri-dal pair! Then a-way to hail the hap-py bri-dal pair.

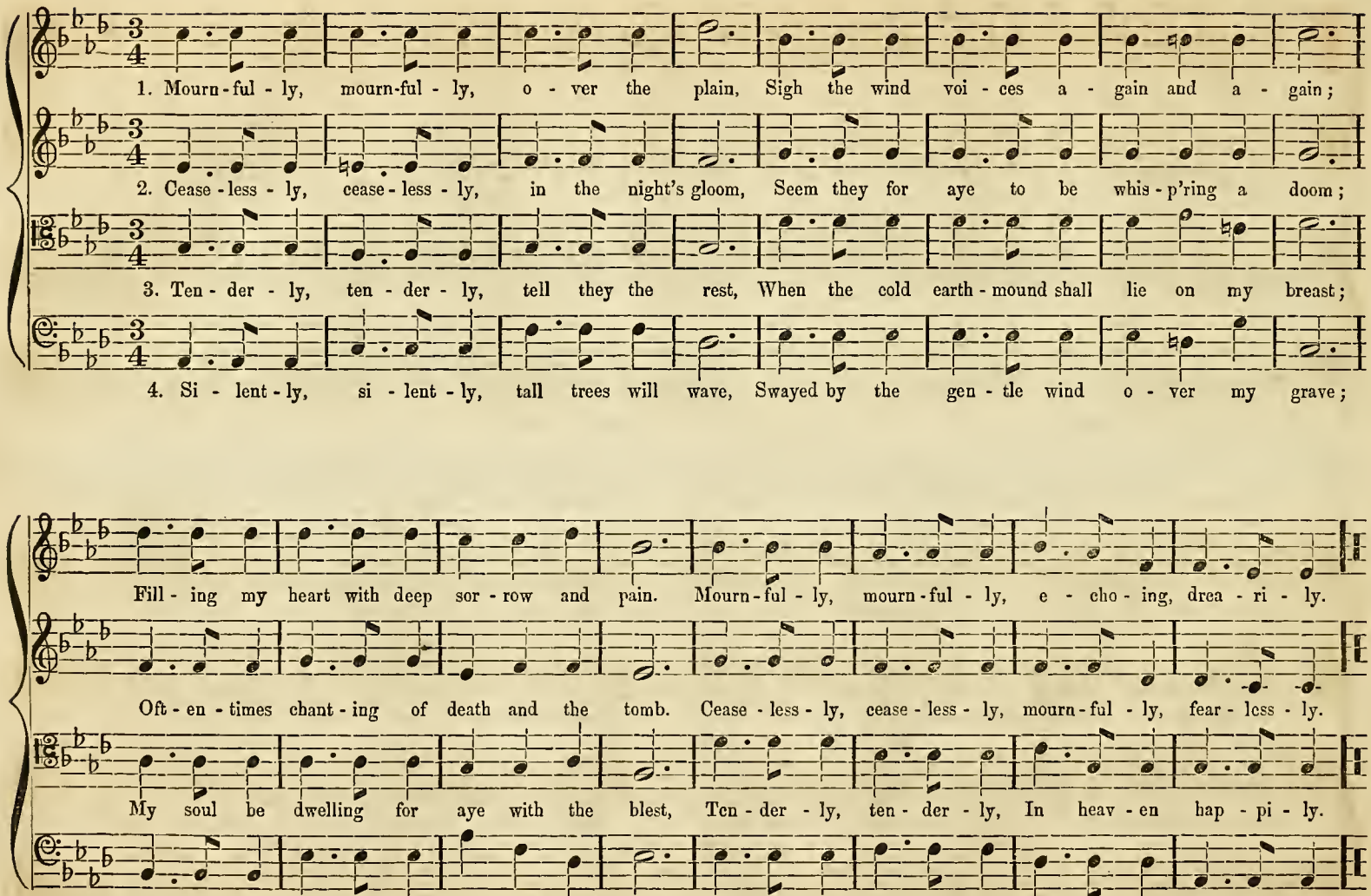
TRIO. "Work, brothers, work."

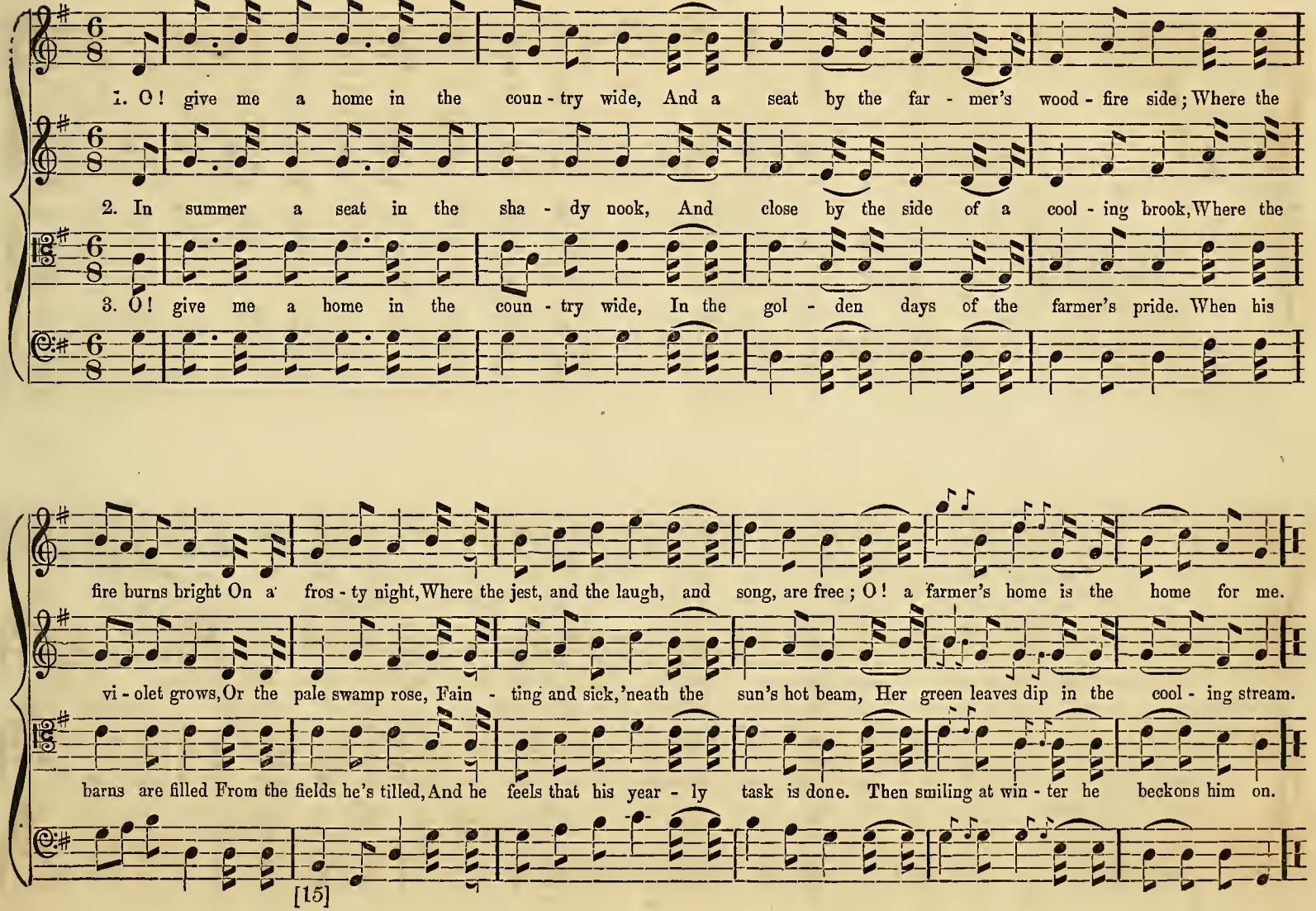
F. H. PEASE.

FOR GENTLEMEN'S VOICES.




Strive for the right— the peo - ple's free - dom get - ting, Oh! save man - kind from a loath - some death and grave!
Save from these dens your re - la - tives and near ones; God, all Rum's wicked - ness will fi - nal - ly a - venge!
Work, brothers, work, Work, brothers, work, Work, brothers,
God bless your good - en - deav - or; With spir - it, heart and hand.
work, no nev - er! Work while the traf - fic is licensed in the land.
Re - lax your grasp?—no nev - er! Work while the traf - fic is licensed in the land.


1. Mourn-ful - ly, mourn-ful - ly, o - ver the plain, Sigh the wind voi - ces a - gain and a - gain;
2. Cease - less - ly, cease - less - ly, in the night's gloom, Seem they for aye to be whis - p'ring a doom;
3. Ten - der - ly, ten - der - ly, tell they the rest, When the cold earth - mound shall lie on my breast;
4. Si - lent - ly, si - lent - ly, tall trees will wave, Swayed by the gen - tle wind o - ver my grave;
Fill - ing my heart with deep sor - row and pain. Mourn - ful - ly, mourn - ful - ly, e - cho - ing, drea - ri - ly.
Oft - en - times chant - ing of death and the tomb. Cease - less - ly, cease - less - ly, mourn - ful - ly, fear - less - ly.
My soul be dwelling for aye with the blest, Ten - der - ly, ten - der - ly, In heav - en hap - pi - ly.
Peace will be with me, 'tis all that I crave, Si - lent - ly, si - lent - ly, Si - lent - ly slum - ber - ing.


1. O! give me a home in the coun - try wide, And a seat by the far - mer's wood - fire side; Where the
2. In summer a seat in the sha - dy nook, And close by the side of a cool - ing brook, Where the
3. O! give me a home in the coun - try wide, In the gol - den days of the farmer's pride. When his
fire burns bright On a fros - ty night, Where the jest, and the laugh, and song, are free; O! a farmer's home is the home for me.
vi - olet grows, Or the pale swamp rose, Fain - ting and sick, 'neath the sun's hot beam, Her green leaves dip in the cool - ing stream.
barns are filled From the fields he's tilled, And he feels that his year - ly task is done. Then smiling at win - ter he beckons him on.

Poetry by LUCY LARCOM.

Ho ! for Kanzas.

Music by F. H. PEASE.

1. Yeo - man strong, bith - er throng, Nature's hon - est men; We will make the wil - der - ness Bud and bloom a -

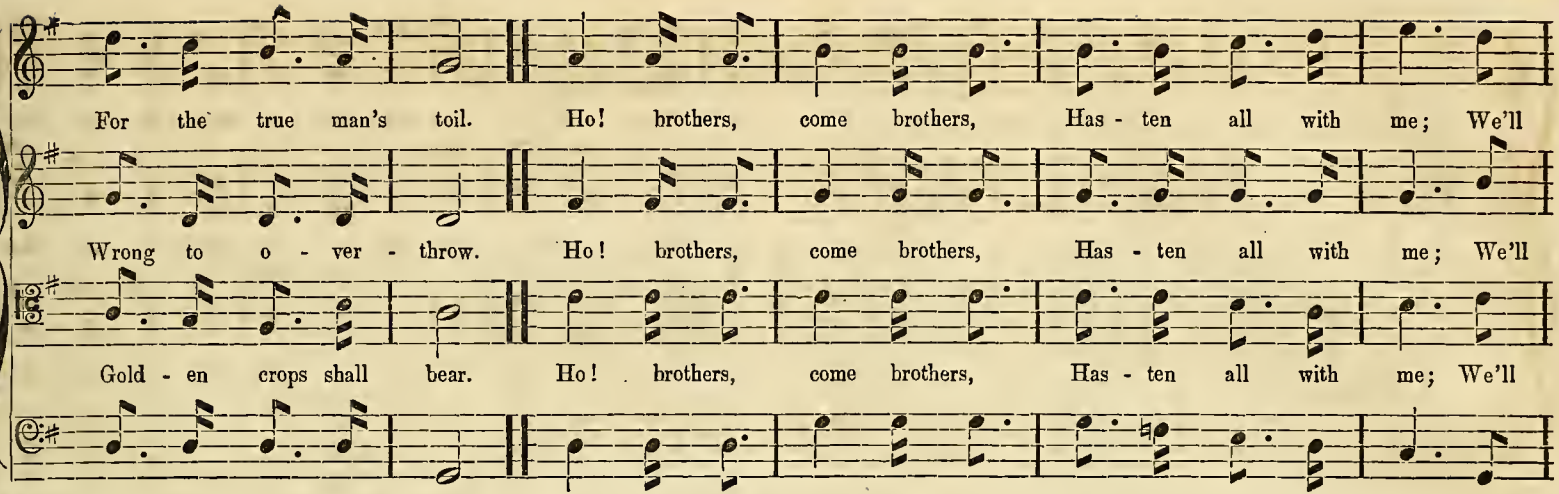
2. Fa - ther haste ! o'er the waste, Lies a pleasant land; There your fire - side, al - tar stones, Fixed in truth shall

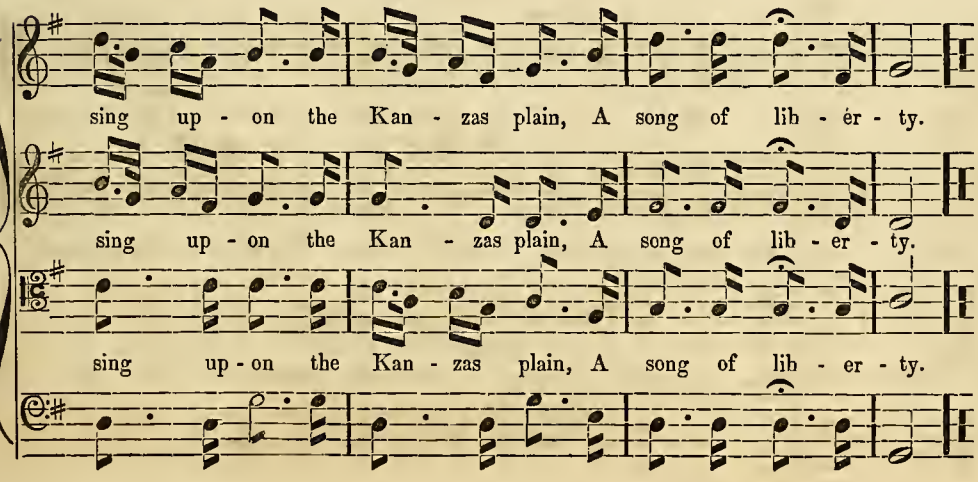
3. Mother come ! here's a home In the wait - ing west; Bring the seeds of love and peace, You who sow the

gain. Bring the sickle, speed the plough, Turn the rea - dy soil, Free - dom is the noblest pay

stand. There your sons, brave and good, Shall to free - men grow, Clad in tri - ple mail of right,

best. Faithful hearts, ho - ly prayers, keep from taint, the air; Soil a mother's tears have wet,



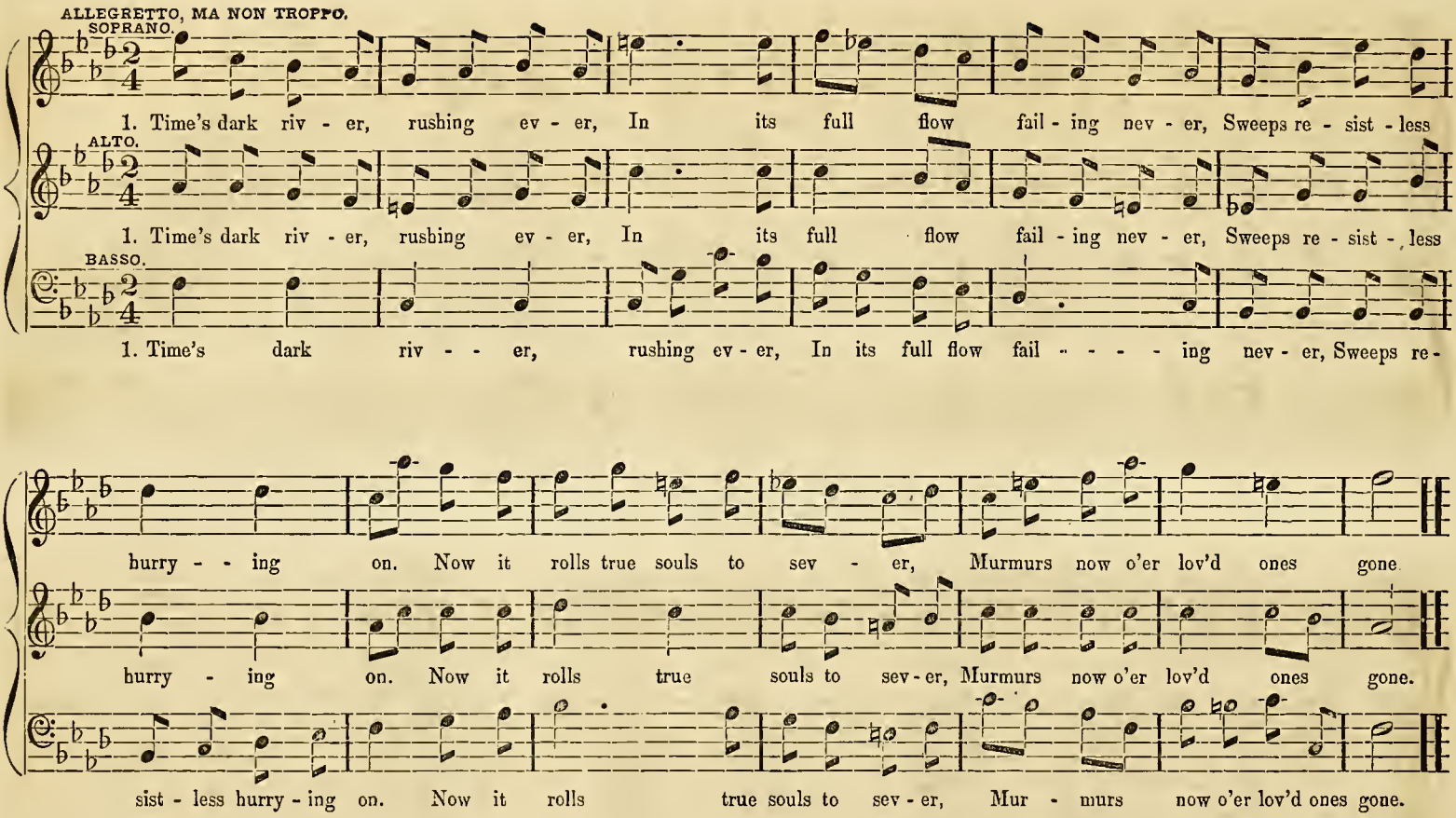


4 Brothers, brave, stem the wave!
Firm the prairies tread!
Up the dark Missouri's flood
Be your canvass spread.
Sister, true, join us too,
Where the Kanzas flows;
Let the northern lily bloom
With the southern rose.
Ho! brothers, &c.

5 One and all, hear our call
Echo through the land;
Aid us with a willing heart,
And a strong right hand.
Feed the spark the Pilgrims struck;
On old Plymouth rock!
To the watchfires of the free,
Millions glad shall flock.
Ho! brothers, &c.

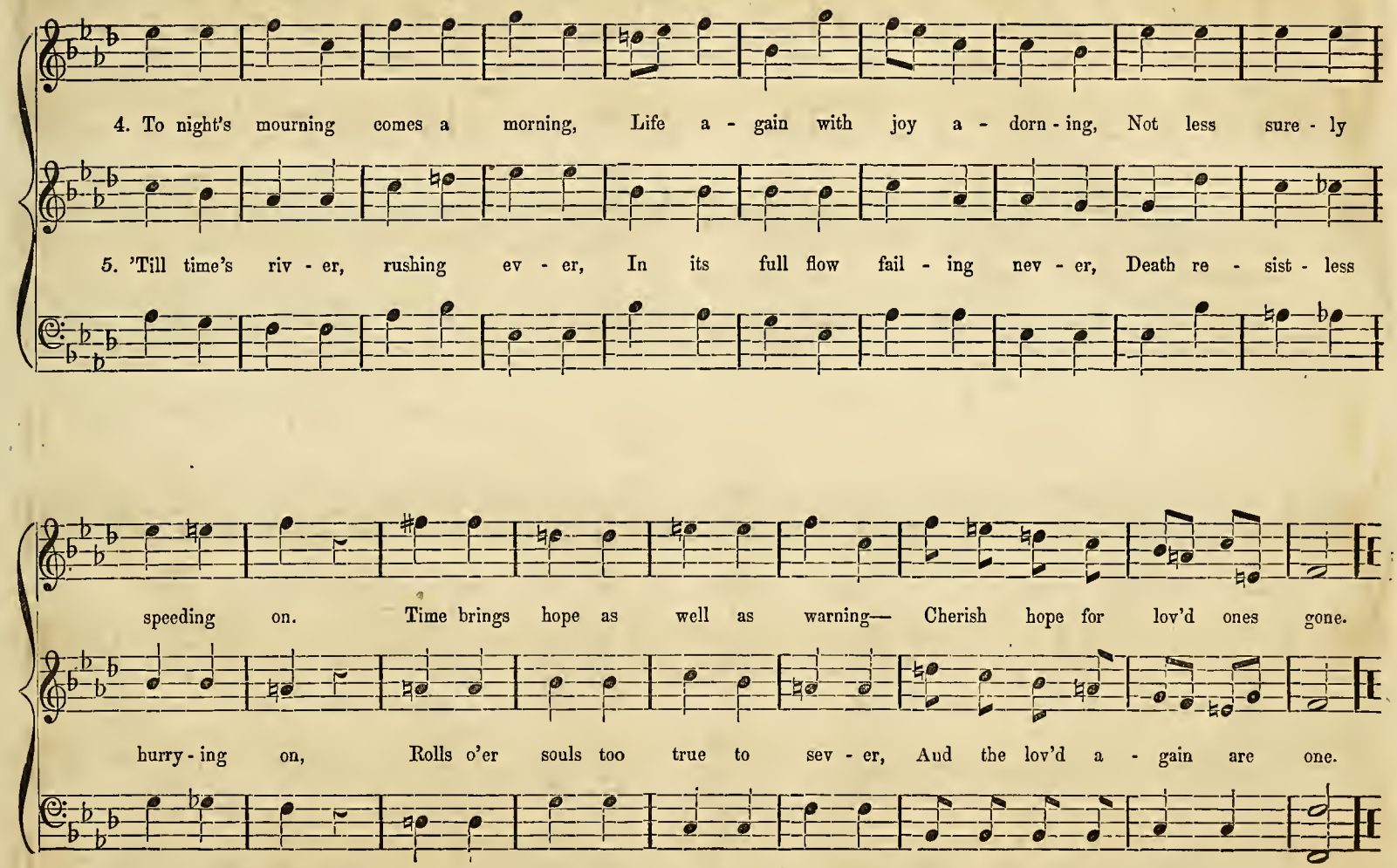
Parting-Trio.

Words and Music by L. H. SHERWOOD.



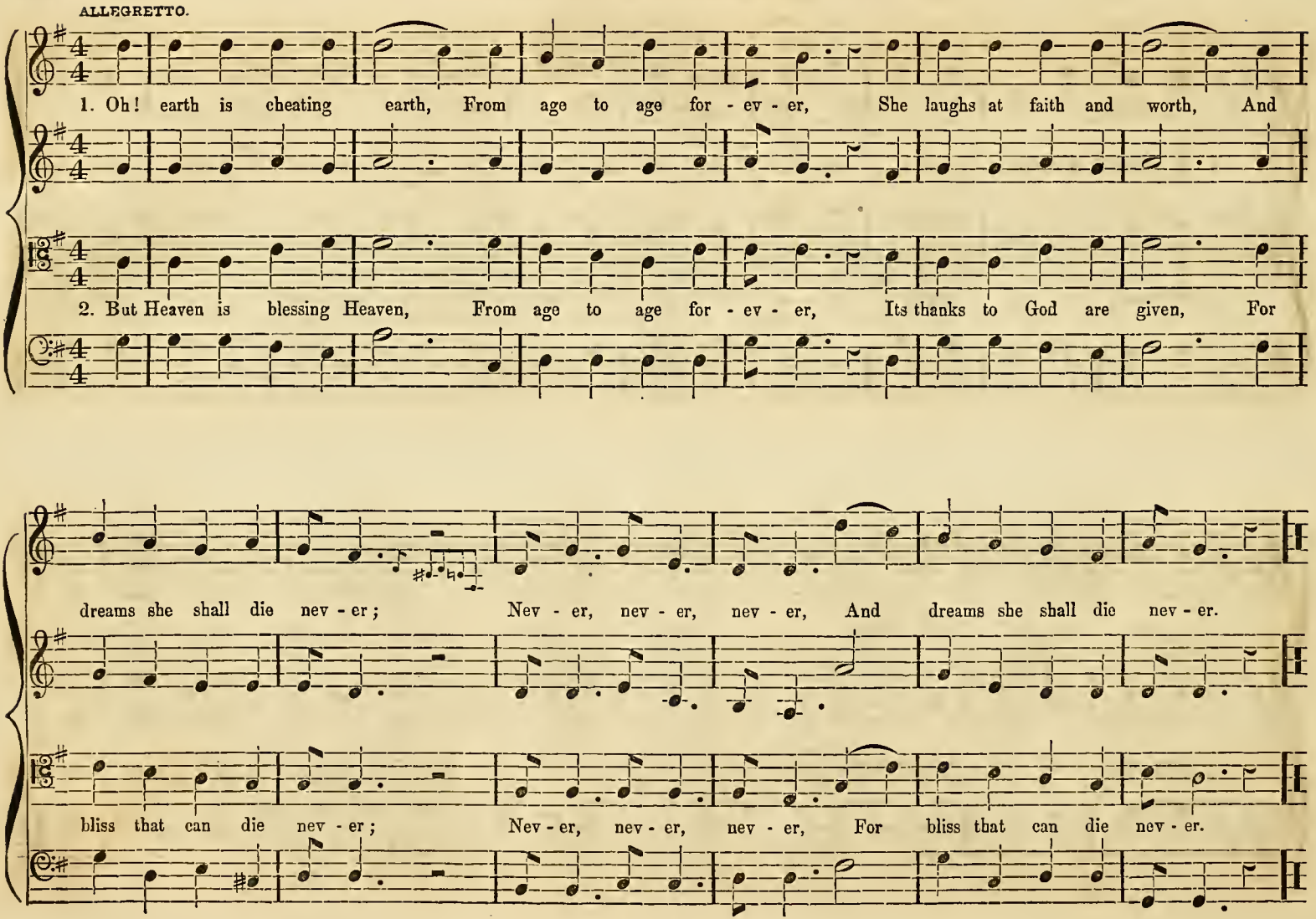
2 Now its flitting tide, fast fleeting,
Brings the hour of farewell greeting,
All too swiftly hurrying on—
Nevermore to thus be meeting
Many a friend and lov'd one gone.

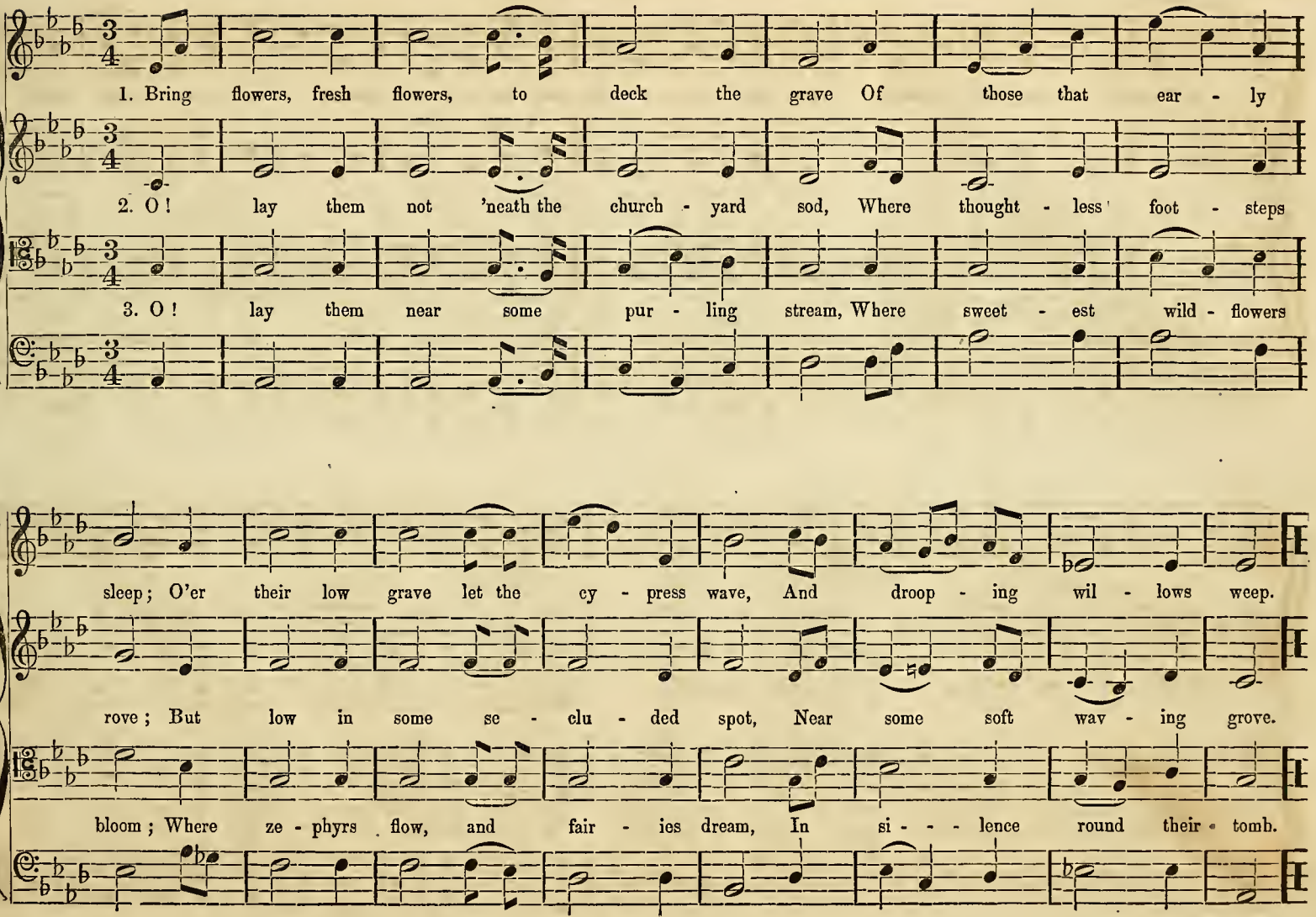
3 Yet time's river, rushing ever,
In its full flow failing never,
Though resistless hurrying on,
Cannot true souls wholly sever
From the dear and lov'd ones gone.


4. To night's mourning comes a morning, Life a - gain with joy a - dorn - ing, Not less sure - ly
5. 'Till time's riv - er, rushing ev - er, In its full flow fail - ing nev - er, Death re - sist - less
speeding on. Time brings hope as well as warning— Cherish hope for lov'd ones gone.
hurry - ing on, Rolls o'er souls too true to sev - er, And the lov'd a - gain are one.

QUARTETTE. "Oh! earth is cheating earth."

B. F. BAKER.

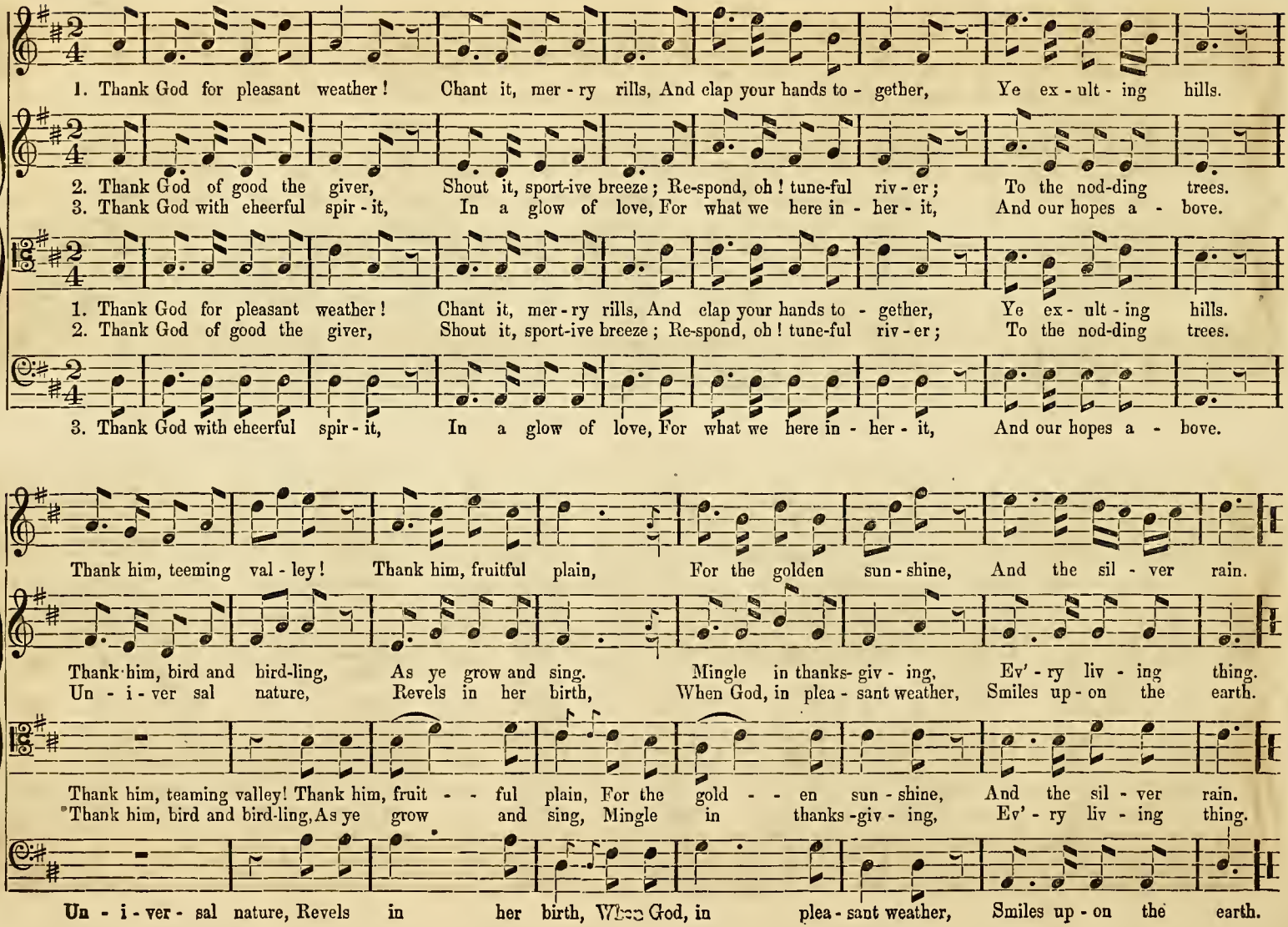


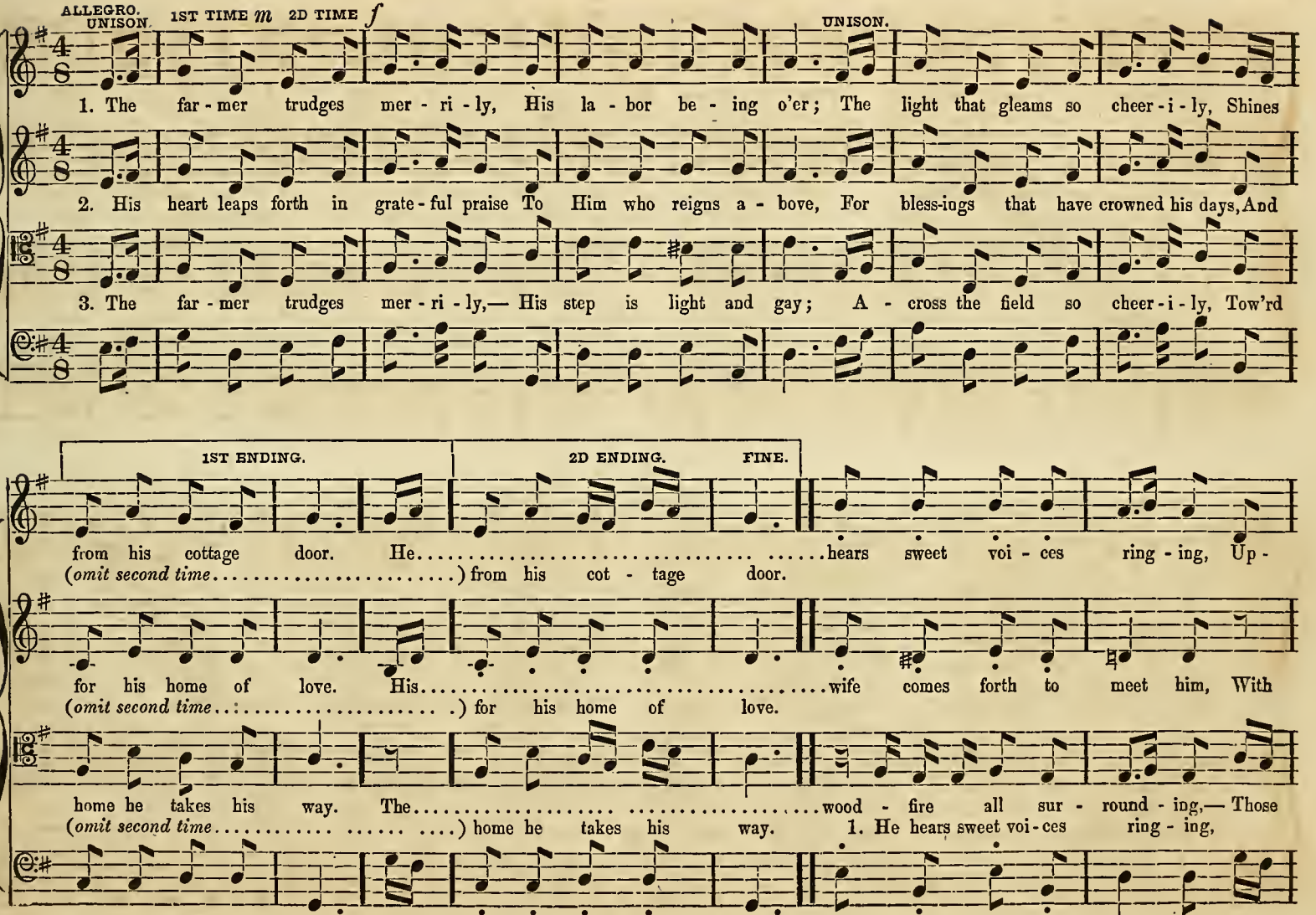

1. Bring flowers, fresh flowers, to deck the grave Of those that ear - ly
2. O! lay them not 'neath the church - yard sod, Where thought - less foot - steps
3. O! lay them near some pur - ling stream, Where sweet - est wild - flowers
sleep; O'er their low grave let the cy - press wave, And droop - ing wil - lows weep.
rove; But low in some se - clu - ded spot, Near some soft wav - ing grove.
bloom; Where ze - phyrs flow, and fair - ies dream, In si - - - lence round their tomb.

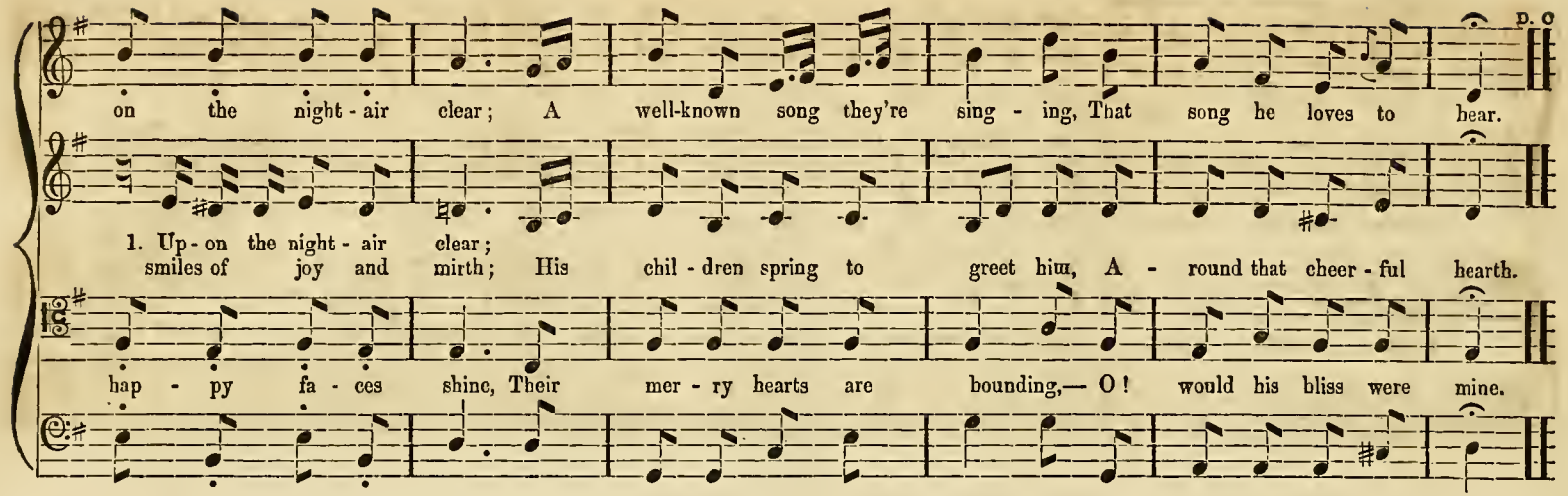
Poetry by GEO. P. MORRIS.

"Thank God for pleasant weather."

F. H. P.



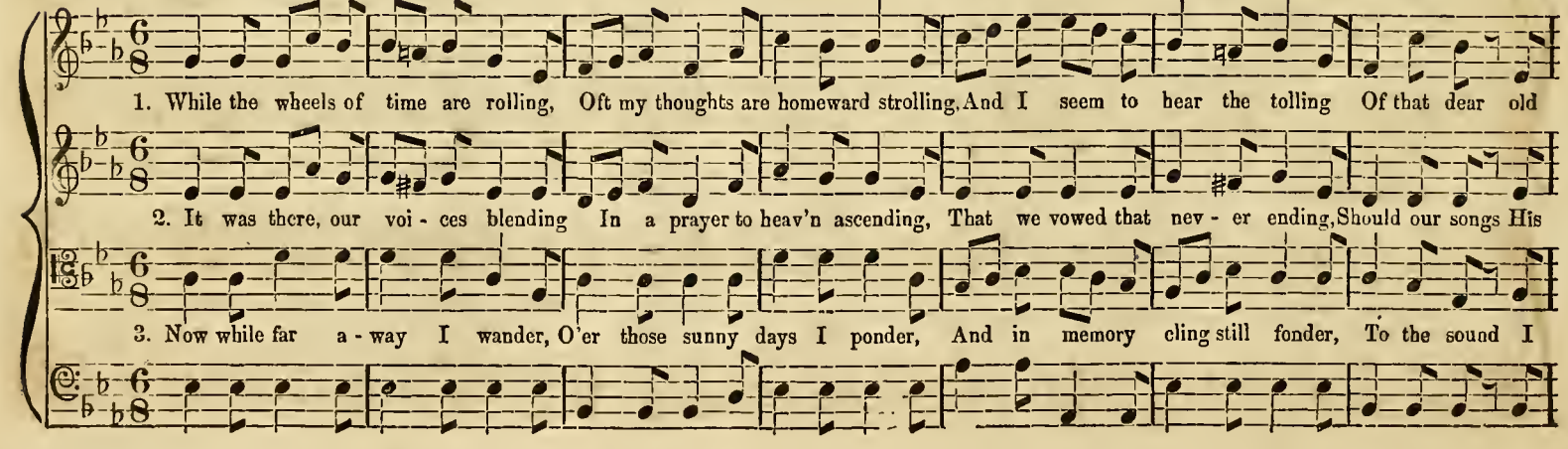

ALLEGRO.
UNISON.
1ST TIME m
2D TIME f
UNISON.
1. The far - mer trudges mer - ri - ly, His la - bor be - ing o'er; The light that gleams so cheer - i - ly, Shines
2. His heart leaps forth in grate - ful praise To Him who reigns a - bove, For bless-ings that have crowned his days, And
3. The far - mer trudges mer - ri - ly,— His step is light and gay; A - cross the field so cheer - i - ly, Tow'rd
1ST ENDING.
2D ENDING.
FINE.
from his cottage door. He.....hears sweet voi - ces ring - ing, Up -
(omit second time.....) from his cot - tage door.
for his home of love. His.....wife comes forth to meet him, With
(omit second time.....) for his home of love.
home he takes his way. The.....wood - fire all sur - round - ing,— Those
(omit second time.....) home he takes his way. 1. He hears sweet voi - ces ring - ing,

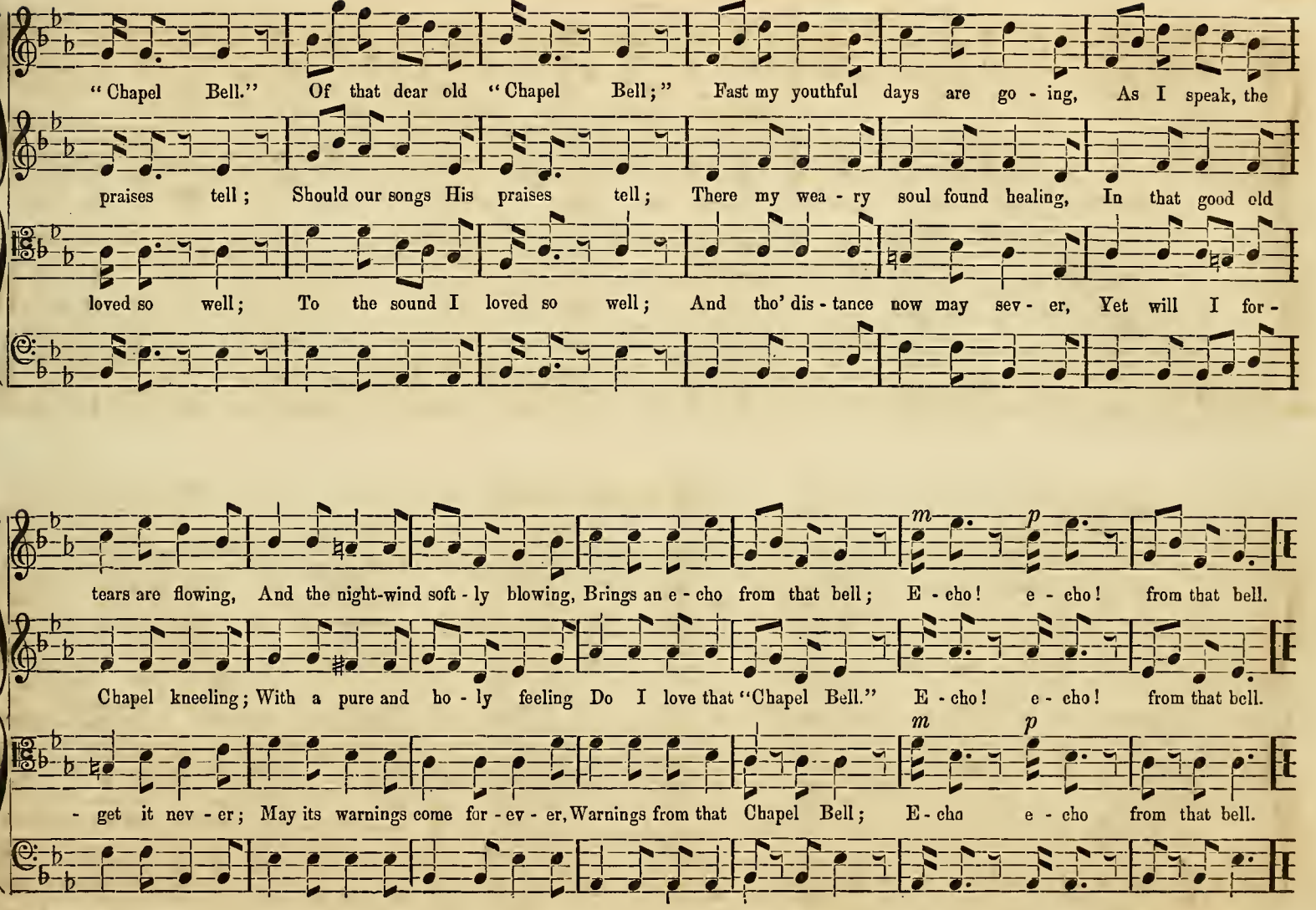


Words by E. A. P.

Old Chapel Bell.

Music by F. H. P.

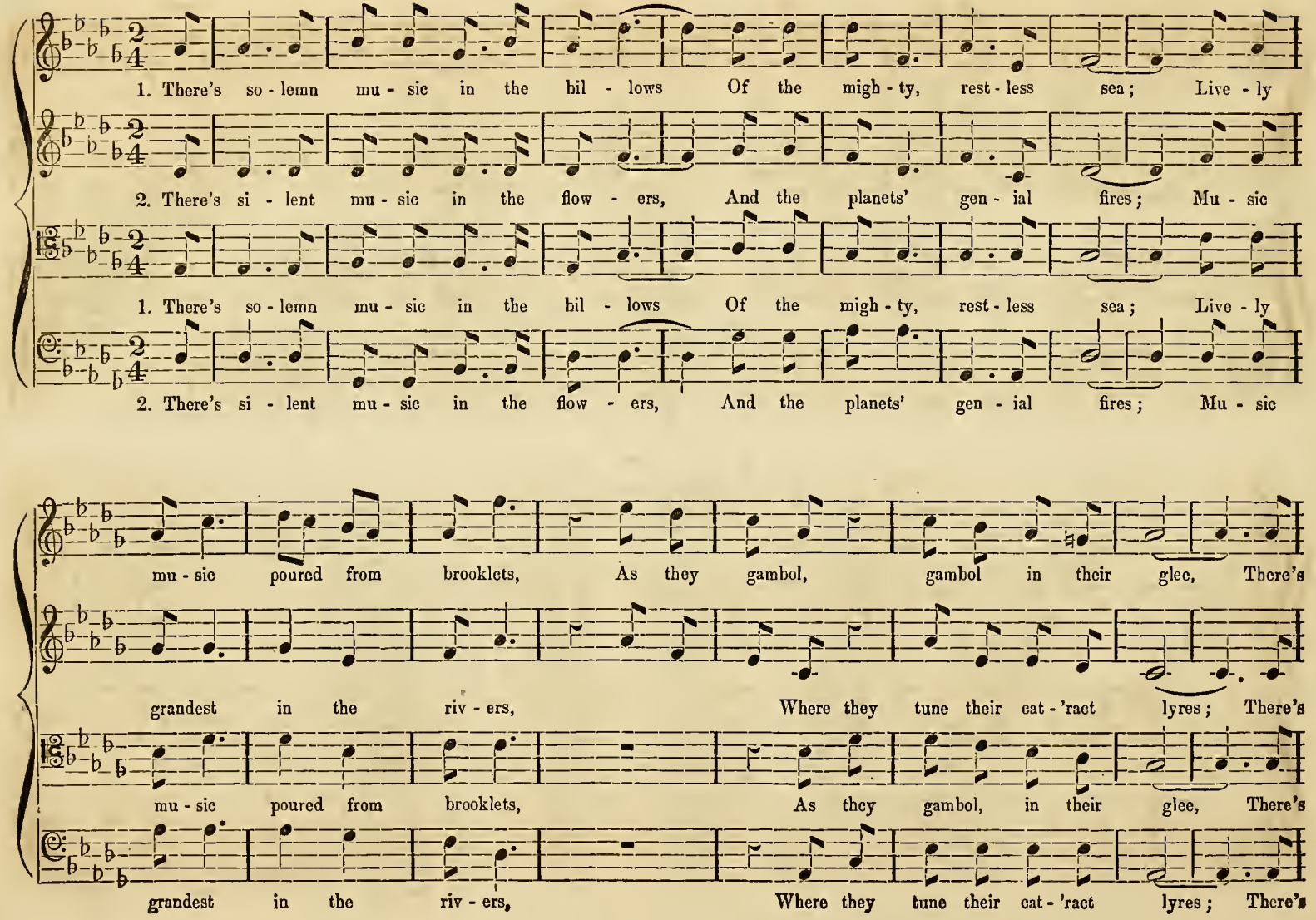


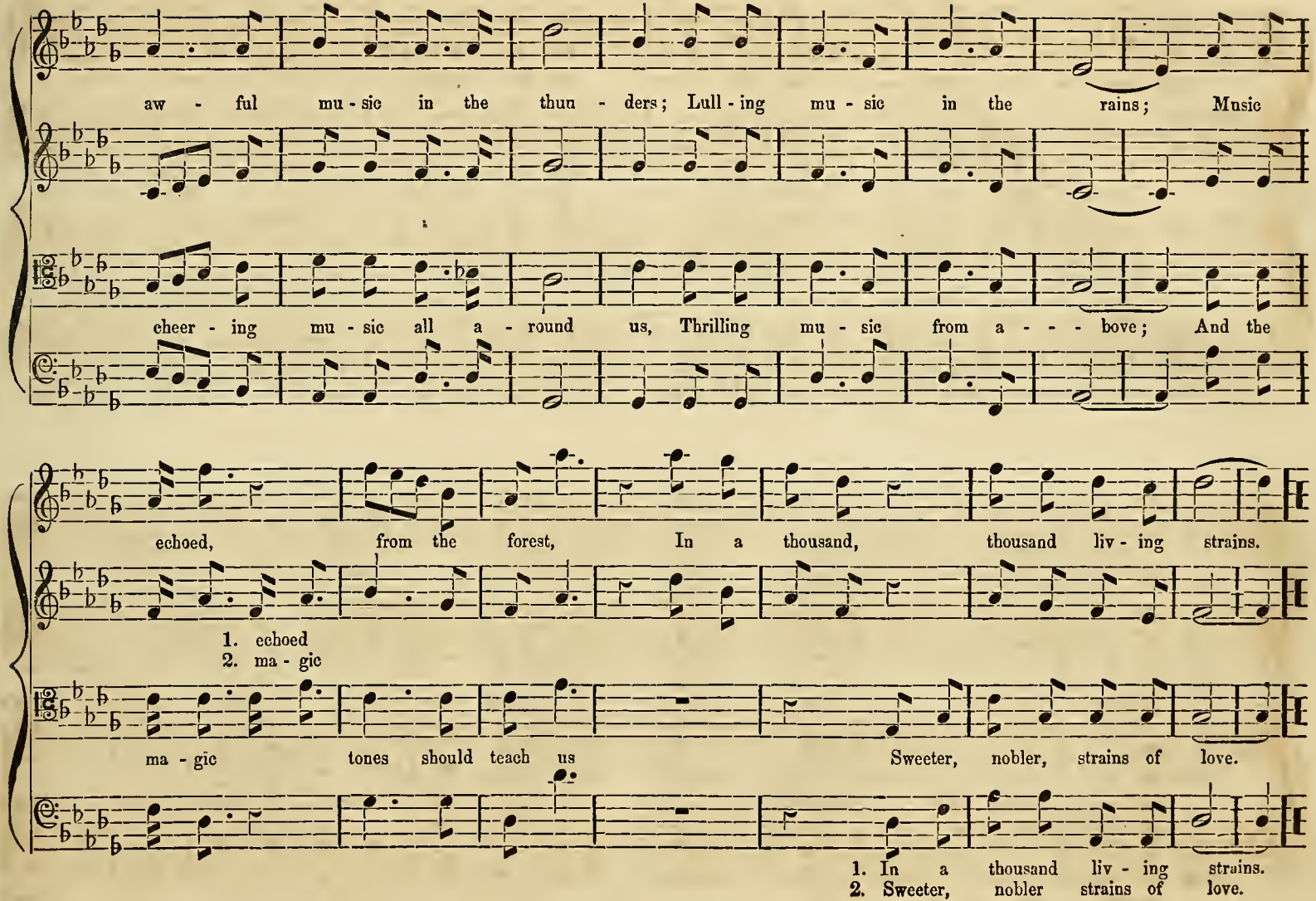

"Chapel Bell." Of that dear old "Chapel Bell;" Fast my youthful days are go - ing, As I speak, the
praises tell; Should our songs His praises tell; There my wea - ry soul found healing, In that good old
loved so well; To the sound I loved so well; And tho' dis - tance now may sev - er, Yet will I for -
tears are flowing, And the night-wind soft - ly blowing, Brings an e - cho from that bell; E - cho! e - cho! from that bell.
Chapel kneeling; With a pure and ho - ly feeling Do I love that "Chapel Bell." E - cho! e - cho! from that bell.
- get it nev - er; May its warnings come for - ev - er, Warnings from that Chapel Bell; E - cho e - cho from that bell.
m
p
m
p

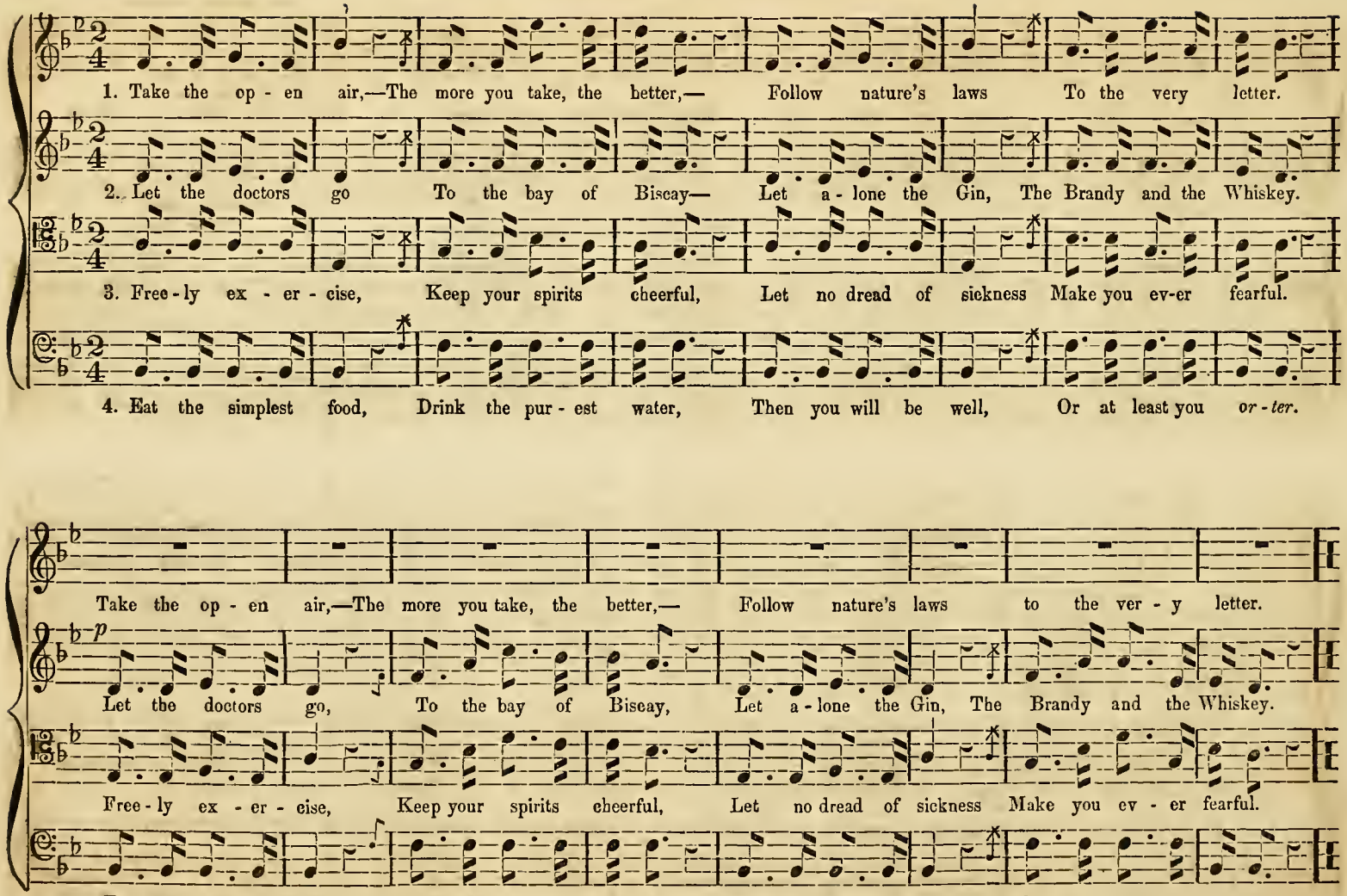
Words by H. G. BOUGHAN.

There's Music everywhere.

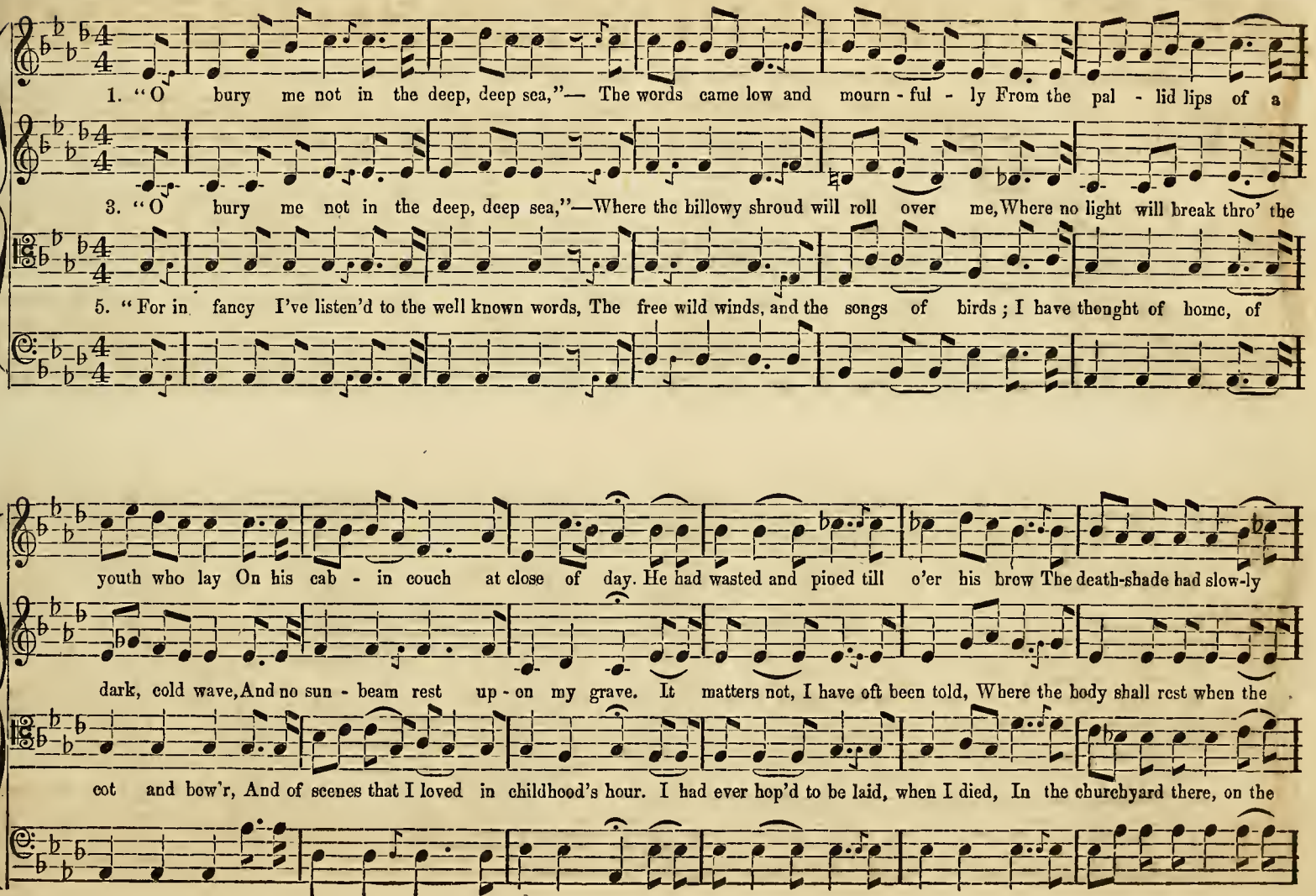
Music by S. PENFIELD.



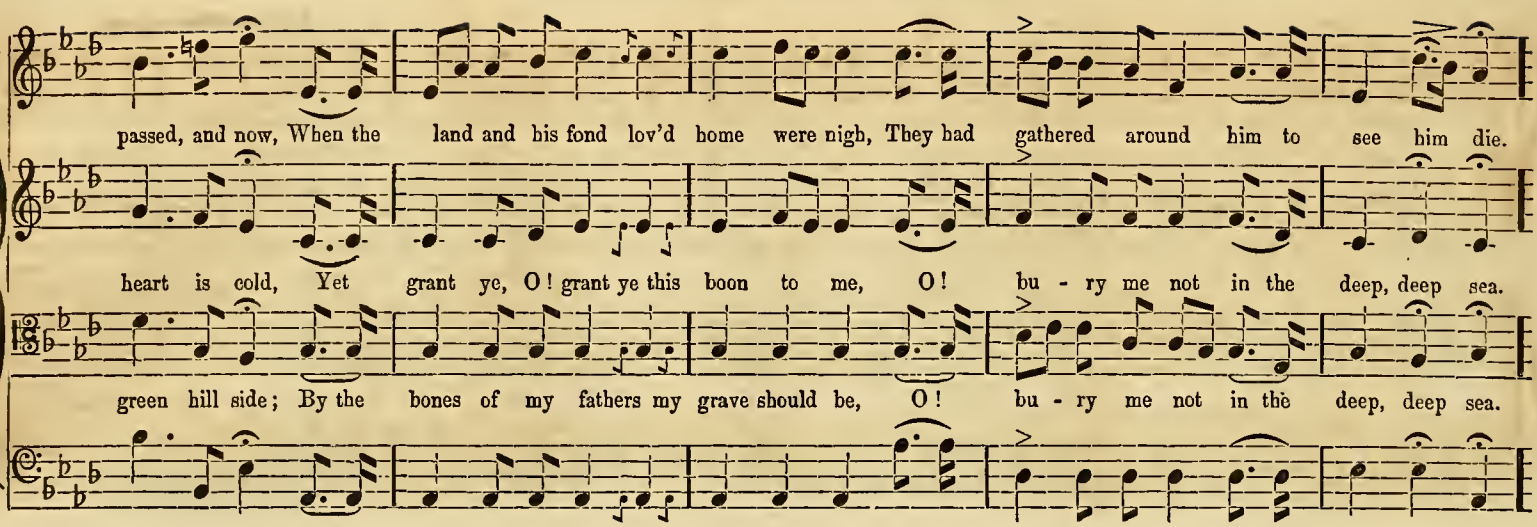

aw - ful mu - sic in the thun - ders; Lull - ing mu - sic in the rains; Music
cheer - ing mu - sic all a - round us, Thrilling mu - sic from a - - - bove; And the
echoed, from the forest, In a thousand, thousand liv - ing strains.
1. echoed
2. ma - gic
ma - gic tones should teach us Sweeter, nobler, strains of love.
1. In a thousand liv - ing strains.
2. Sweeter, nobler strains of love.

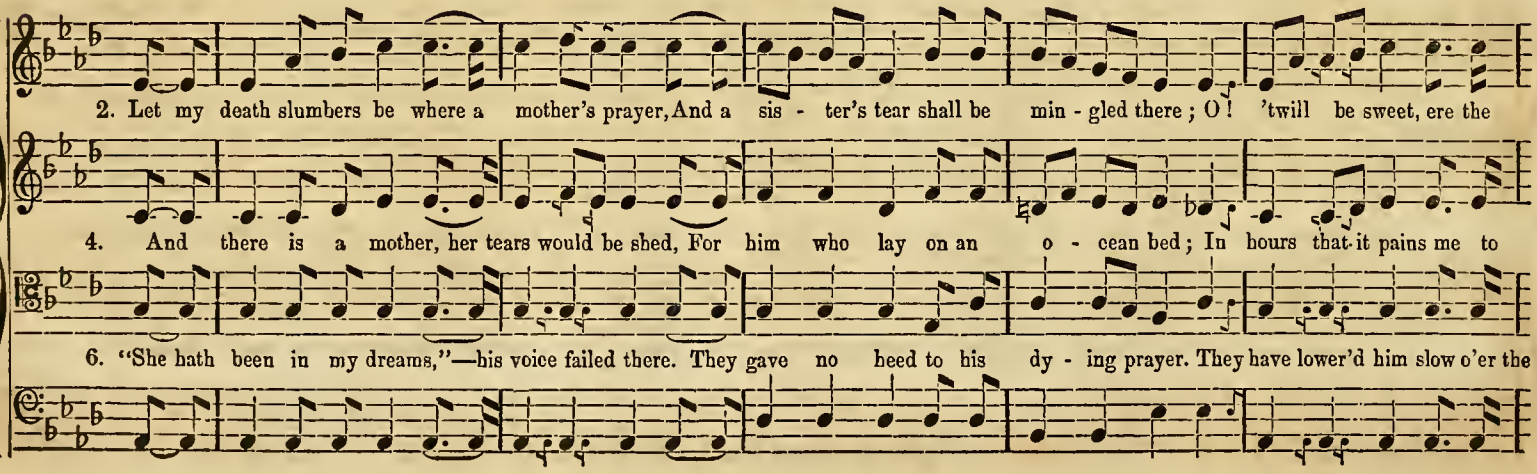

1. Take the op - en air,—The more you take, the better,— Follow nature's laws To the very letter.
2. Let the doctors go To the bay of Biscay— Let a - lone the Gin, The Brandy and the Whiskey.
3. Free - ly ex - er - cise, Keep your spirits cheerful, Let no dread of sickness Make you ev-er fearful.
4. Eat the simplest food, Drink the pur - est water, Then you will be well, Or at least you or - ter.
Take the op - en air,—The more you take, the better,— Follow nature's laws to the ver - y letter.
p
Let the doctors go, To the bay of Biscay, Let a - lone the Gin, The Brandy and the Whiskey.
Free - ly ex - er - cise, Keep your spirits cheerful, Let no dread of sickness Make you ev - er fearful.
Eat the simplest food, Drink the purest wa - ter, Then you will be well, Or at least you orter.

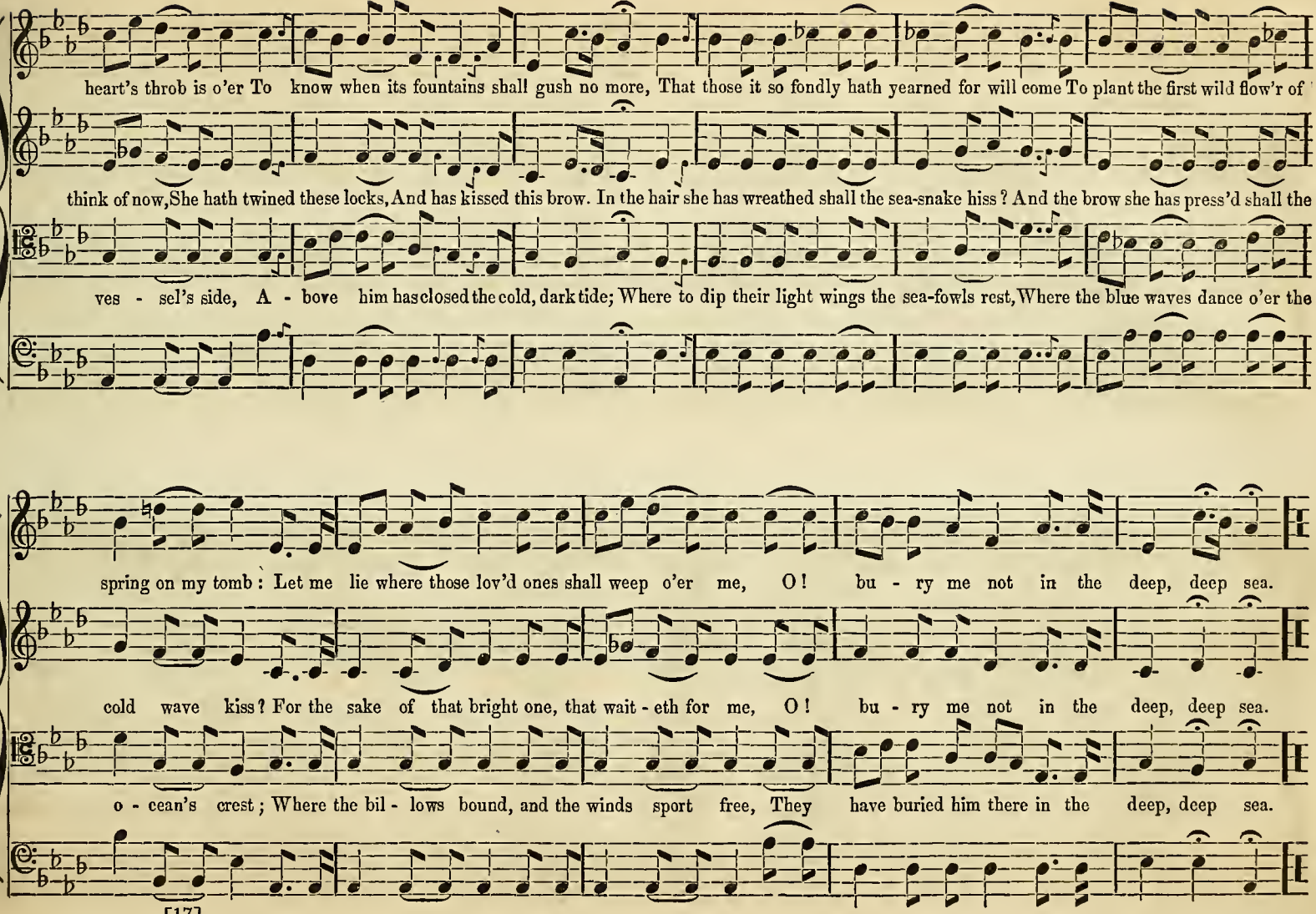
Newly arranged for this work.



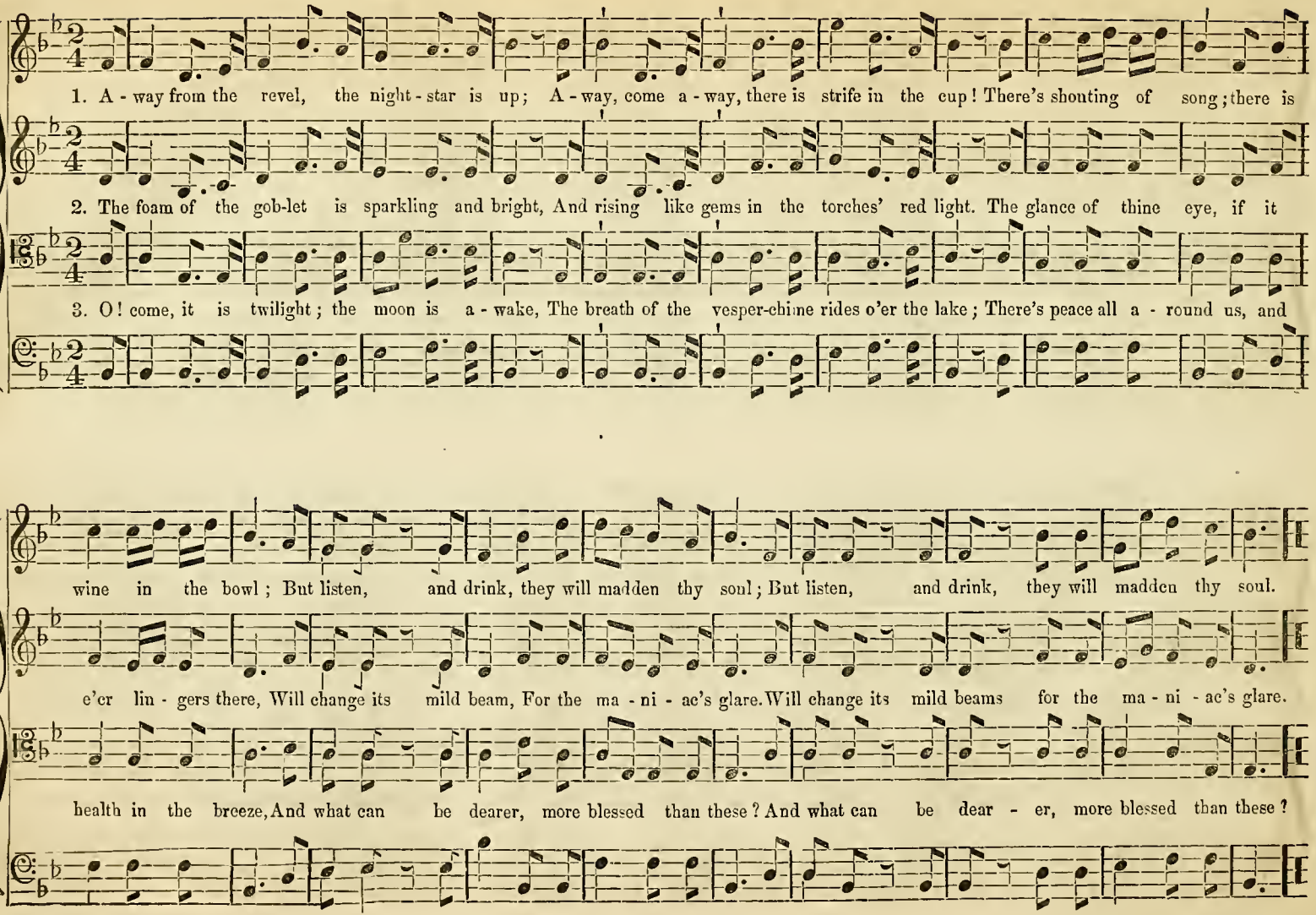
Ocean Burial. Continued.

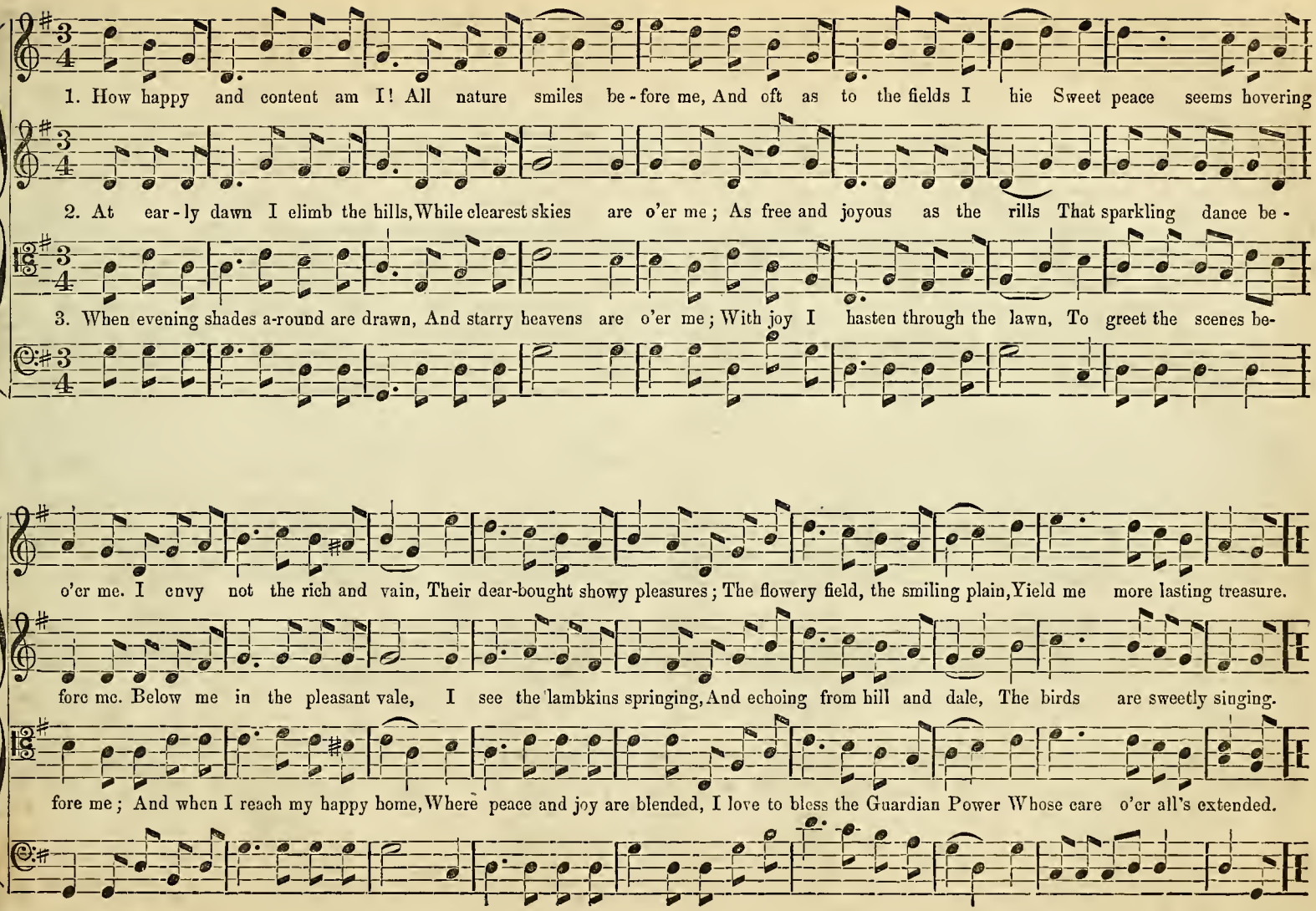





heart's throb is o'er To know when its fountains shall gush no more, That those it so fondly hath yearned for will come To plant the first wild flow'r of
think of now, She hath twined these locks, And has kissed this brow. In the hair she has wreathed shall the sea-snake hiss? And the brow she has press'd shall the
ves - sel's side, A - bove him has closed the cold, dark tide; Where to dip their light wings the sea-fowls rest, Where the blue waves dance o'er the
spring on my tomb: Let me lie where those lov'd ones shall weep o'er me, O! bu - ry me not in the deep, deep sea.
cold wave kiss? For the sake of that bright one, that wait - eth for me, O! bu - ry me not in the deep, deep sea.
o - cean's crest; Where the bil - lows bound, and the winds sport free, They have buried him there in the deep, deep sea.

TEMPERANCE GLEE. "Away from the revel."

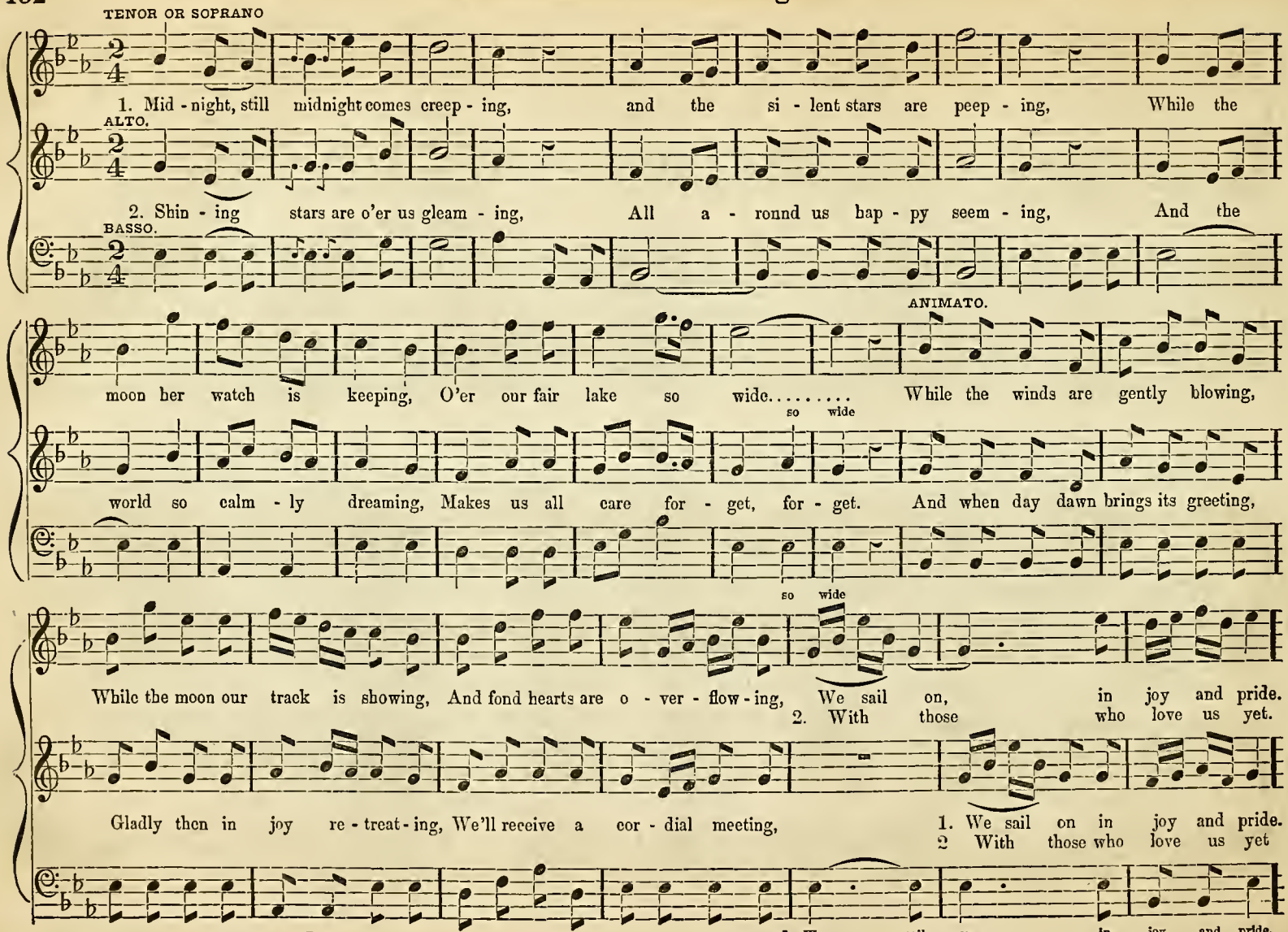


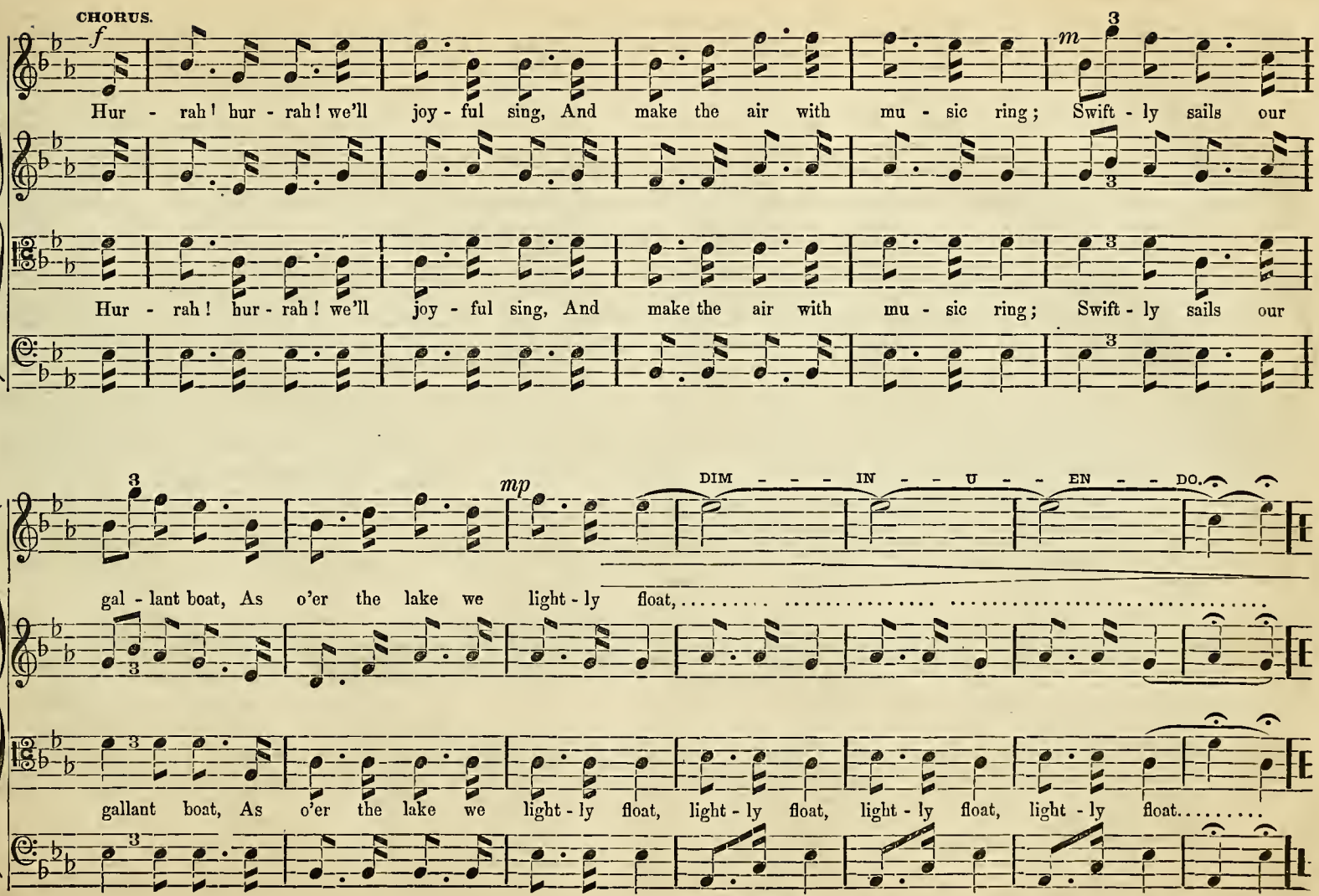

1. How happy and content am I! All nature smiles be-fore me, And oft as to the fields I hie Sweet peace seems hovering
2. At ear-ly dawn I climb the hills, While clearest skies are o'er me; As free and joyous as the rills That sparkling dance be-
3. When evening shades a-round are drawn, And starry heavens are o'er me; With joy I hasten through the lawn, To greet the scenes be-
o'er me. I envy not the rich and vain, Their dear-bought showy pleasures; The flowery field, the smiling plain, Yield me more lasting treasure.
fore me. Below me in the pleasant vale, I see the lambkins springing, And echoing from hill and dale, The birds are sweetly singing.
fore me; And when I reach my happy home, Where peace and joy are blended, I love to bless the Guardian Power Whose care o'er all's extended.

Words by T. H. PERKINS.

TRIO AND CHORUS. Midnight Serenade.

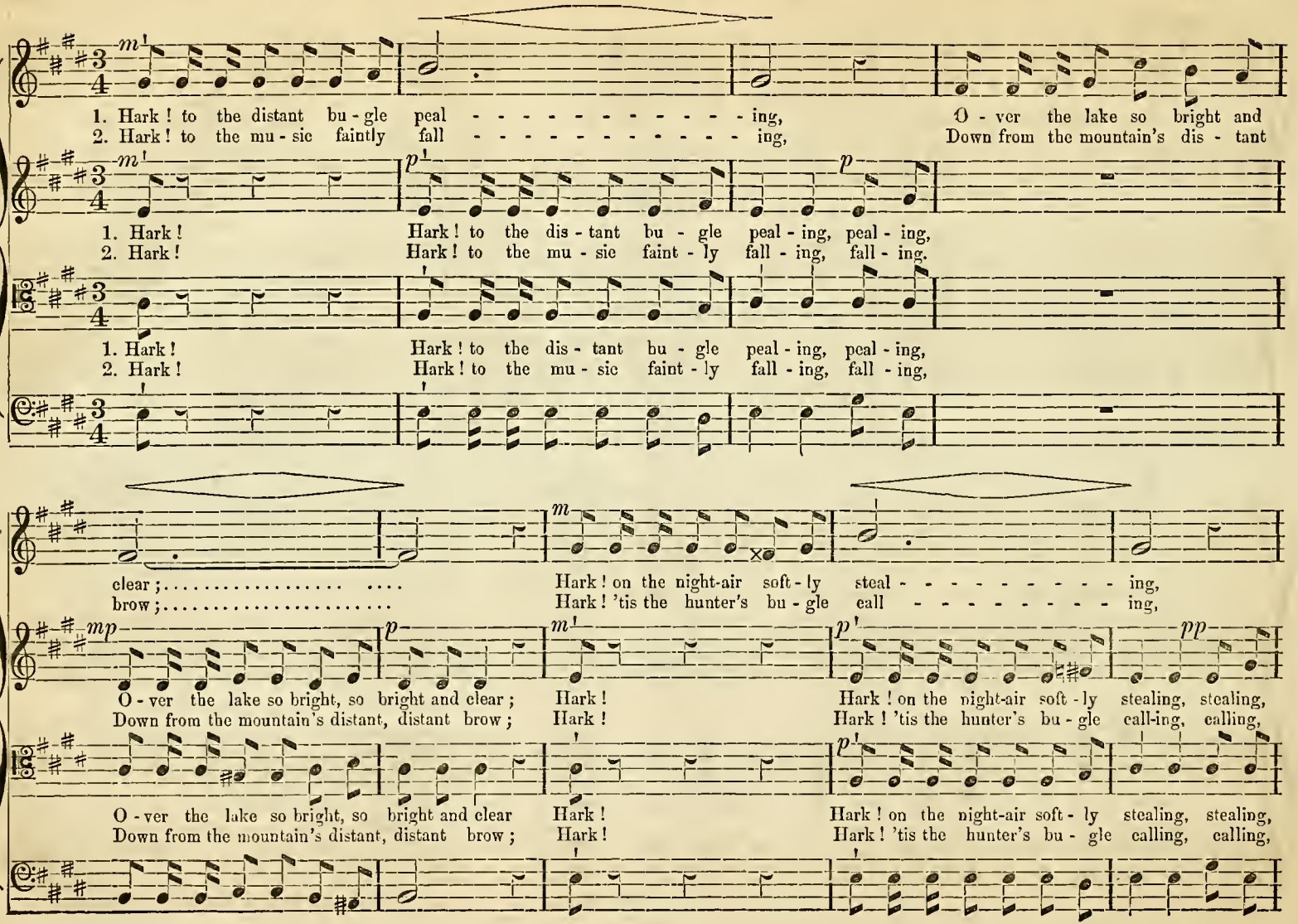
Music by F. H. PEASE.

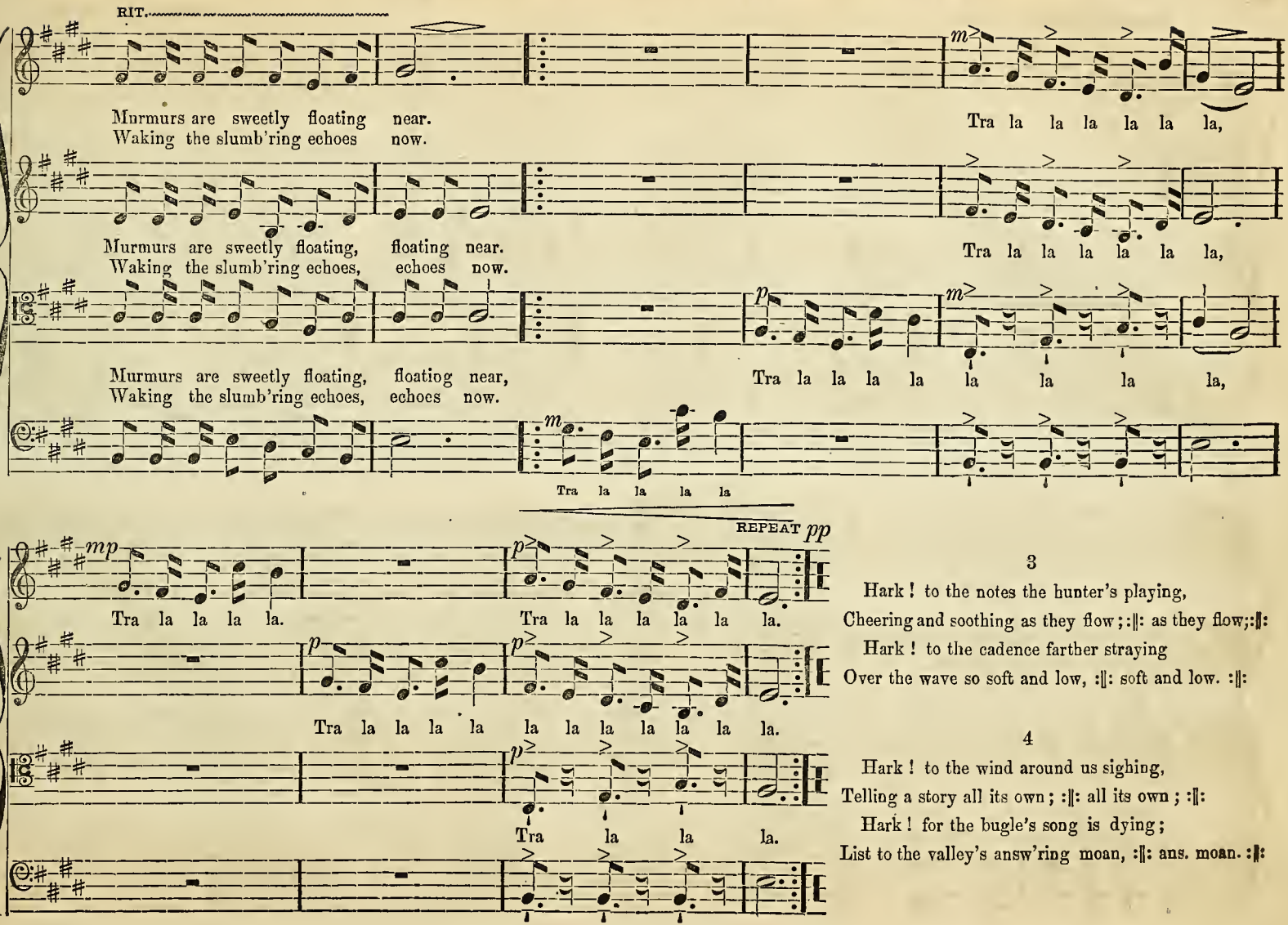



CHORUS.
f
Hur - rah! hur - rah! we'll joy - ful sing, And make the air with mu - sic ring; Swift - ly sails our
m
Hur - rah! hur - rah! we'll joy - ful sing, And make the air with mu - sic ring; Swift - ly sails our
mp
DIM - - - IN - - U - - EN - - DO.
gal - lant boat, As o'er the lake we light - ly float,
gallant boat, As o'er the lake we light - ly float, light - ly float, light - ly float, light - ly float.

QUARTETTE. "Hark! to the distant bugle."

Words and Music by E. A. PERKINS.





3

Hark! to the notes the hunter's playing,
Cheering and soothing as they flow; :‖: as they flow;:‖:
Hark! to the cadence farther straying
Over the wave so soft and low, :‖: soft and low. :‖:

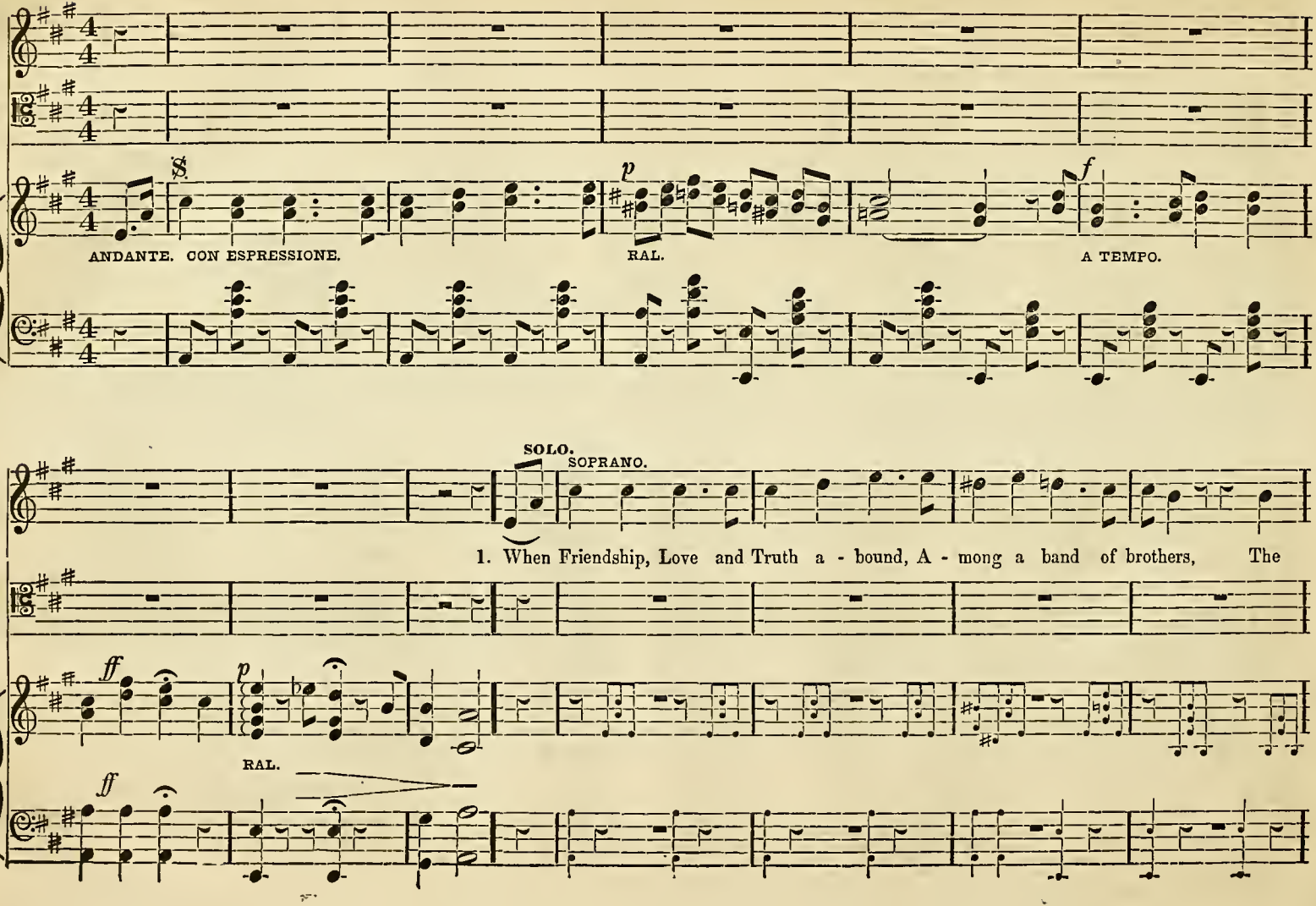
4

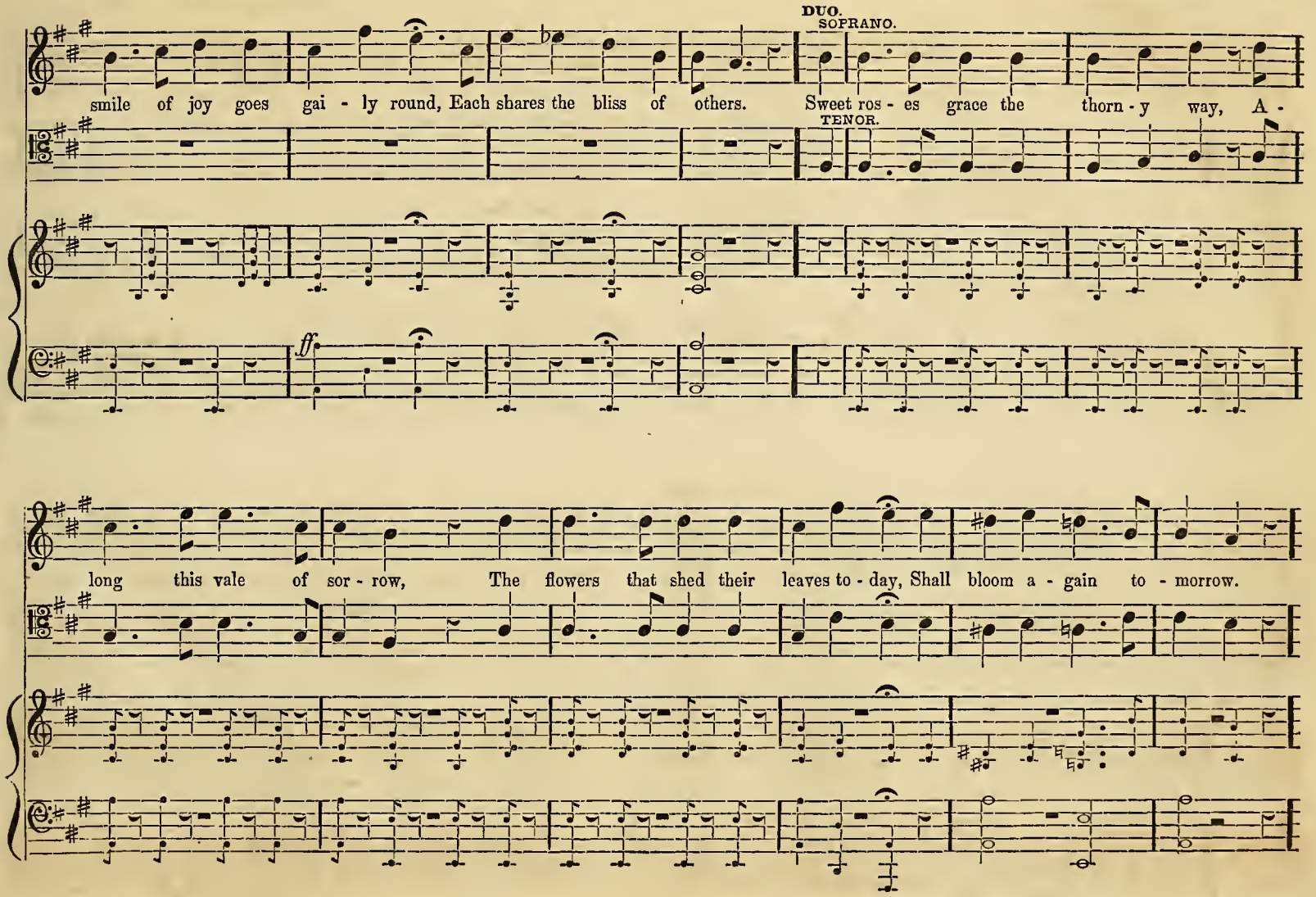
Hark! to the wind around us sighing,
Telling a story all its own; :‖: all its own; :‖:
Hark! for the bugle's song is dying;
List to the valley's answ'ring moan, :‖: ans. moan. :‖:

SOLO, DUETT, AND CHORUS. Friendship, Love and Truth.

Poetry by HORATIO GATES.

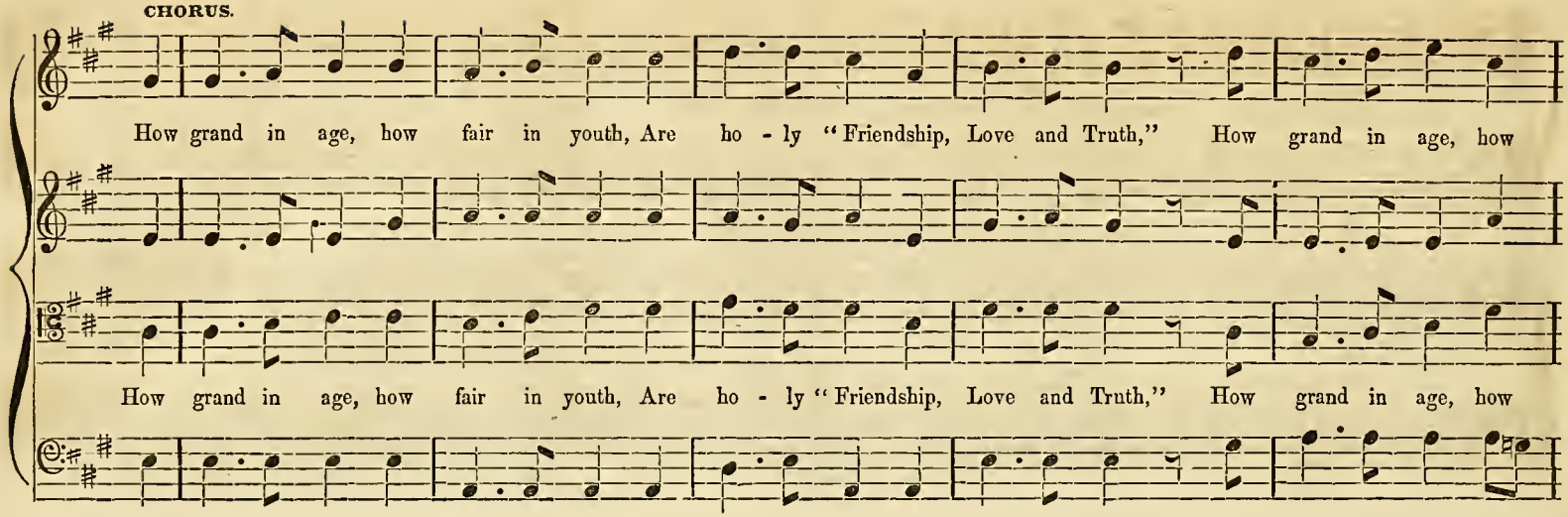
Music by EVERETT L. BAKER.

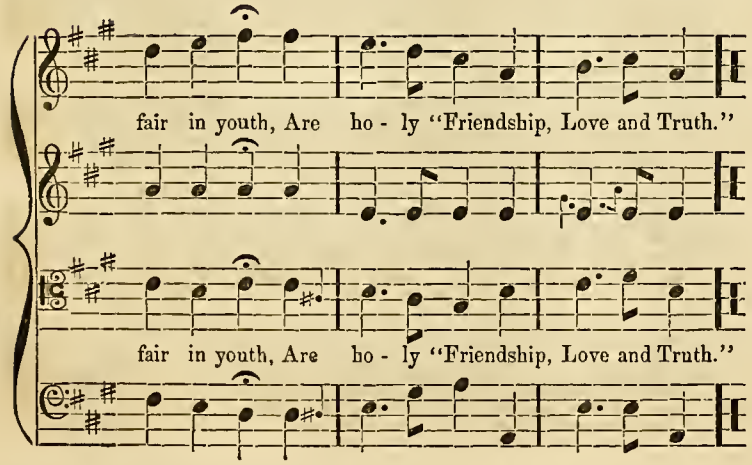



DUO.
SOPRANO.
TENOR.
smile of joy goes gai - ly round, Each shares the bliss of others. Sweet ros - es grace the thorn - y way, A -
ff
long this vale of sor - row, The flowers that shed their leaves to - day, Shall bloom a - gain to - morrow.

Friendship, Love and Truth. Concluded.

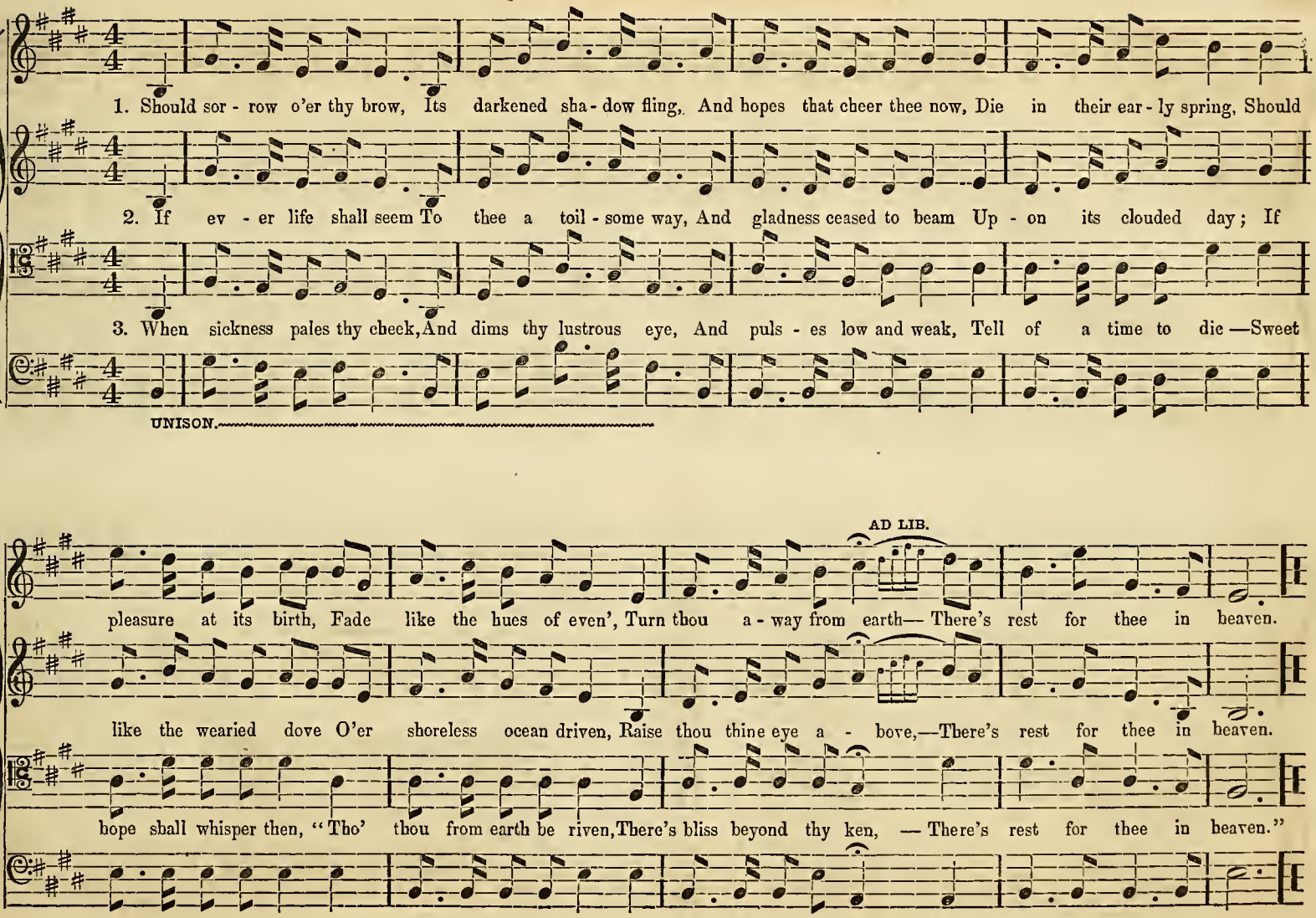
CHORUS.

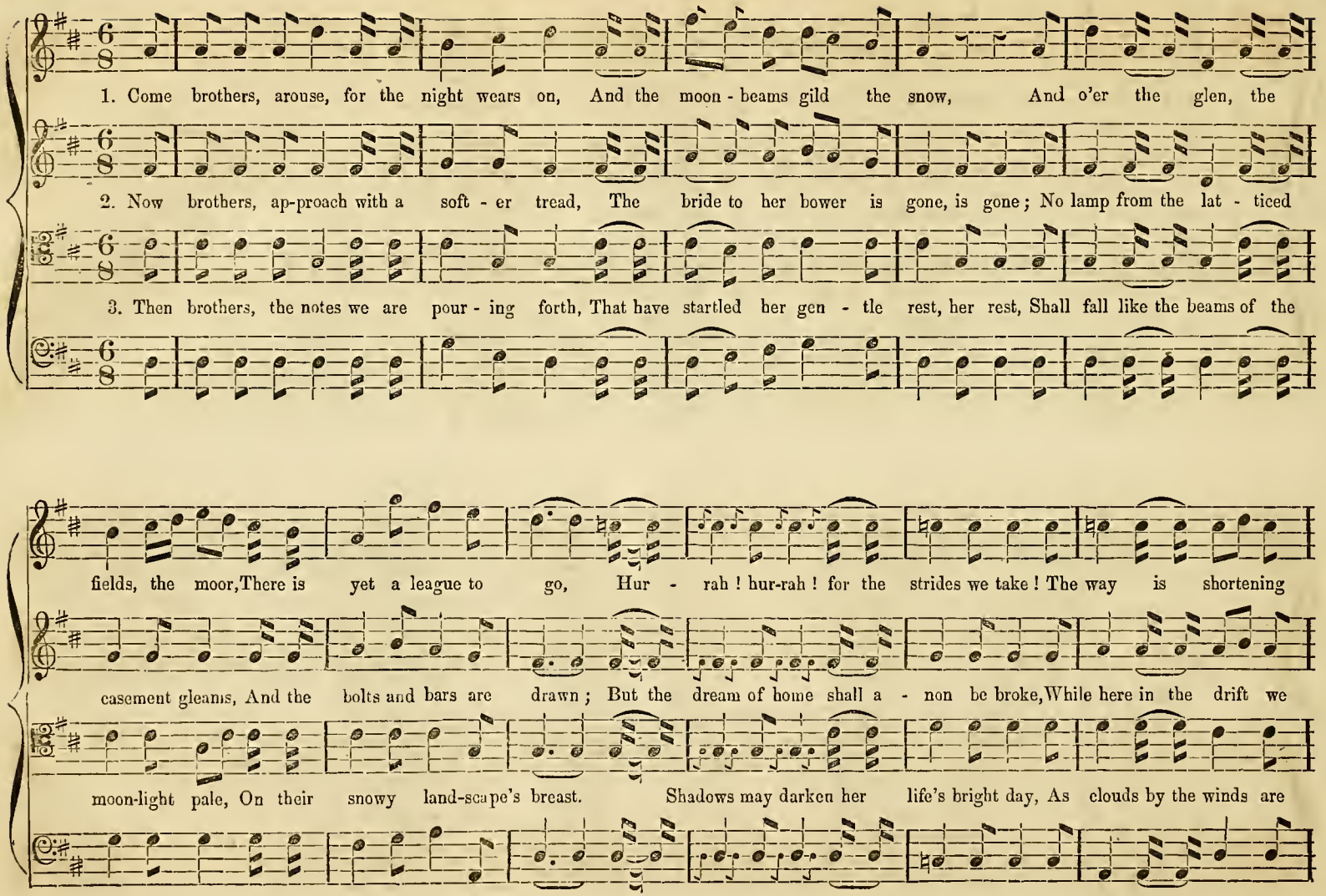


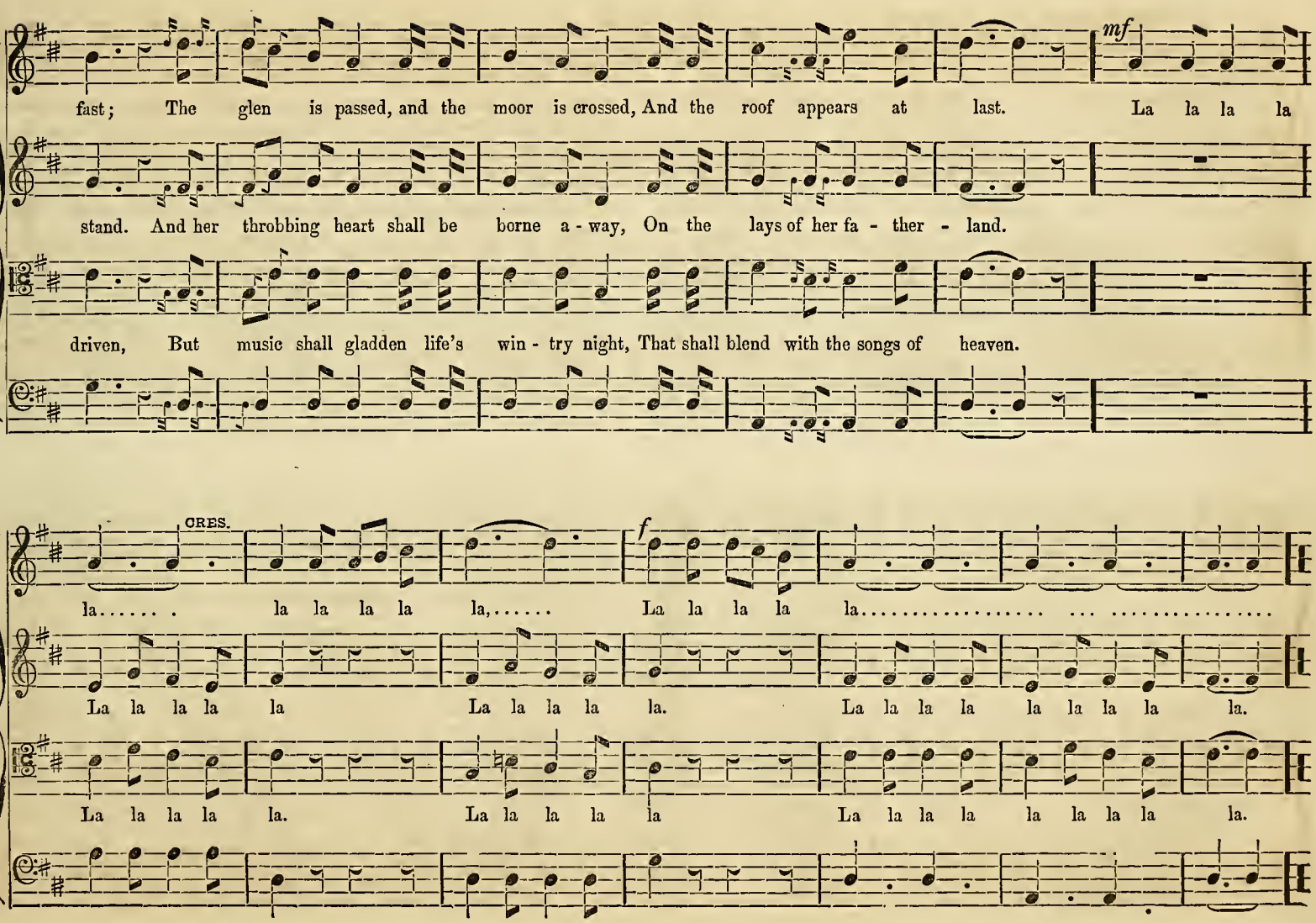


2 On halcyon wings our moments pass,
Life's cruel cares beguiling,
Old time lays down his scythe and glass,
In gay, good humor smiling.
With ermine beard and forelock gray,
His reverend front adorning,
He looks like Winter turned to May.
Night softened into morning.
How grand in age, &c.

3 From those delightful fountains flow,
Ambrosial rills of pleasure.
Can man desire, can heav'n bestow
A more resplendent treasure?
Adorned with gems so richly bright,
We'll form a constellation
Where every star with modest light,
Shall gild his proper station.
How grand in age, &c.


1. Should sor - row o'er thy brow, Its darkened sha - dow fling, And hopes that cheer thee now, Die in their ear - ly spring, Should
2. If ev - er life shall seem To thee a toil - some way, And gladness ceased to beam Up - on its clouded day; If
3. When sickness pales thy cheek, And dims thy lustrous eye, And puls - es low and weak, Tell of a time to die —Sweet
UNISON.
AD LIB.
pleasure at its birth, Fade like the hues of even', Turn thou a - way from earth— There's rest for thee in heaven.
like the wearied dove O'er shoreless ocean driven, Raise thou thine eye a - bove,—There's rest for thee in heaven.
hope shall whisper then, "Tho' thou from earth be riven, There's bliss beyond thy ken, — There's rest for thee in heaven."

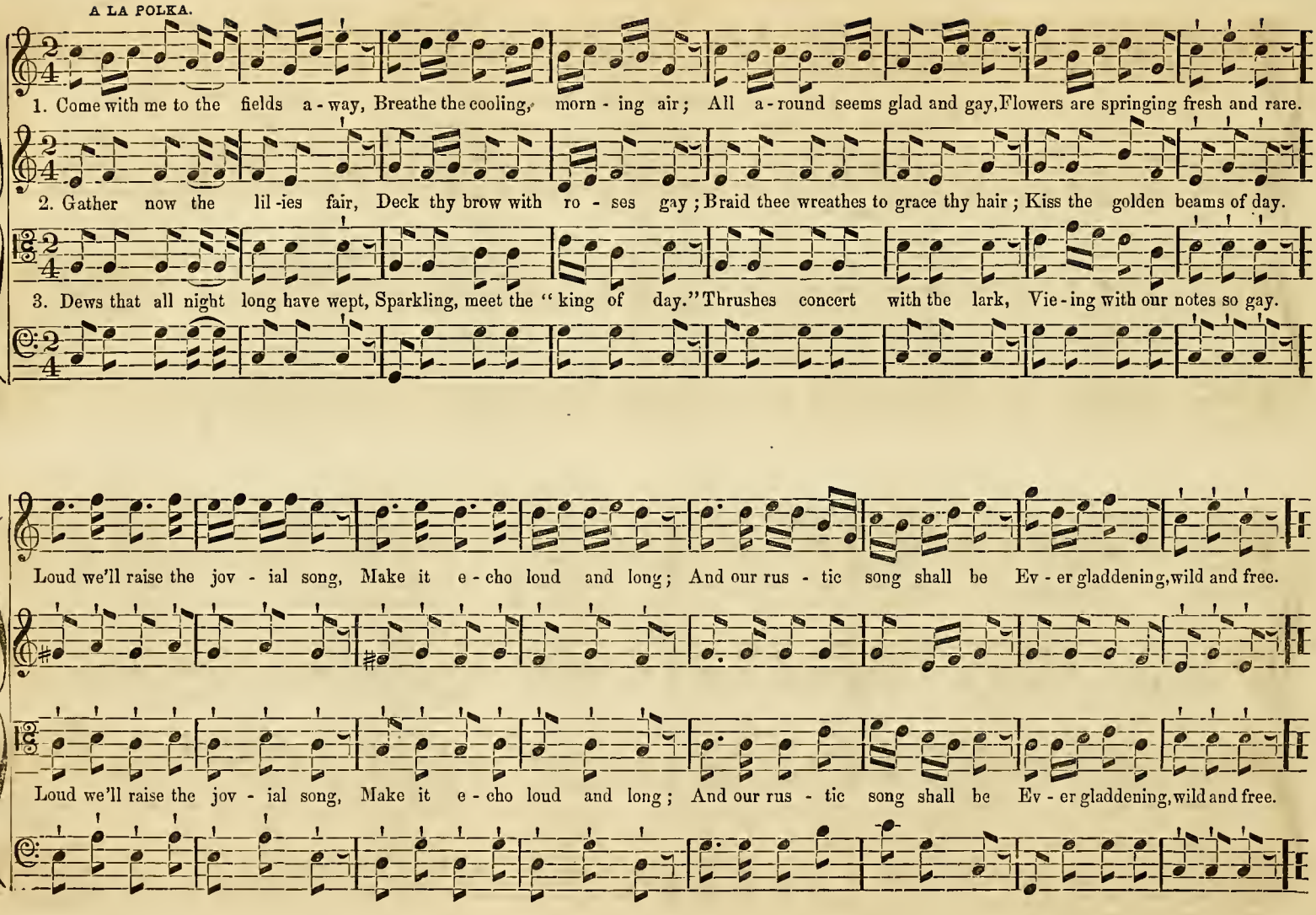

1. Come brothers, arouse, for the night wears on, And the moon - beams gild the snow, And o'er the glen, the
2. Now brothers, ap-proach with a soft - er tread, The bride to her bower is gone, is gone; No lamp from the lat - ticed
3. Then brothers, the notes we are pour - ing forth, That have startled her gen - tle rest, her rest, Shall fall like the beams of the
fields, the moor, There is yet a league to go, Hur - rah! hur-rah! for the strides we take! The way is shortening
casement gleams, And the bolts and bars are drawn; But the dream of home shall a - non be broke, While here in the drift we
moon-light pale, On their snowy land-scape's breast. Shadows may darken her life's bright day, As clouds by the winds are

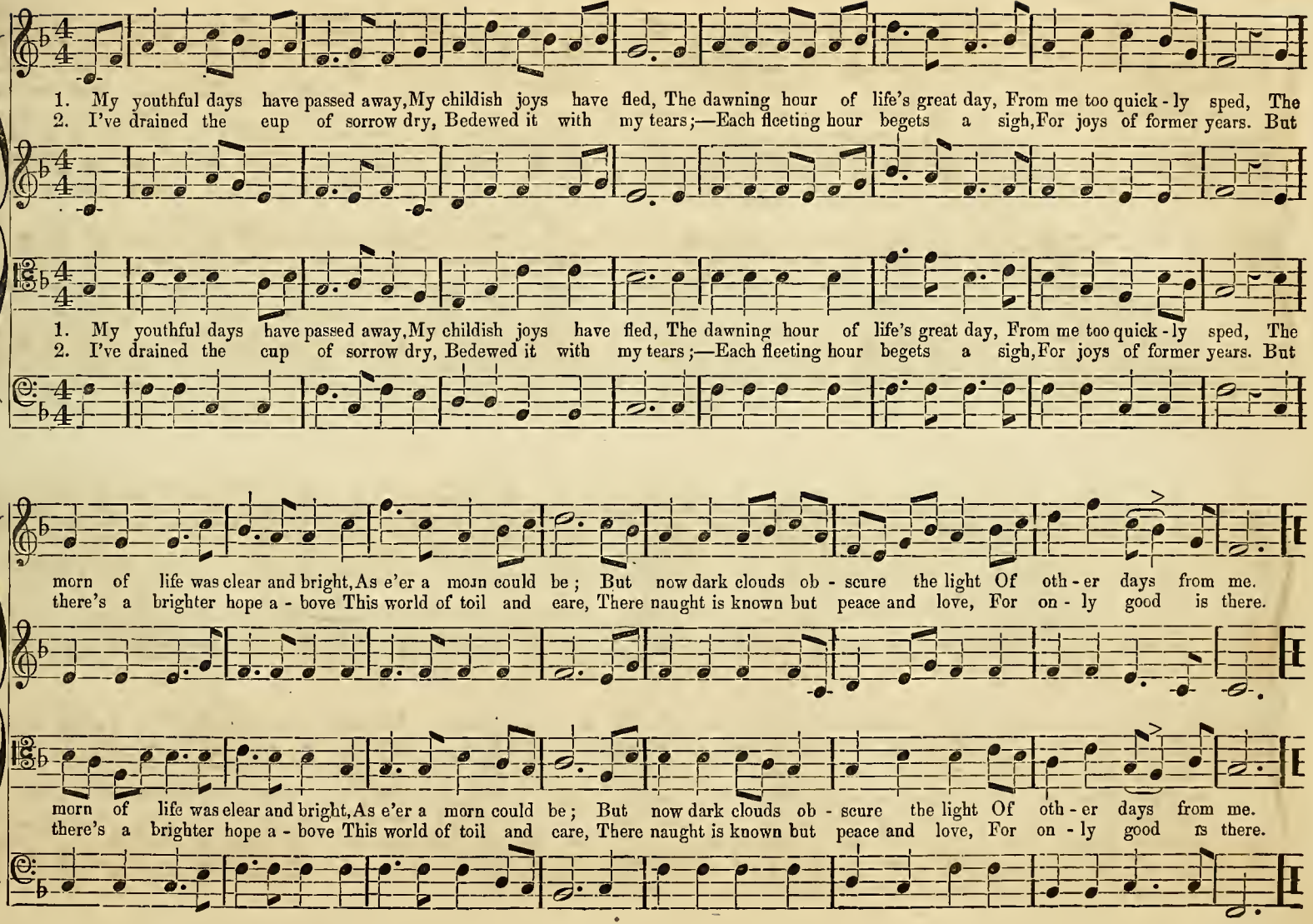

mf
fast; The glen is passed, and the moor is crossed, And the roof appears at last. La la la la
stand. And her throbbing heart shall be borne a - way, On the lays of her fa - ther - land.
driven, But music shall gladden life's win - try night, That shall blend with the songs of heaven.
CRES.
f
la..... la la la la la,..... La la la la la.....
La la la la la La la la la la. La la la la la la la la la.
La la la la la. La la la la la La la la la la la la la.

Away to the Fields.

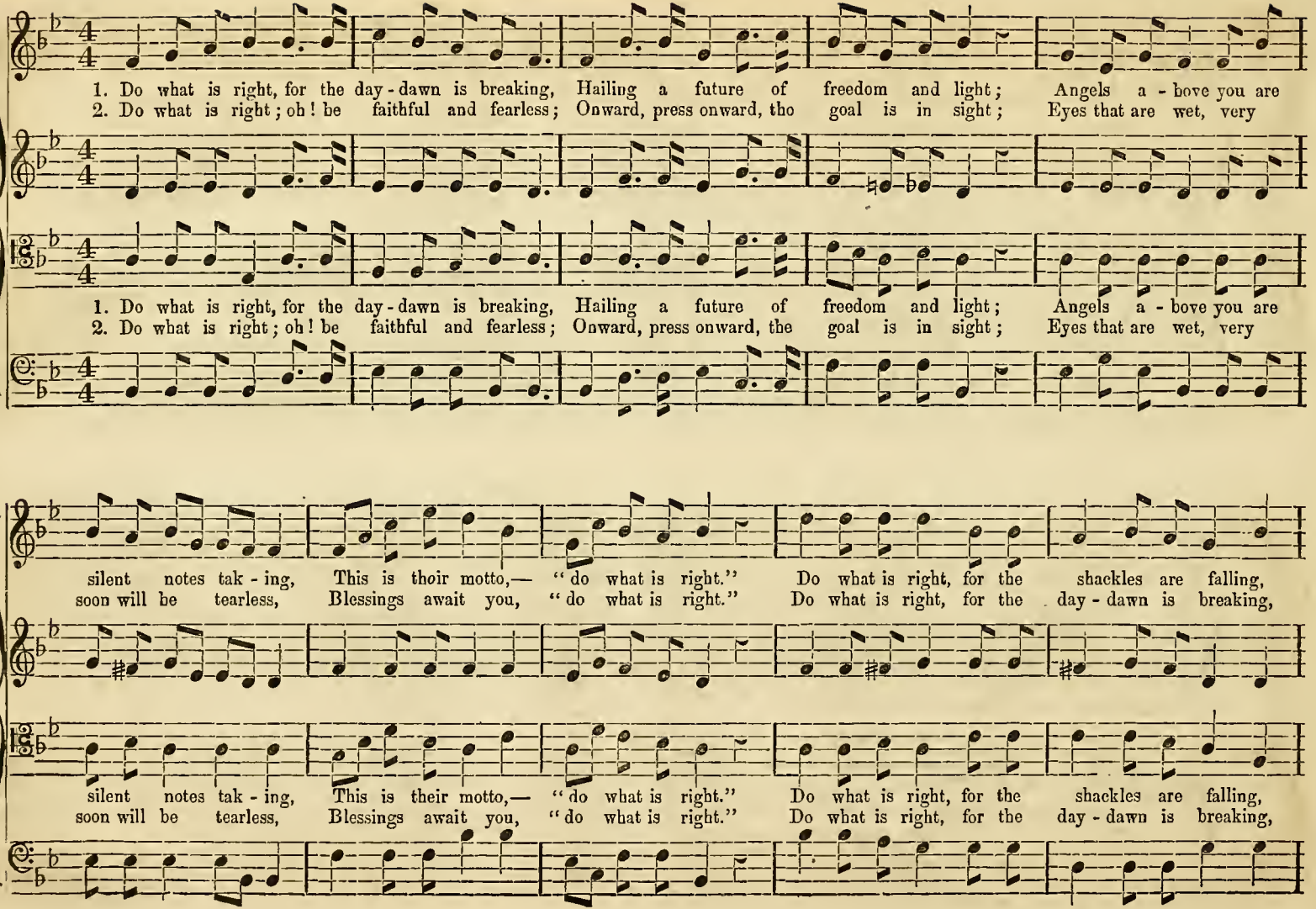
Words by MISS S. M. D.

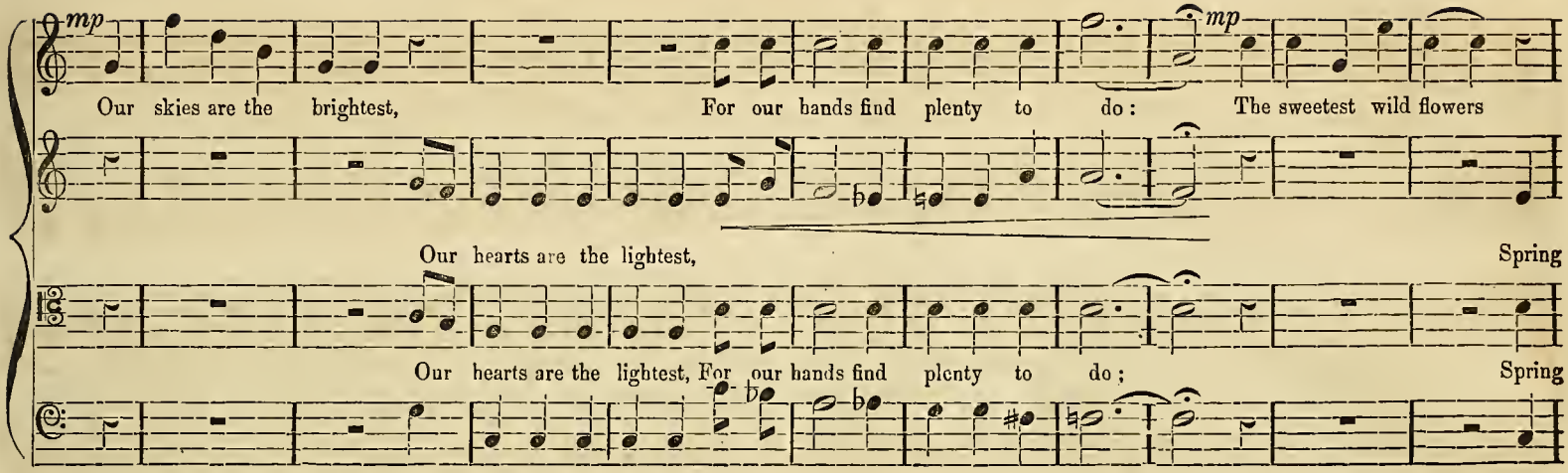
A LA POLKA.

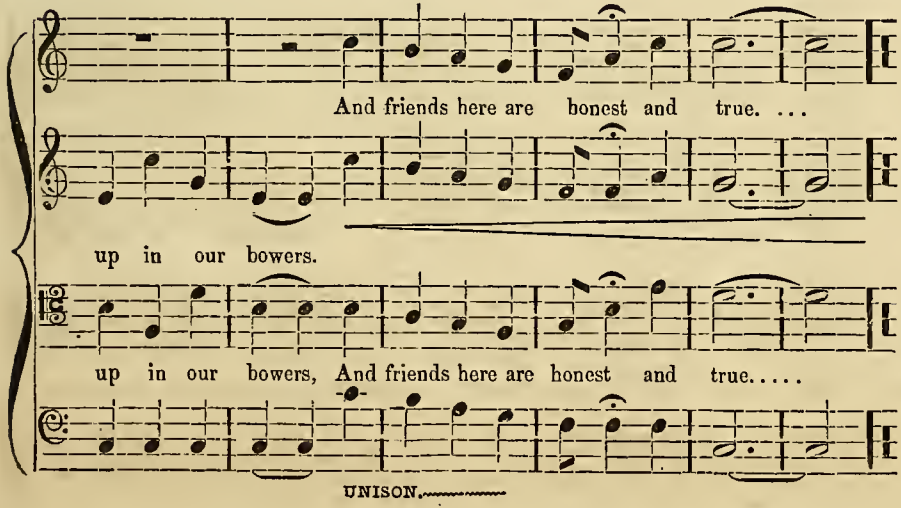



1. My youthful days have passed away, My childish joys have fled, The dawning hour of life's great day, From me too quick-ly sped, The
2. I've drained the cup of sorrow dry, Bedewed it with my tears;—Each fleeting hour begets a sigh, For joys of former years. But
1. My youthful days have passed away, My childish joys have fled, The dawning hour of life's great day, From me too quick-ly sped, The
2. I've drained the cup of sorrow dry, Bedewed it with my tears;—Each fleeting hour begets a sigh, For joys of former years. But
morn of life was clear and bright, As e'er a morn could be; But now dark clouds ob-scure the light Of oth-er days from me.
there's a brighter hope a-bove This world of toil and care, There naught is known but peace and love, For on-ly good is there.
morn of life was clear and bright, As e'er a morn could be; But now dark clouds ob-scure the light Of oth-er days from me.
there's a brighter hope a-bove This world of toil and care, There naught is known but peace and love, For on-ly good is there.

Do what is Right.







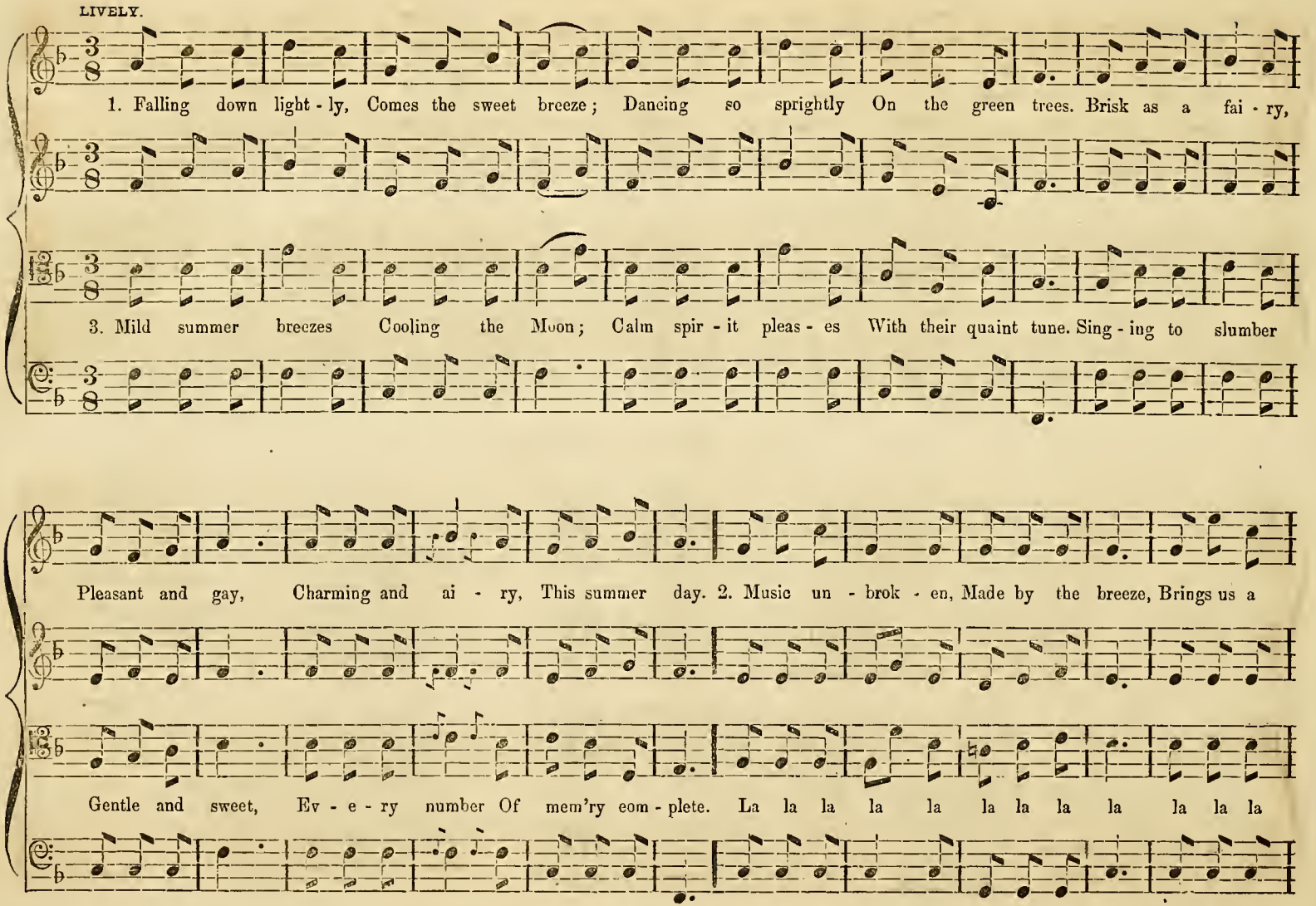
2

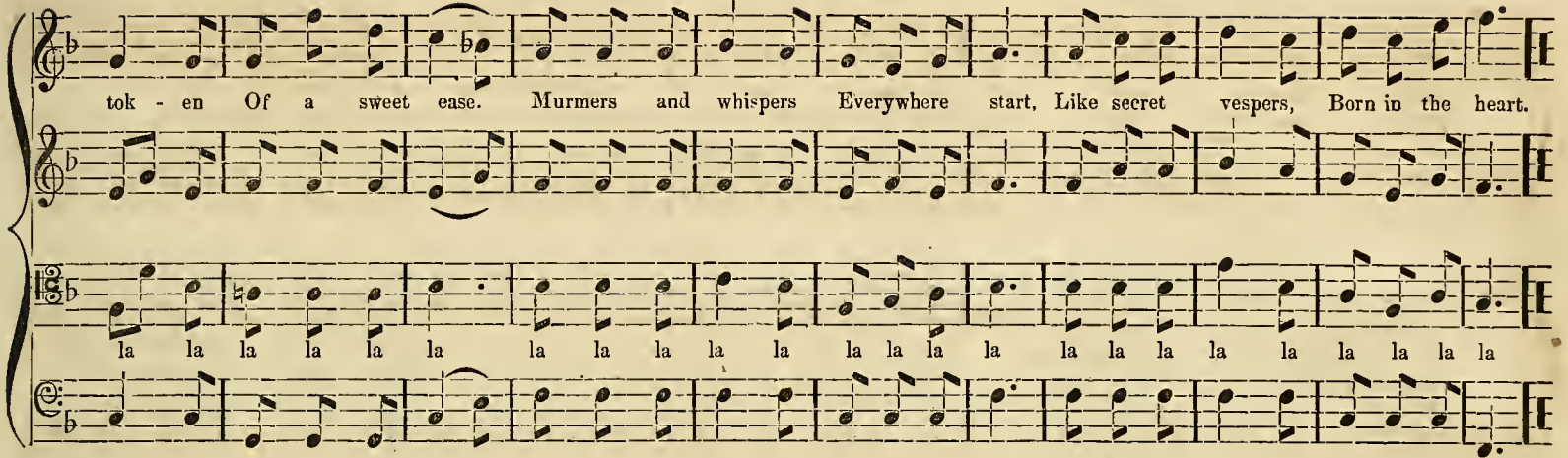
O! come to this beauteous land,
Far away o'er the bright sunny wave;
Our prairies, so broad and so grand,
Are homes for the good and the brave.
Are homes for the good and the brave
Our skies are the brightest, &c.

3

Then come to my western home,
Leave care and grief behind;
O'er mountain and valley, then come,
Where a greeting warm you will find,
Where a greeting warm you will find
Our skies are the brightest, &c.

QUARTETTE. Sweet Summer breeze.

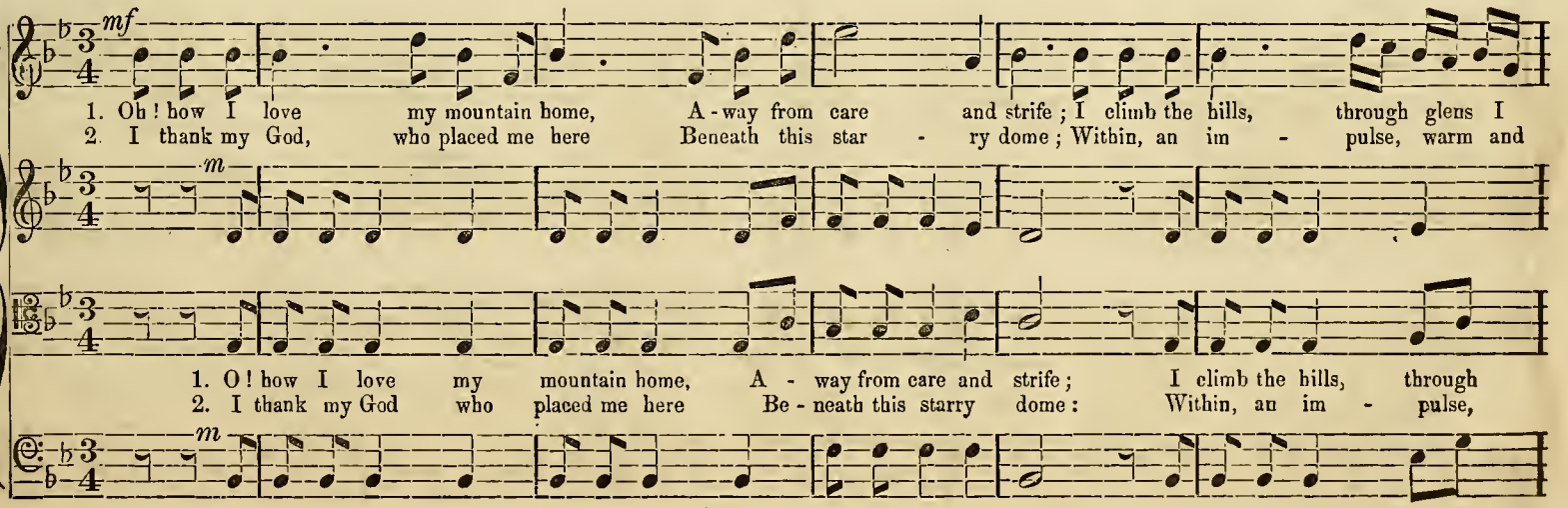




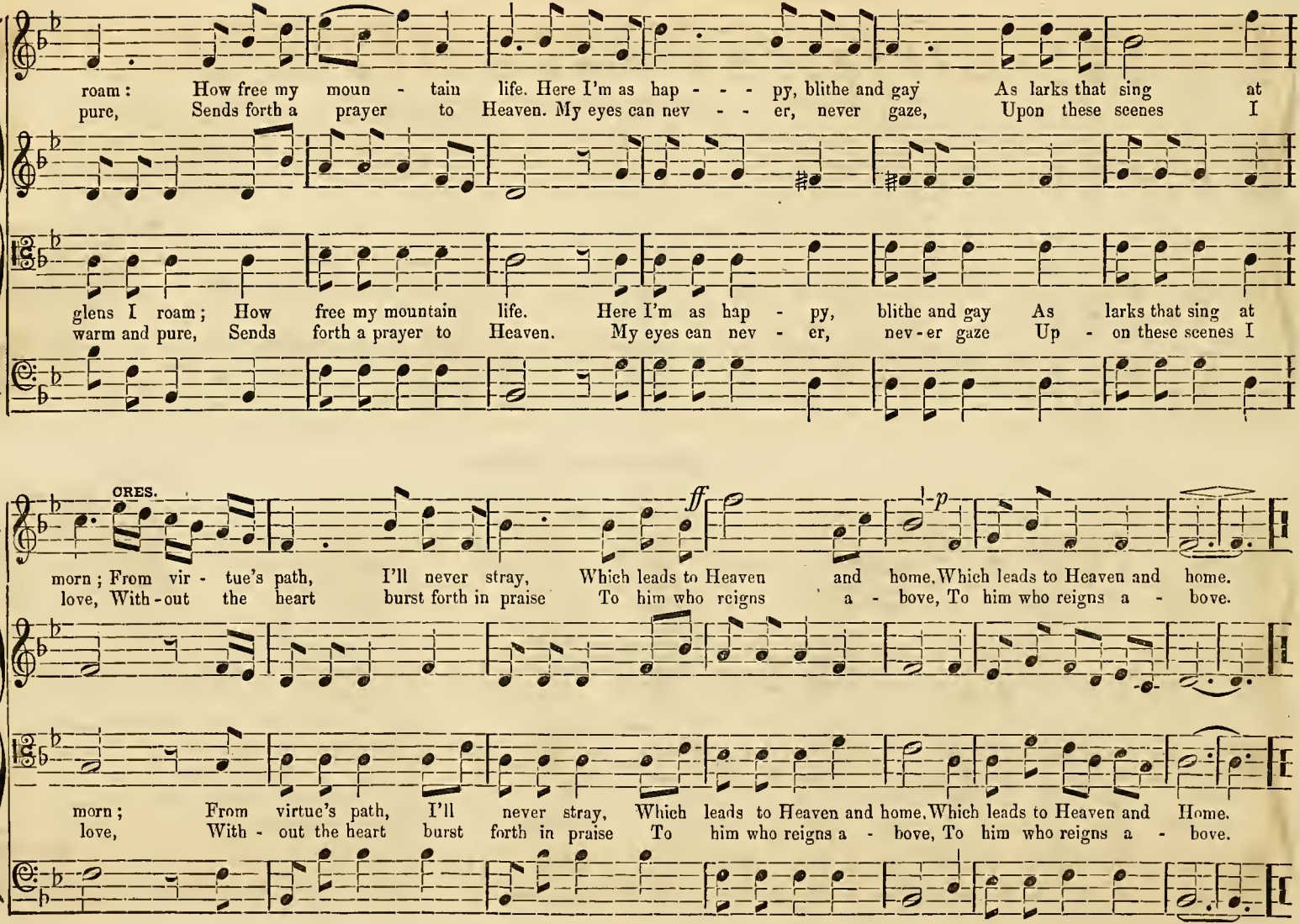
Words by MISS S. M. P.

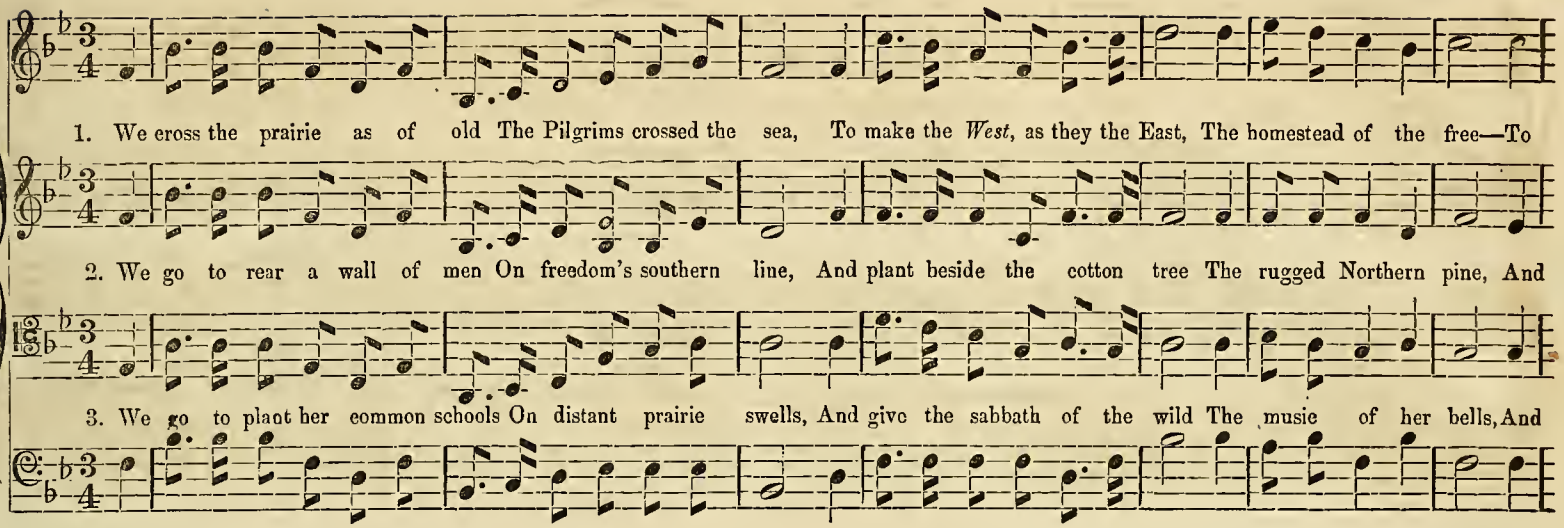
My Mountain Home.

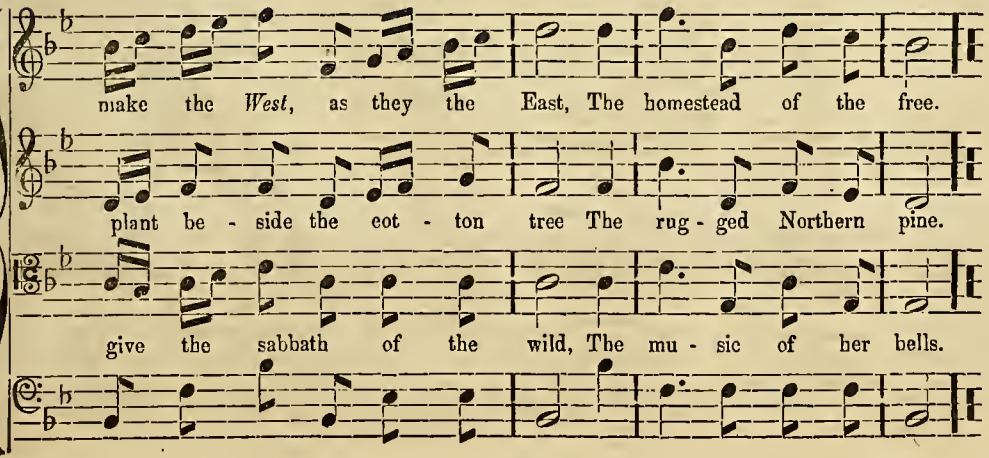
F. H. P.



My Mountain Home. Concluded.







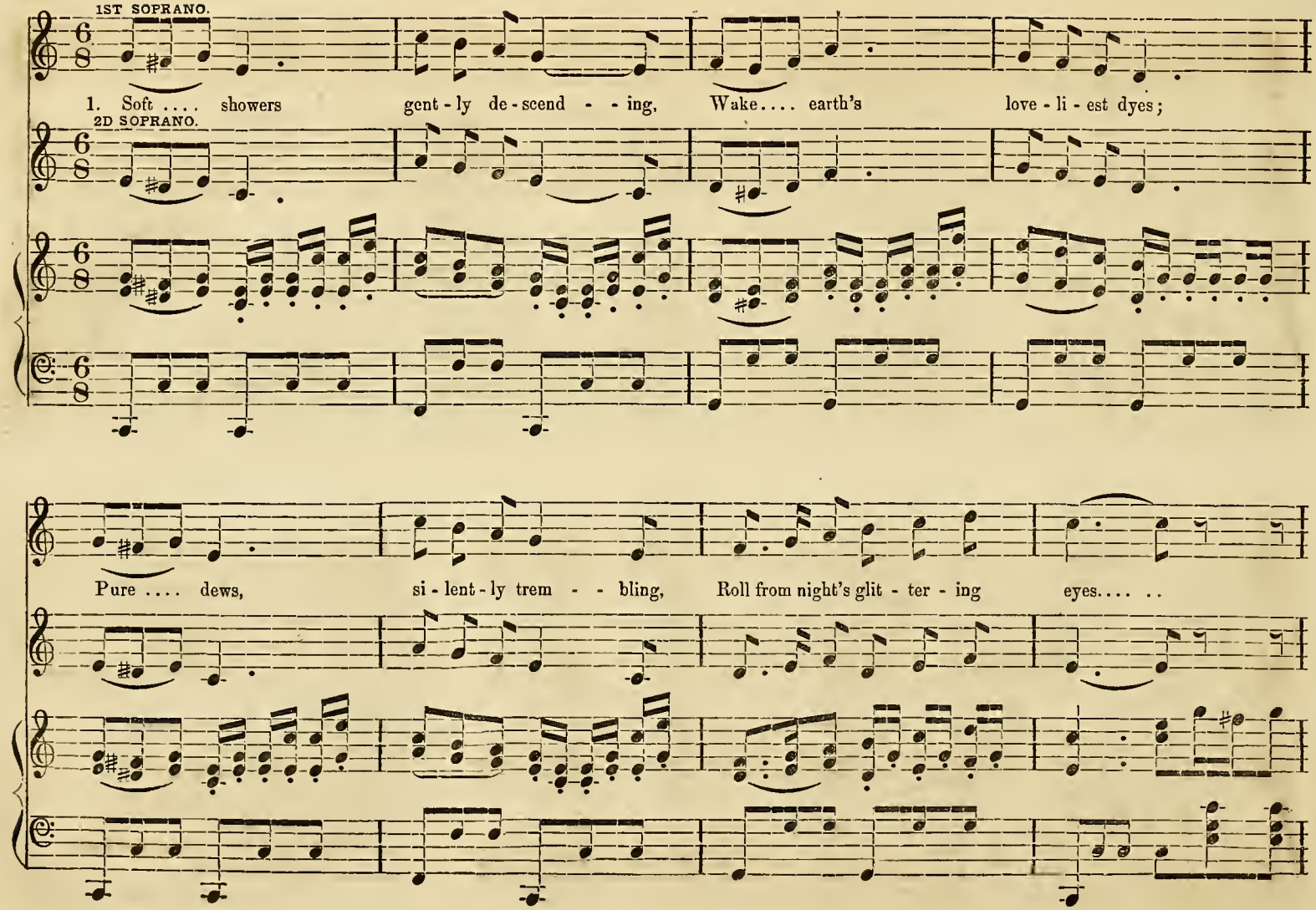
4 Upbearing like the Ark of Old,
The Bible in our van,
We go to test the truth of God
Against the fraud of man.
We go to test, &c.

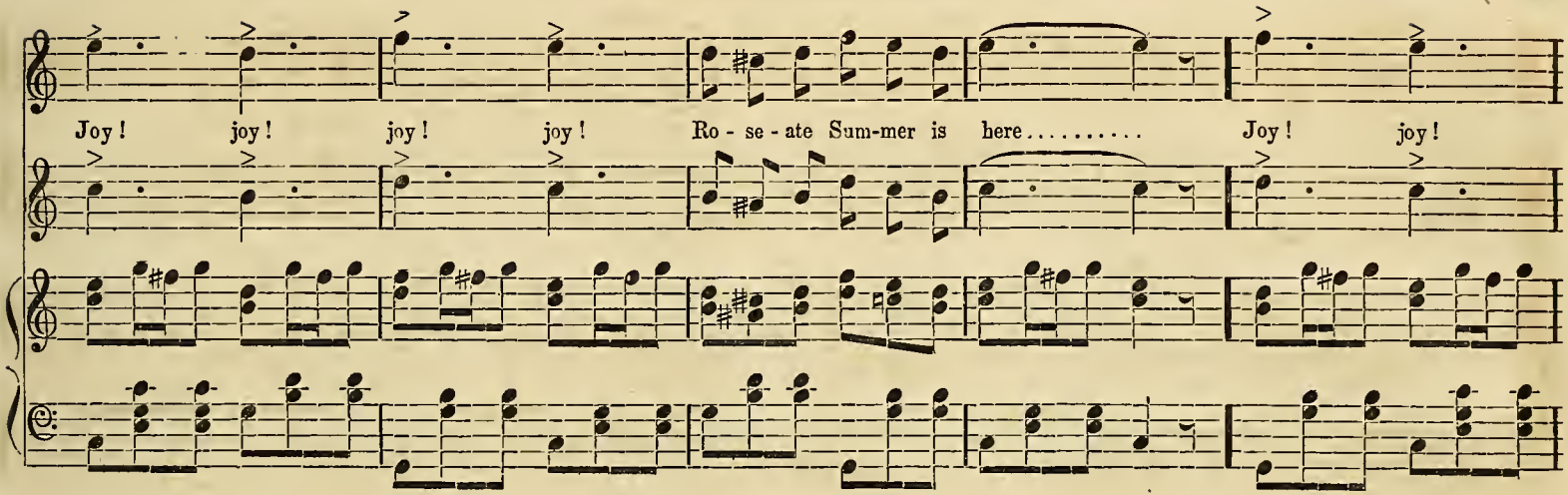
5 No pause, nor rest, save where the streams
That feed the Kansas run,
Save where our Pilgrim gonfalon,
Shall flout the setting sun.
Save where, &c.

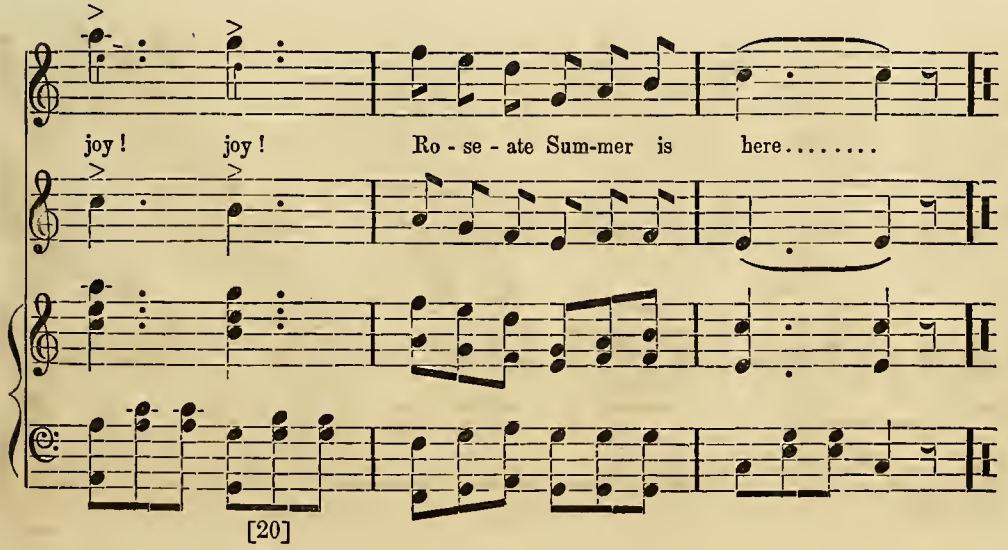
6 We'll sweep the prairie as of old
Our fathers swept the sea,
And make the West, as they the East,
The homestead of the Free.
And make the, &c.

DUETT. "Roseate Summer is here."

Composed by T. WOOD.







[20]

2.

Lo ! when evening's last hour,
Star-winged flyeth the morn ;
Grove, wood, mountain, and flower,
Sparkle with glory new-born.
Joy, joy, &c.

3.

Clear streams pearling and gushing,
Sweet birds caroling gay ;
Fruit, flowers, fragrant and blushing,
Blend with the brightness of day.
Joy, joy, &c.

Barcarole.

Composed from G. N ALLEN'S "Silver Wave Barcarole."

1. Hark! to the gay gui - tar, sweetly sounding from a - far; Farther and farther still, By the gentle rill.

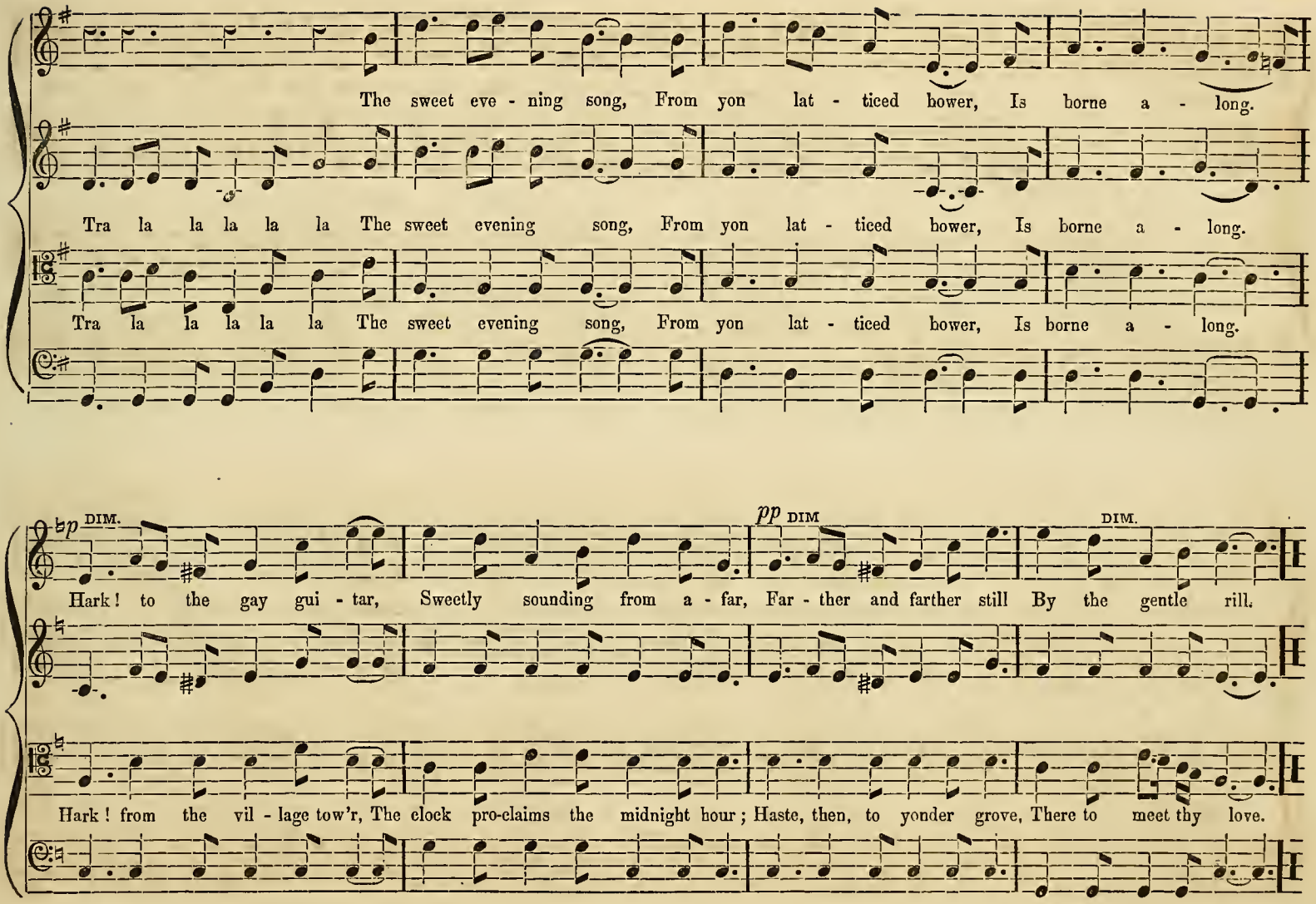
2. Hark! from the village tow'r The clock proclaims the midnight hour, Haste then to yonder grove, There to meet thy love.

p

The sound floats a - long, From yon lat - ticed bower Its sweet evening song.

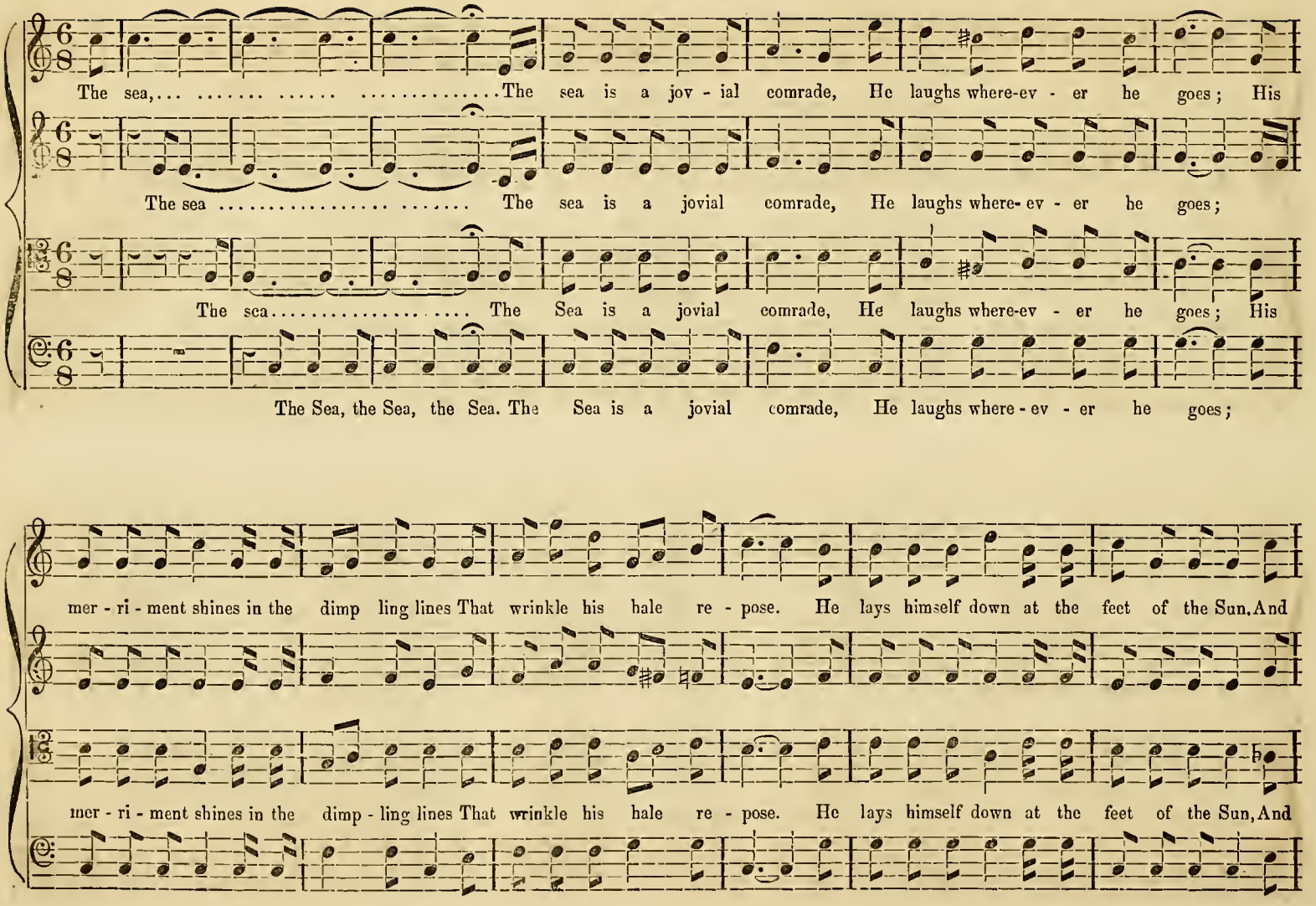
Tra la la la la la la Tra la la la la la..... Tra la la la ..... la la.

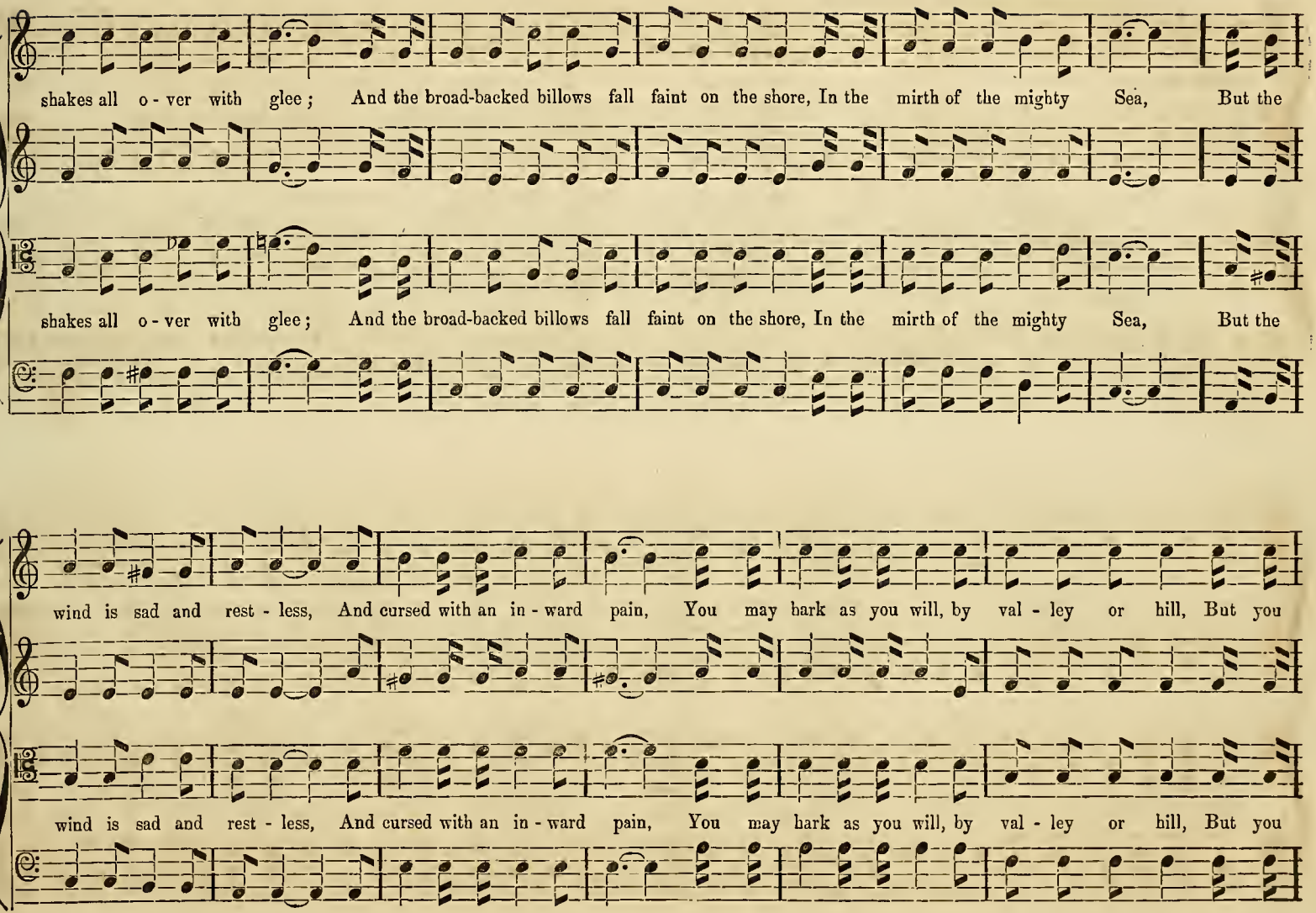
Tra la la la la la la Tra la la la la la la la la la la la.


The sweet eve - ning song, From yon lat - ticed bower, Is borne a - long.
Tra la la la la la The sweet evening song, From yon lat - ticed bower, Is borne a - long.
Tra la la la la la The sweet evening song, From yon lat - ticed bower, Is borne a - long.
p DIM.
pp DIM
DIM.
Hark! to the gay gui - tar, Sweetly sounding from a - far, Far - ther and farther still By the gentle rill.
Hark! from the vil - lage tow'r, The clock pro-claims the midnight hour; Haste, then, to yonder grove, There to meet thy love.

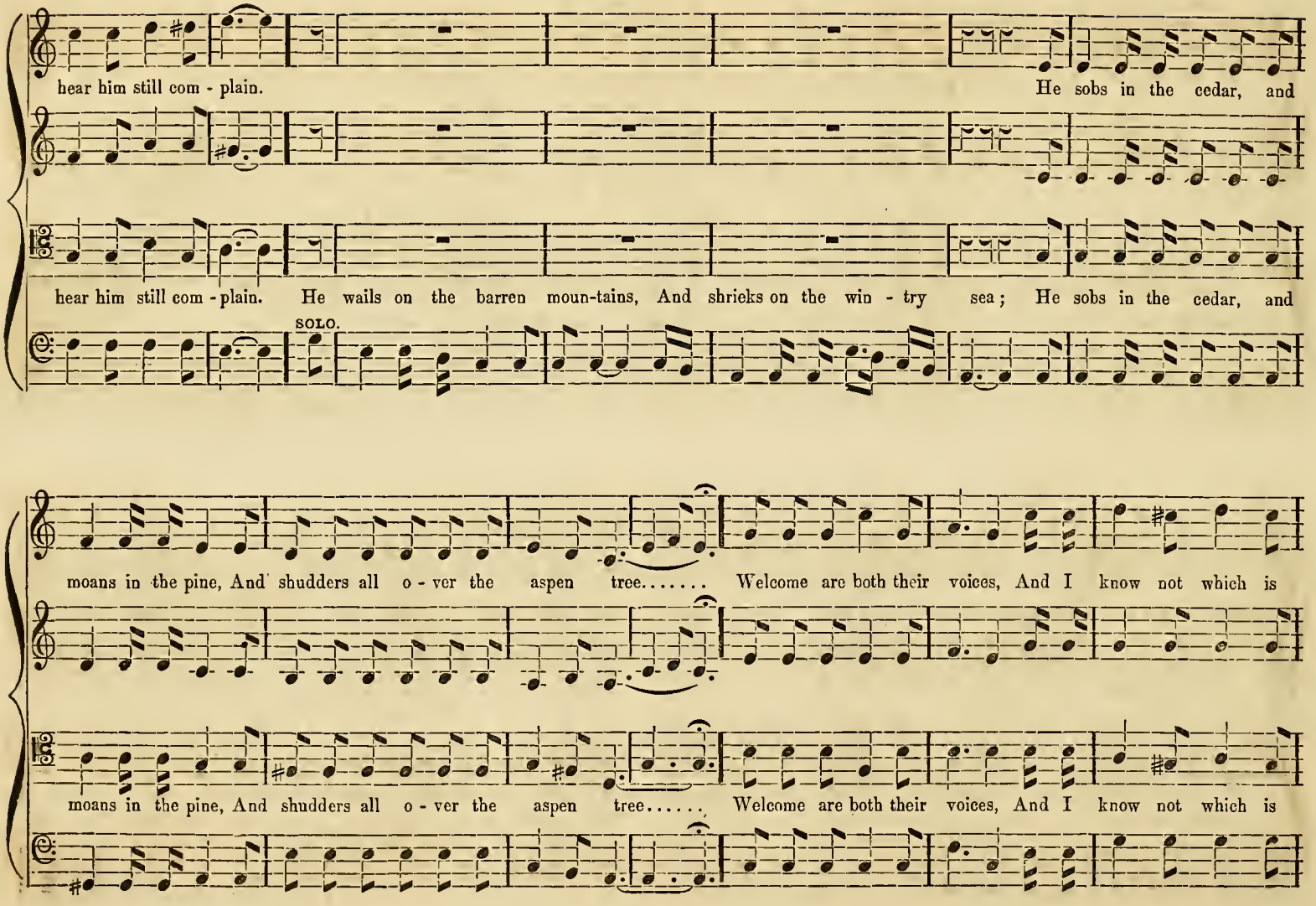
Wind and Sea.

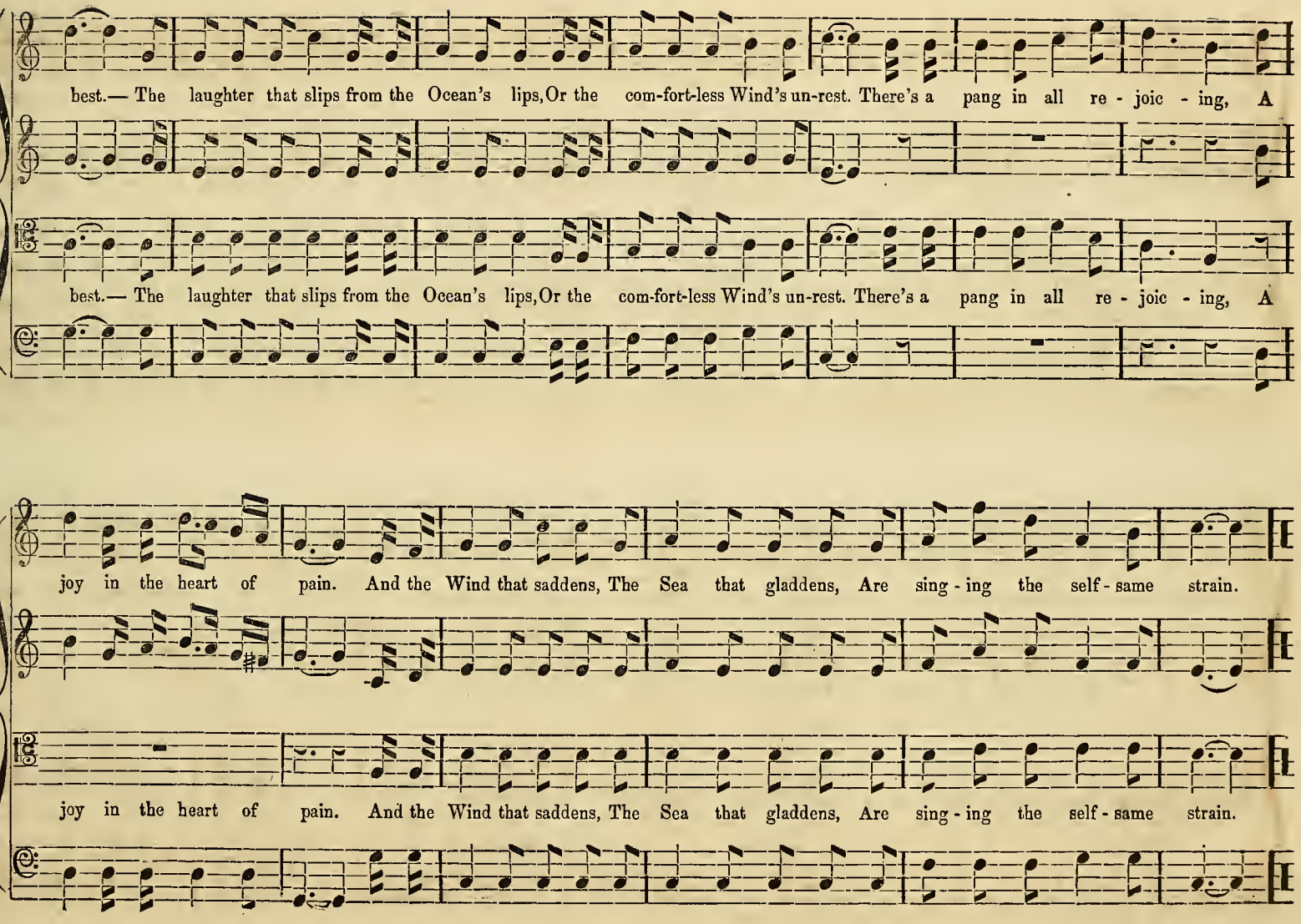
Music by F. H. PEASE.




shakes all o - ver with glee; And the broad-backed billows fall faint on the shore, In the mirth of the mighty Sea, But the
shakes all o - ver with glee; And the broad-backed billows fall faint on the shore, In the mirth of the mighty Sea, But the
wind is sad and rest - less, And cursed with an in - ward pain, You may bark as you will, by val - ley or hill, But you
wind is sad and rest - less, And cursed with an in - ward pain, You may bark as you will, by val - ley or hill, But you

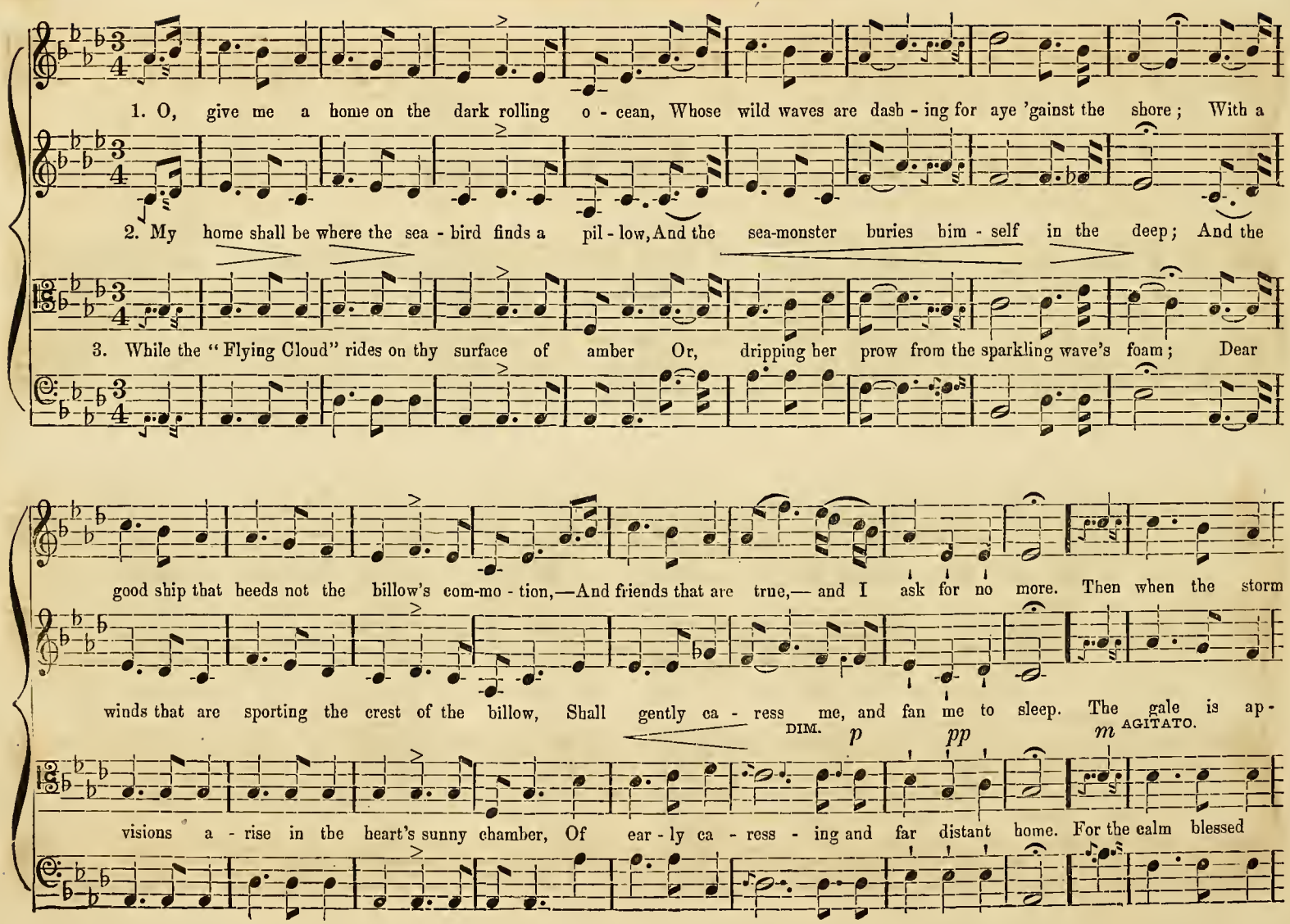
Wind and Sea. Continued

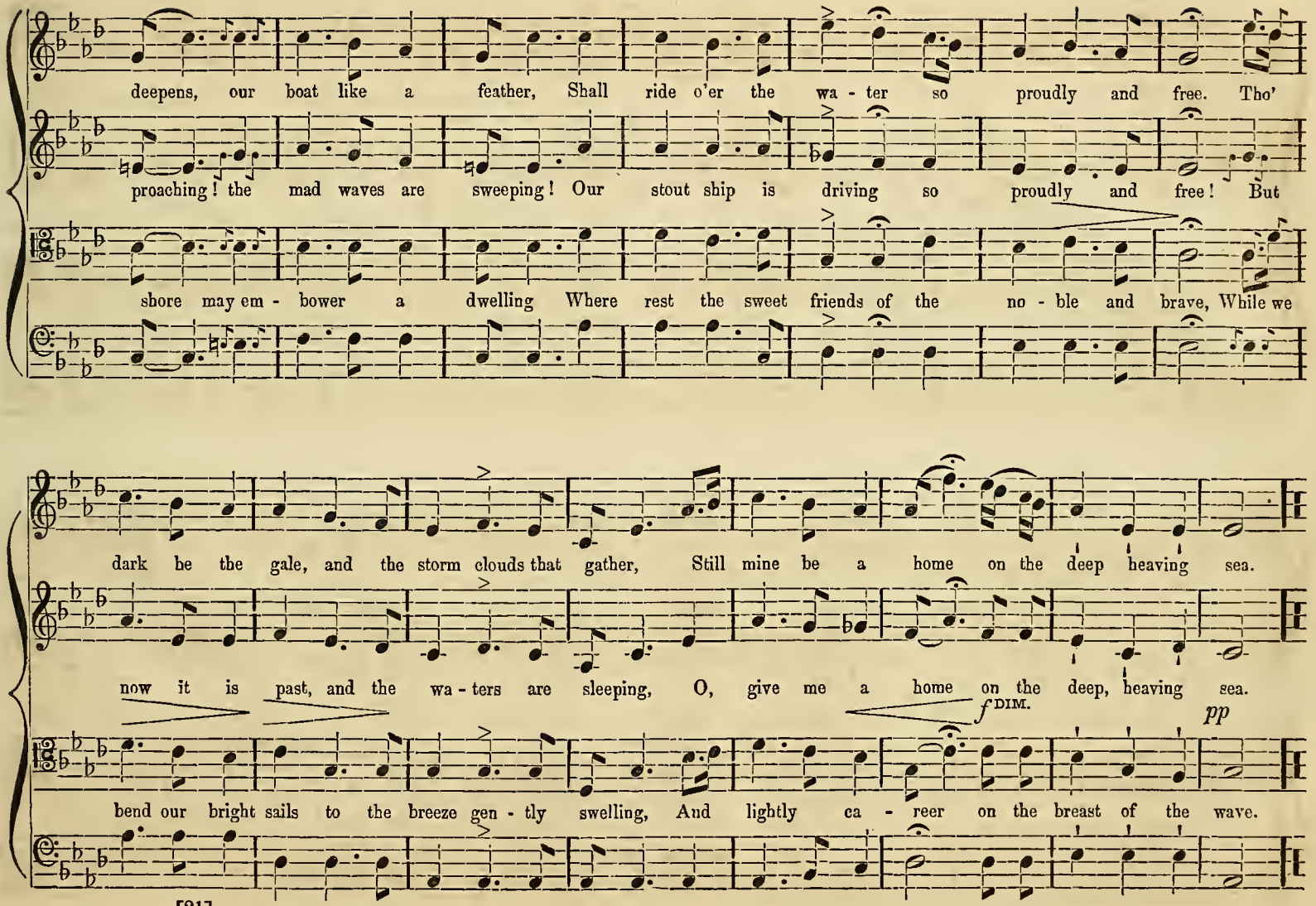



best.— The laughter that slips from the Ocean's lips, Or the com-fort-less Wind's un-rest. There's a pang in all re - joic - ing, A
best.— The laughter that slips from the Ocean's lips, Or the com-fort-less Wind's un-rest. There's a pang in all re - joic - ing, A
joy in the heart of pain. And the Wind that saddens, The Sea that gladdens, Are sing - ing the self - same strain.
joy in the heart of pain. And the Wind that saddens, The Sea that gladdens, Are sing - ing the self - same strain.

A Home on the Sea.

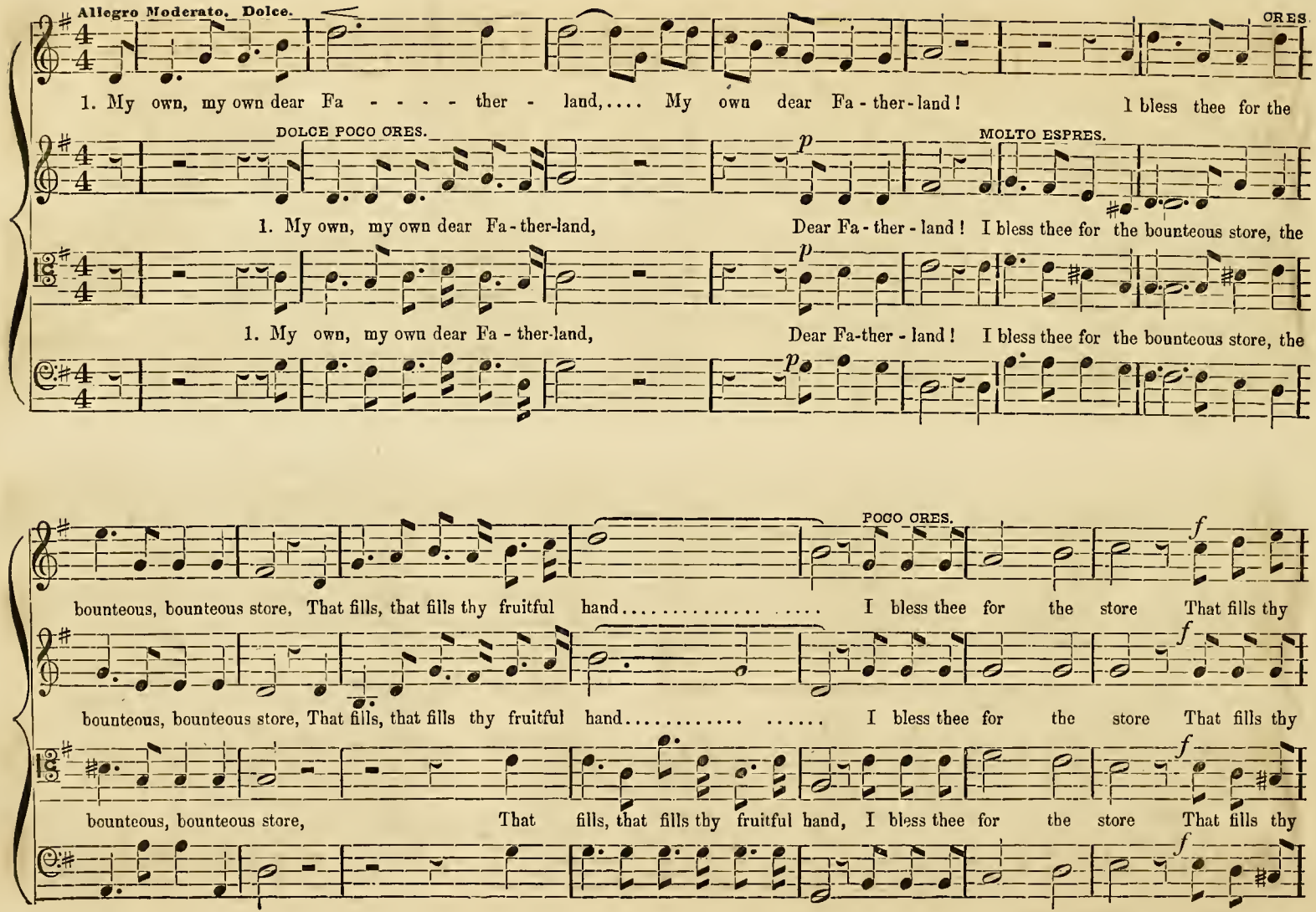
Music by S. PENFIELD.

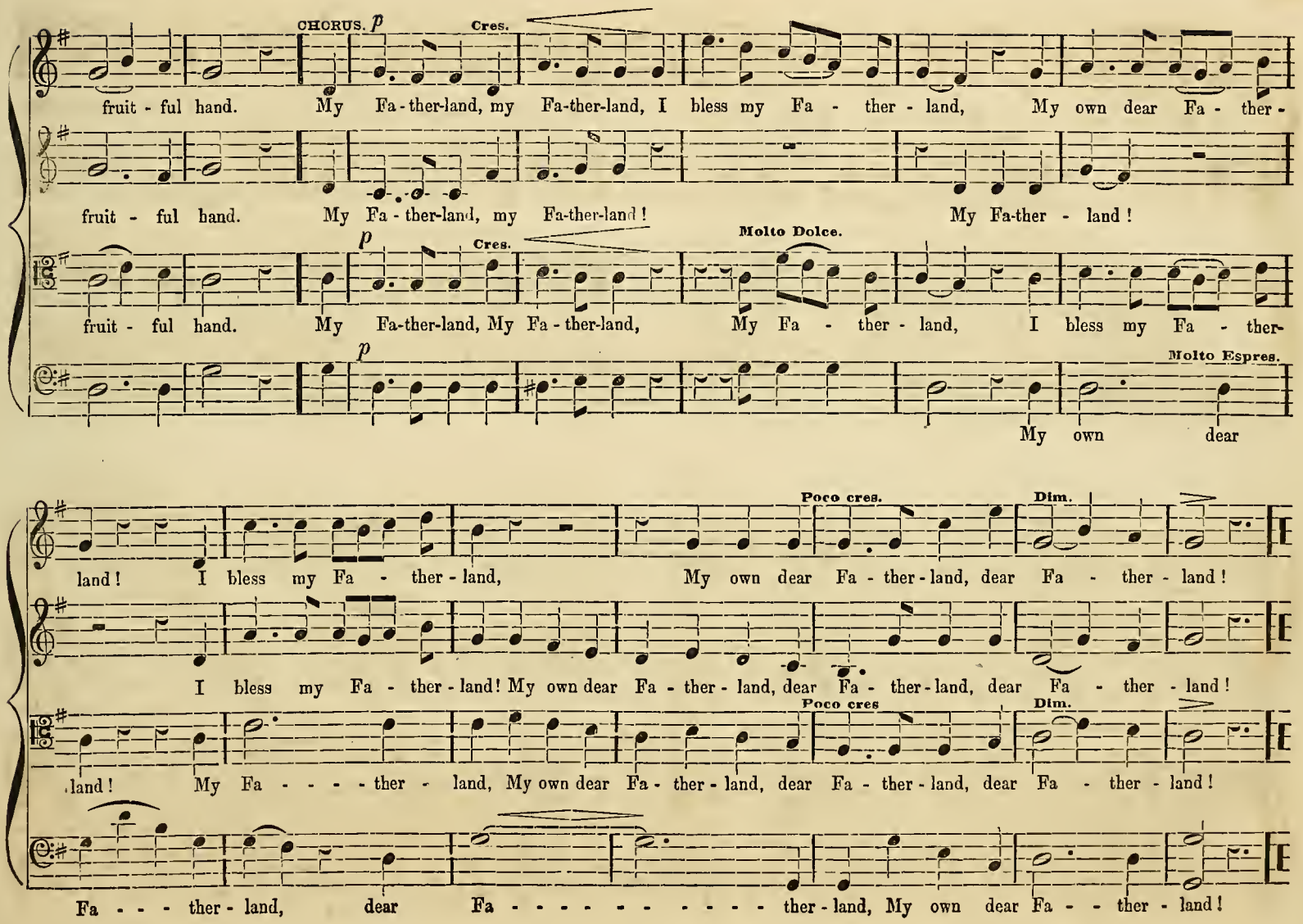



deepens, our boat like a feather, Shall ride o'er the wa - ter so proudly and free. Tho'
proaching! the mad waves are sweeping! Our stout ship is driving so proudly and free! But
shore may em - bower a dwelling Where rest the sweet friends of the no - ble and brave, While we
dark be the gale, and the storm clouds that gather, Still mine be a home on the deep heaving sea.
now it is past, and the wa - ters are sleeping, O, give me a home on the deep, heaving sea.
f DIM.
pp
bend our bright sails to the breeze gen - tly swelling, And lightly ca - reer on the breast of the wave.

My Fatherland.

FRANZ ABT.

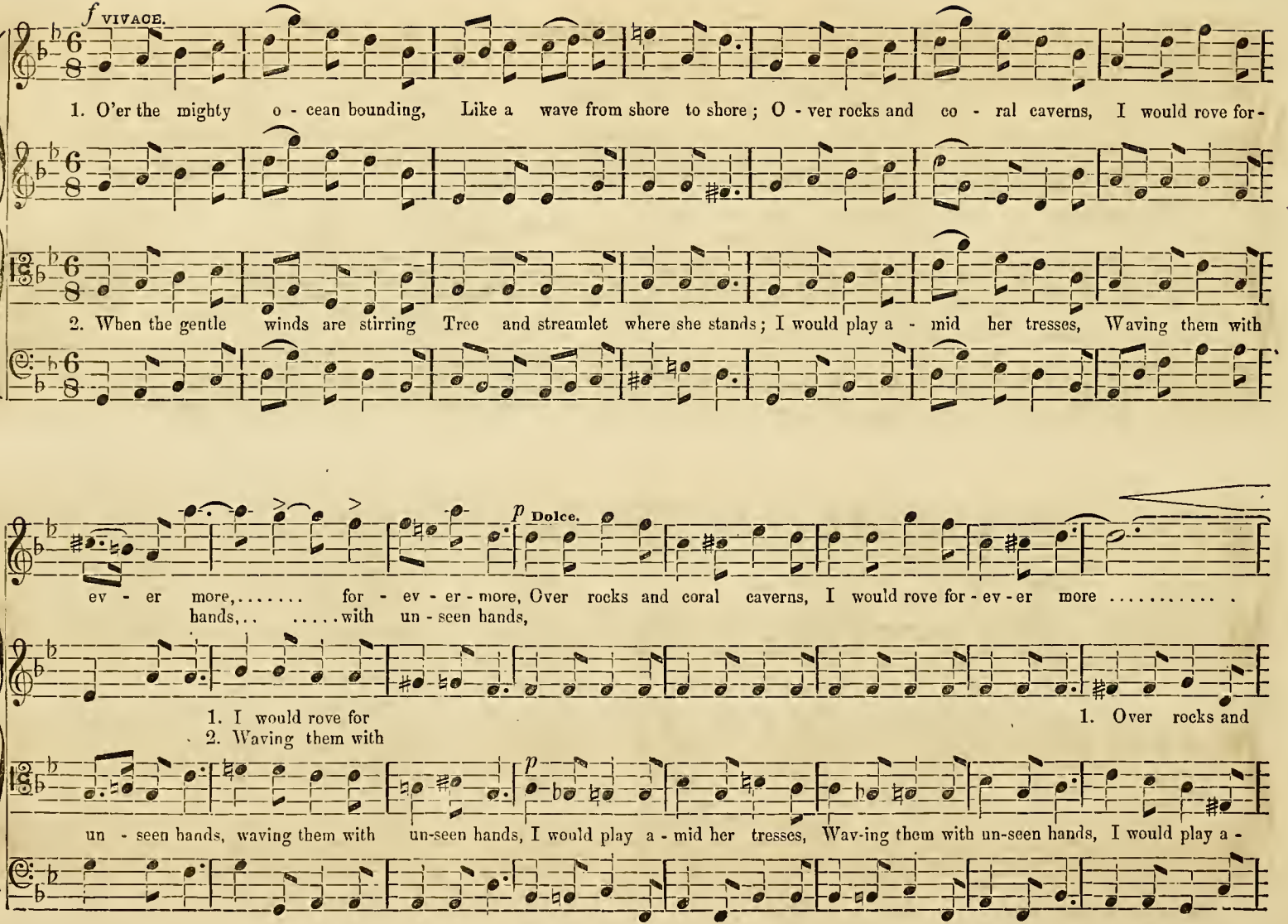


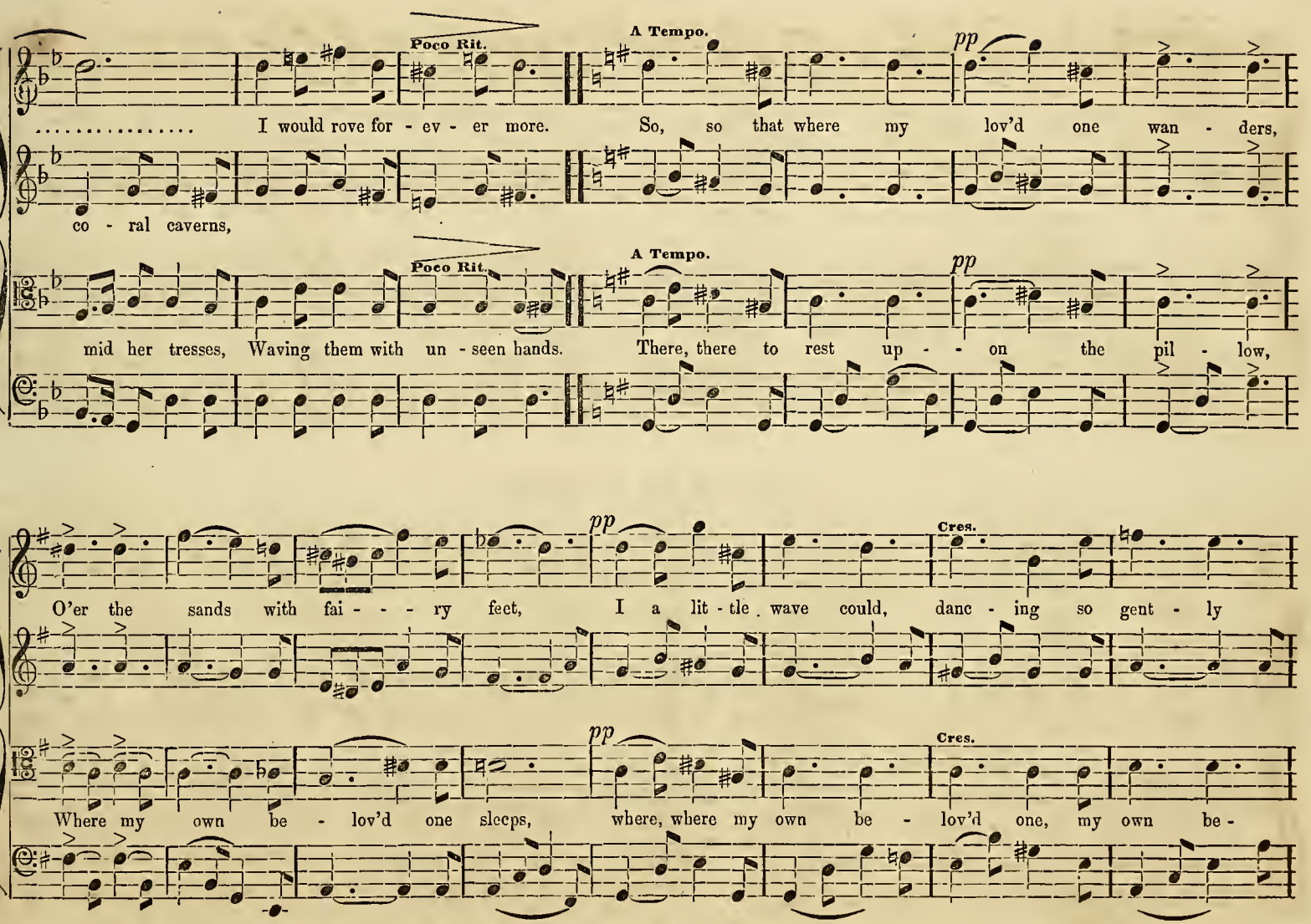

CHORUS. p
Cres.
fruit - ful hand. My Fa - ther-land, my Fa-ther-land, I bless my Fa - ther - land, My own dear Fa - ther -
fruit - ful hand. My Fa - ther-land, my Fa-ther-land! My Fa-ther - land!
p
Cres.
Molto Dolce.
fruit - ful hand. My Fa-ther-land, My Fa - ther-land, My Fa - ther - land, I bless my Fa - ther-
p
Molto Espres.
My own dear
Poco cres.
Dim.
land! I bless my Fa - ther - land, My own dear Fa - ther - land, dear Fa - ther - land!
I bless my Fa - ther - land! My own dear Fa - ther - land, dear Fa - ther - land, dear Fa - ther - land!
Poco cres
Dim.
land! My Fa - - - - ther - land, My own dear Fa - ther - land, dear Fa - ther - land, dear Fa - ther - land!
Fa - - - ther - land, dear Fa - - - - - - - - - - ther - land, My own dear Fa - - ther - land!

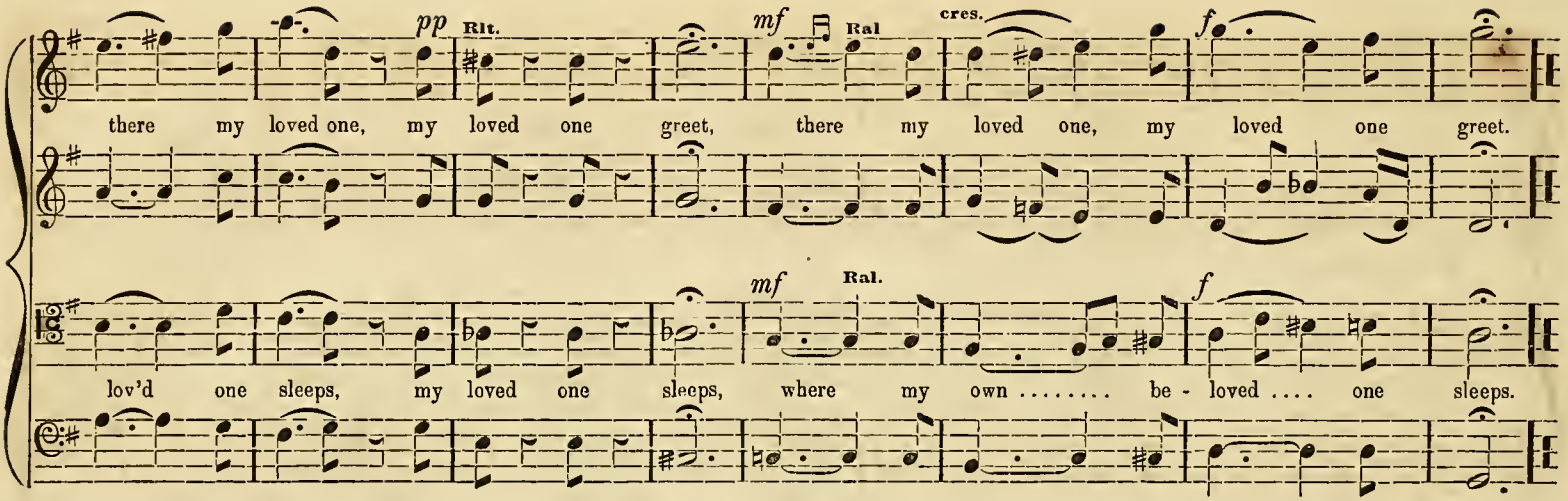
Words by J. E. CARPENTER.

Love's Greeting.

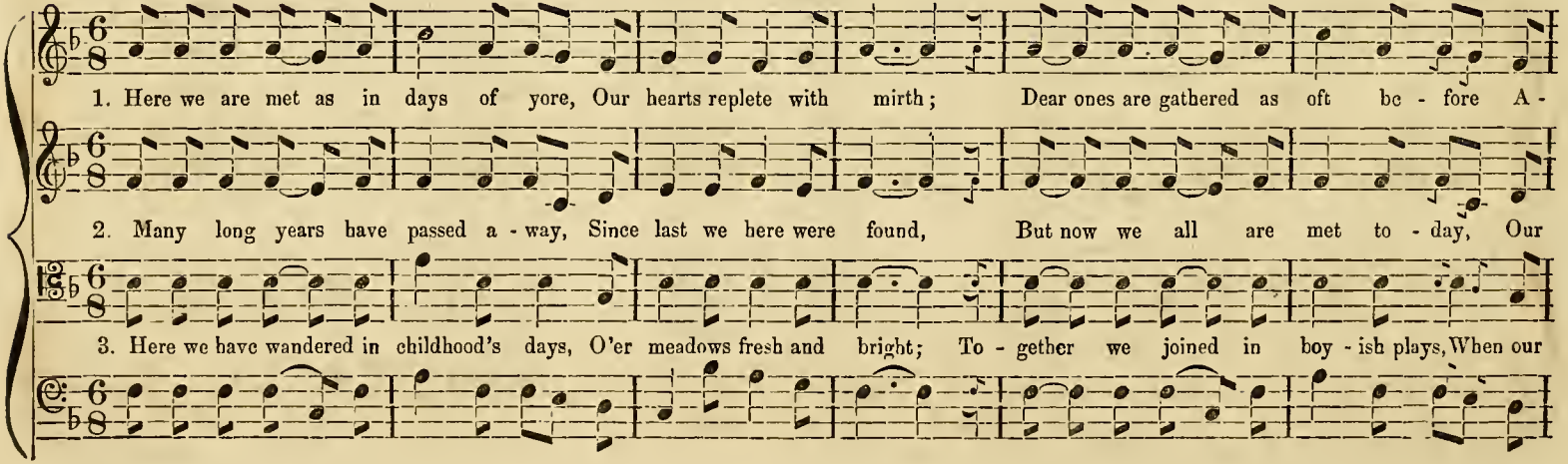
FRANZ ABT.

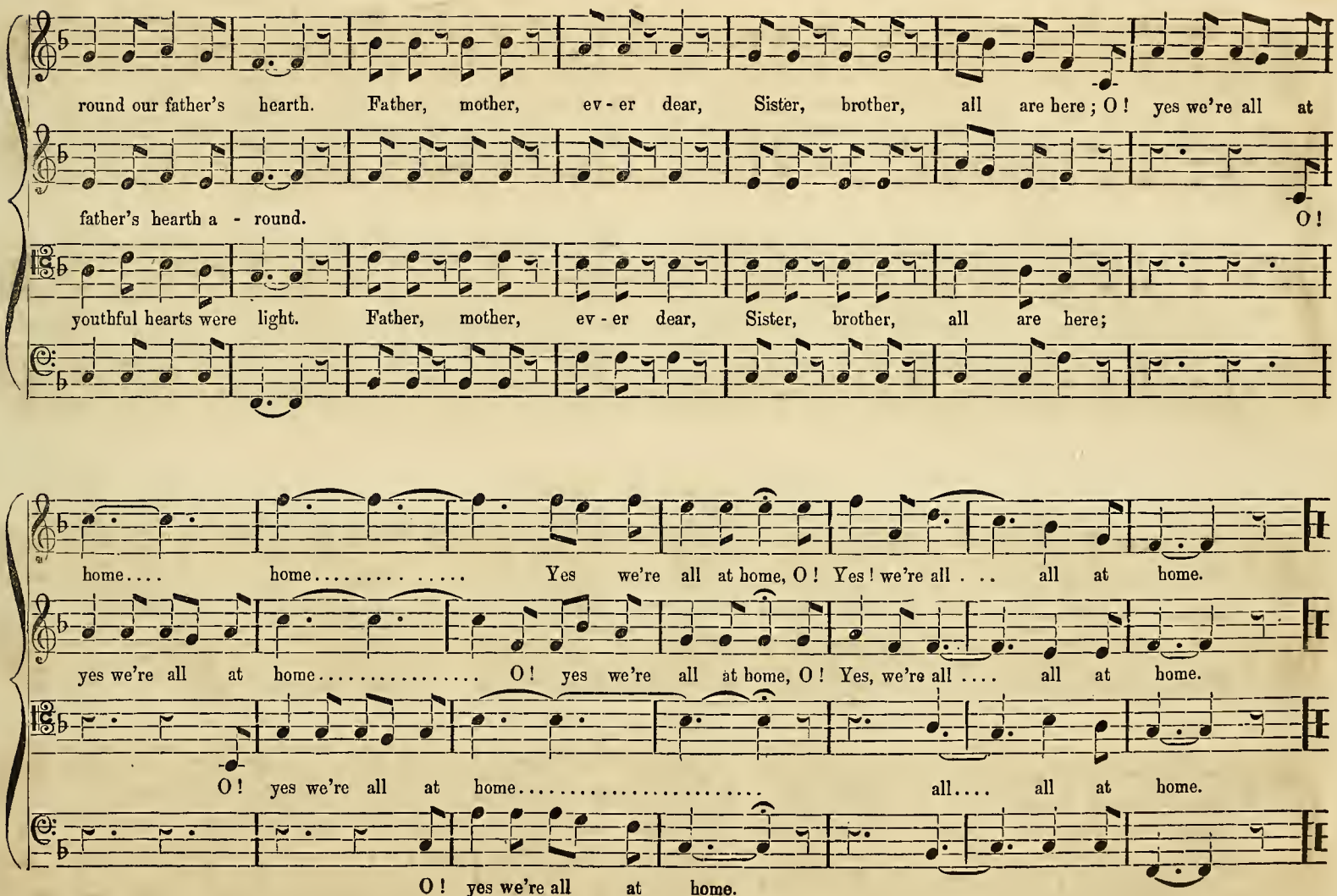


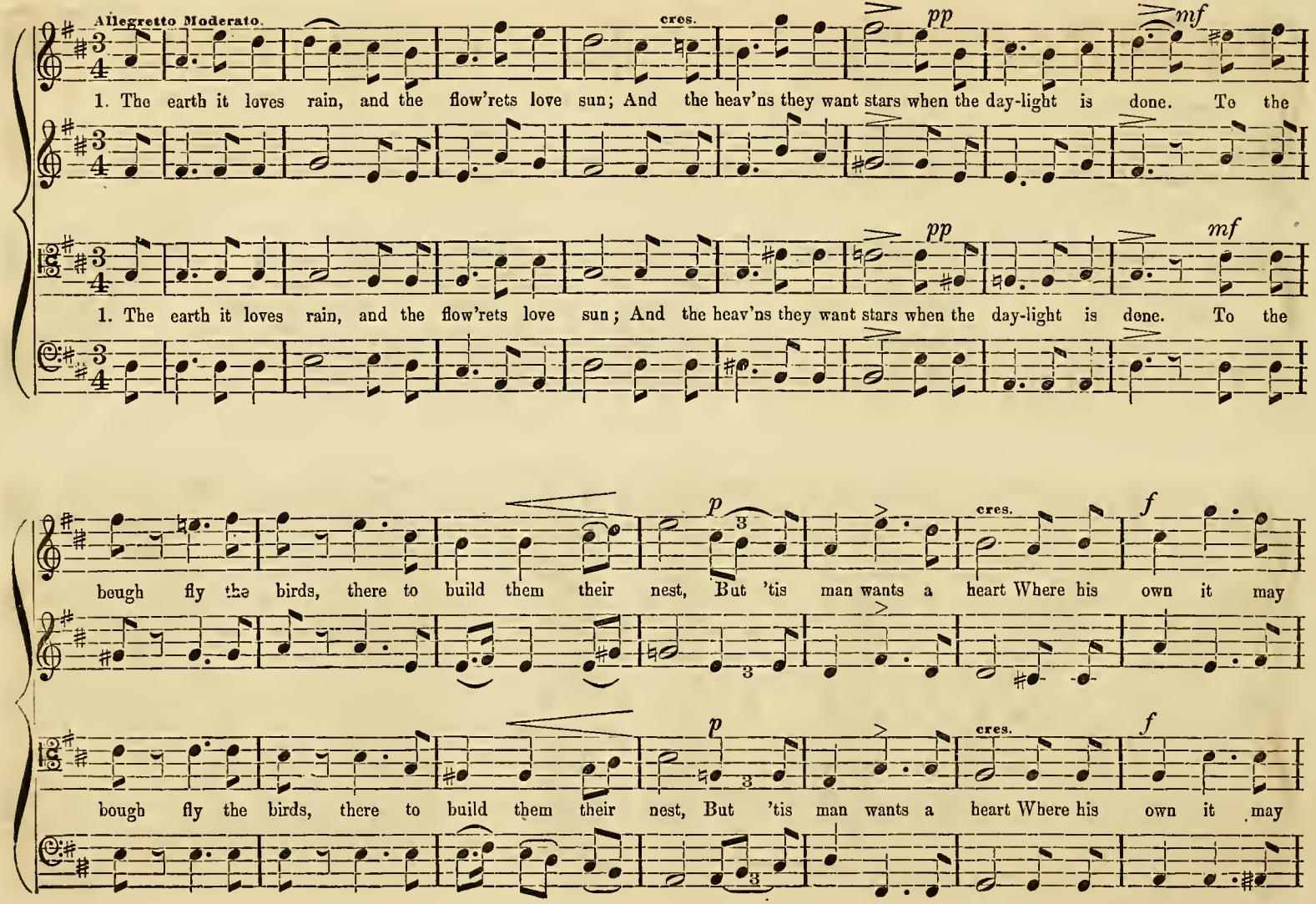

Poco Rit.
A Tempo.
pp
I would rove for - ev - er more. So, so that where my lov'd one wan - ders,
co - ral caverns,
Poco Rit.
A Tempo.
pp
mid her tresses, Waving them with un - seen hands. There, there to rest up - - on the pil - low,
pp
Cres.
O'er the sands with fai - - - ry feet, I a lit - tle wave could, danc - ing so gent - ly
pp
Cres.
Where my own be - lov'd one sleeps, where, where my own be - lov'd one, my own be -

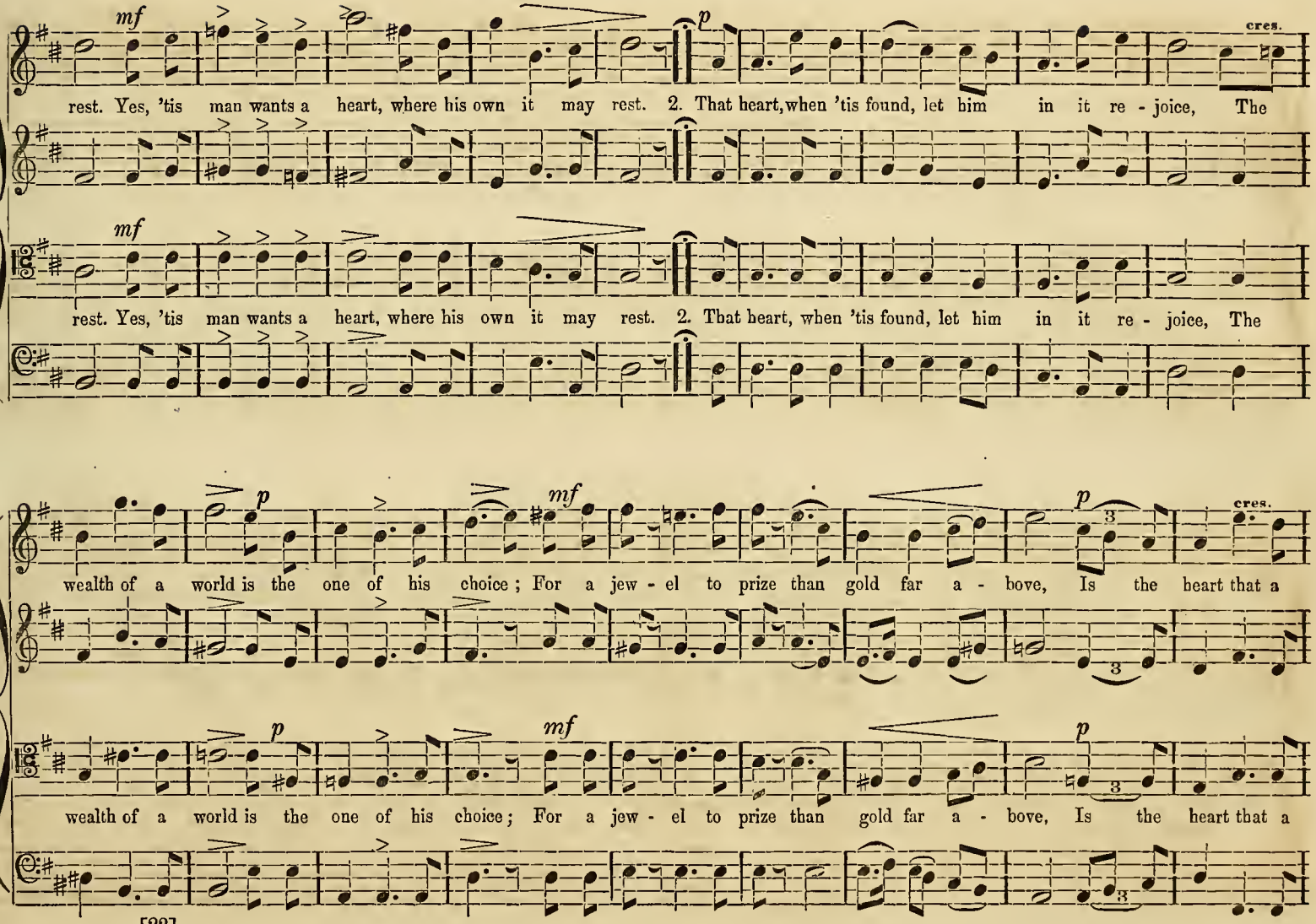


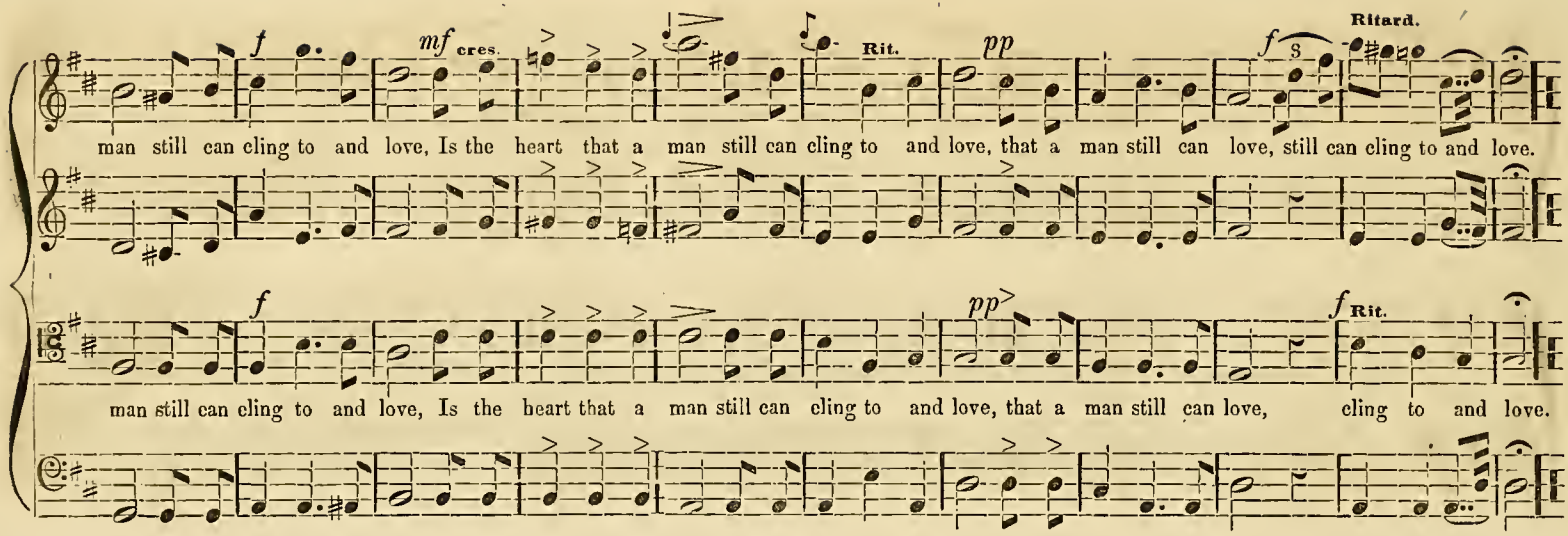
We're All at Home.




round our father's hearth. Father, mother, ev - er dear, Sister, brother, all are here; O! yes we're all at
father's hearth a - round. O!
youthful hearts were light. Father, mother, ev - er dear, Sister, brother, all are here;
home.... home..... Yes we're all at home, O! Yes! we're all . .. all at home.
yes we're all at home..... O! yes we're all at home, O! Yes, we're all .... all at home.
O! yes we're all at home..... all.... all at home.
O! yes we're all at home.


Allegretto Moderato.
cres.
pp
mf
1. The earth it loves rain, and the flow'rets love sun; And the heav'ns they want stars when the day-light is done. To the
1. The earth it loves rain, and the flow'rets love sun; And the heav'ns they want stars when the day-light is done. To the
p
cres.
f
bough fly the birds, there to build them their nest, But 'tis man wants a heart Where his own it may
bough fly the birds, there to build them their nest, But 'tis man wants a heart Where his own it may

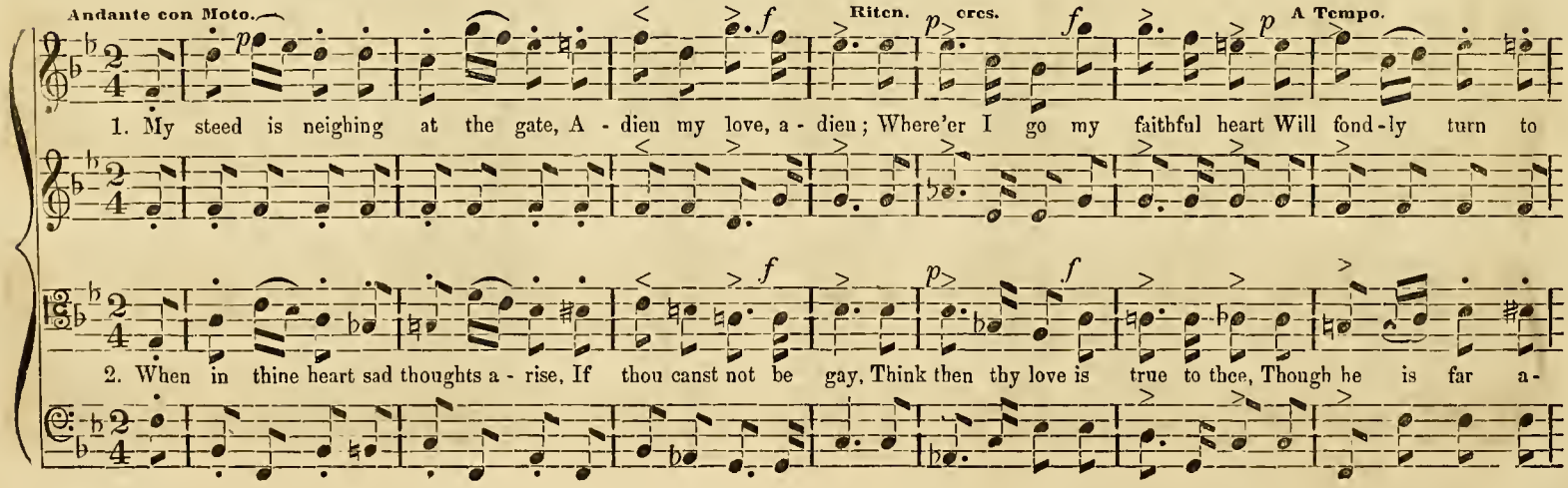

mf
p
cres.
rest. Yes, 'tis man wants a heart, where his own it may rest. 2. That heart, when 'tis found, let him in it re - joice, The
mf
rest. Yes, 'tis man wants a heart, where his own it may rest. 2. That heart, when 'tis found, let him in it re - joice, The
p
mf
p
cres.
wealth of a world is the one of his choice; For a jew - el to prize than gold far a - bove, Is the heart that a
p
mf
p
wealth of a world is the one of his choice; For a jew - el to prize than gold far a - bove, Is the heart that a

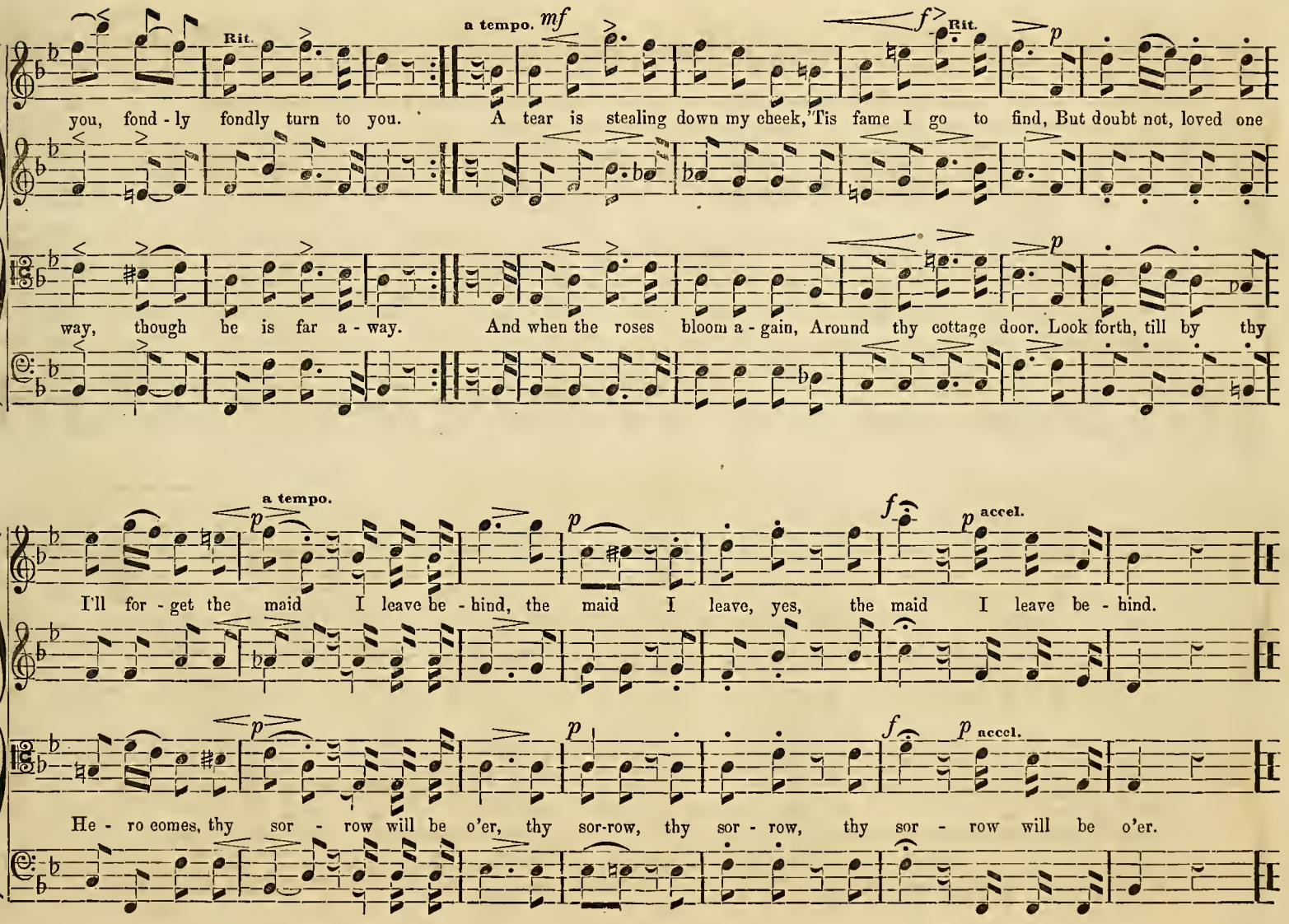


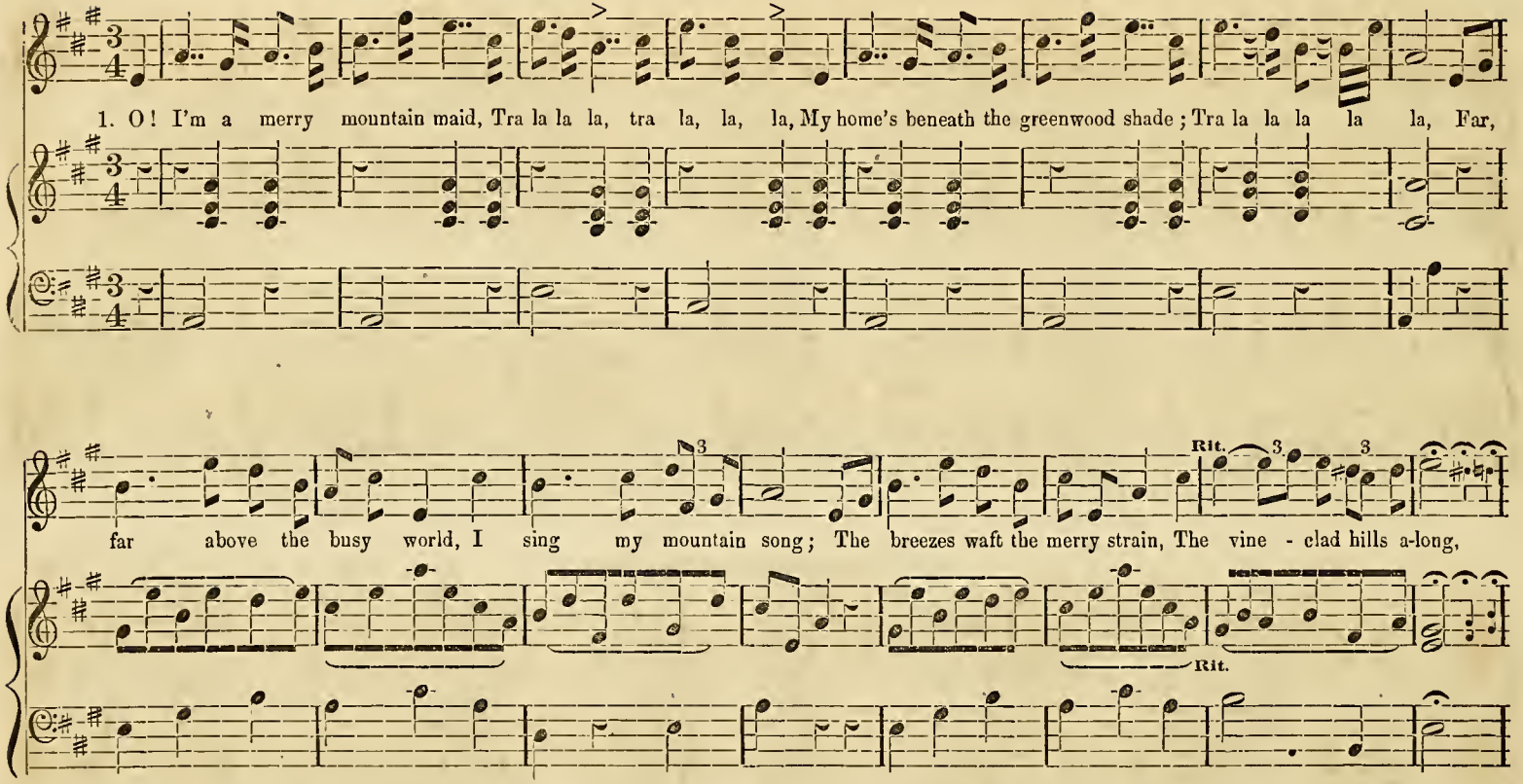
Words by J. E. CARPENTER.

The Soldier's Adieu.

Music by FR. ABT.

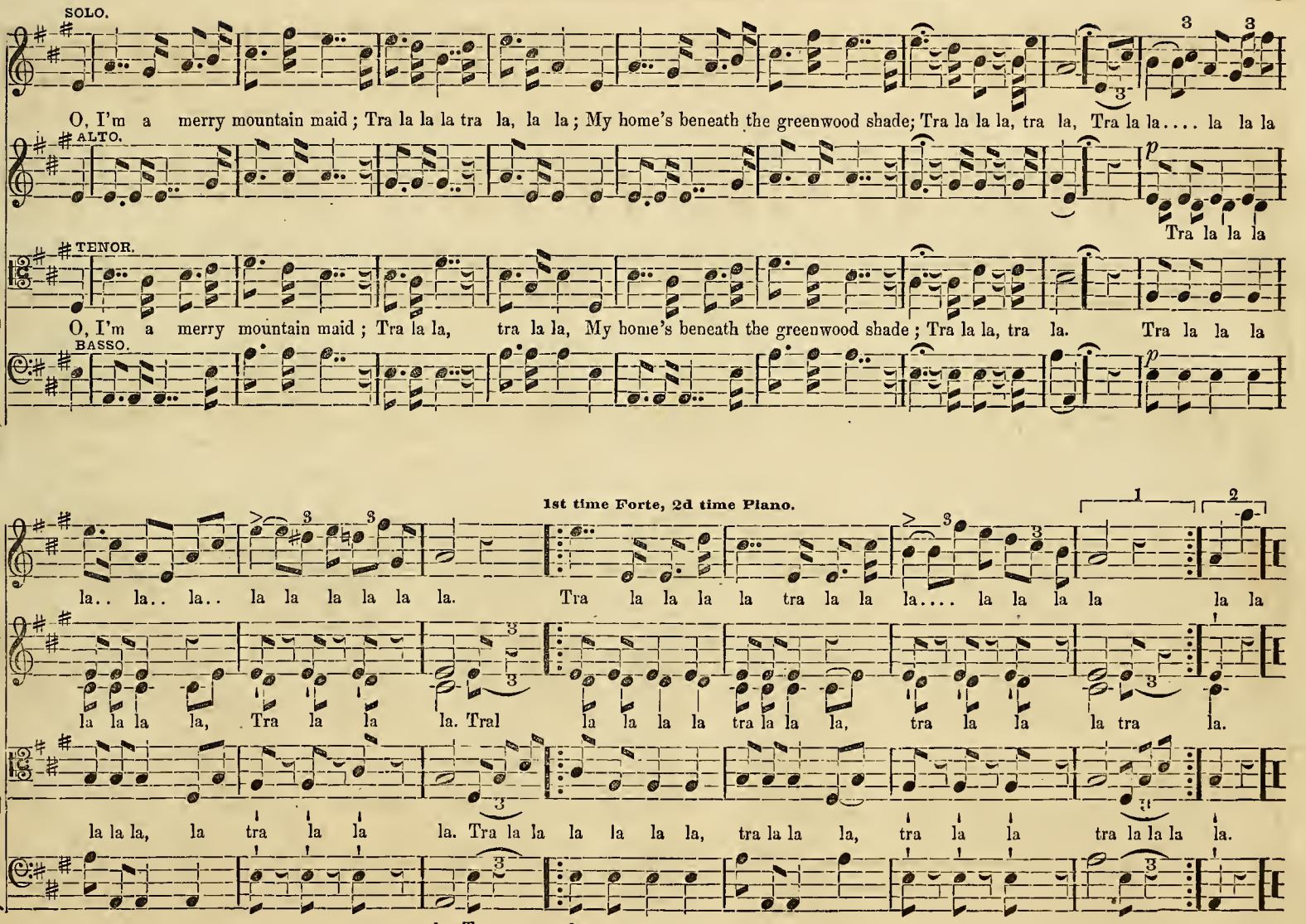



Rit.
a tempo.
mf
f
Rit.
p
you, fond - ly fondly turn to you. A tear is stealing down my cheek, 'Tis fame I go to find, But doubt not, loved one
way, though he is far a - way. And when the roses bloom a - gain, Around thy cottage door. Look forth, till by thy
a tempo.
p
f
p accel.
I'll for - get the maid I leave be - hind, the maid I leave, yes, the maid I leave be - hind.
He - ro comes, thy sor - row will be o'er, thy sor-row, thy sor - row, thy sor - row will be o'er.

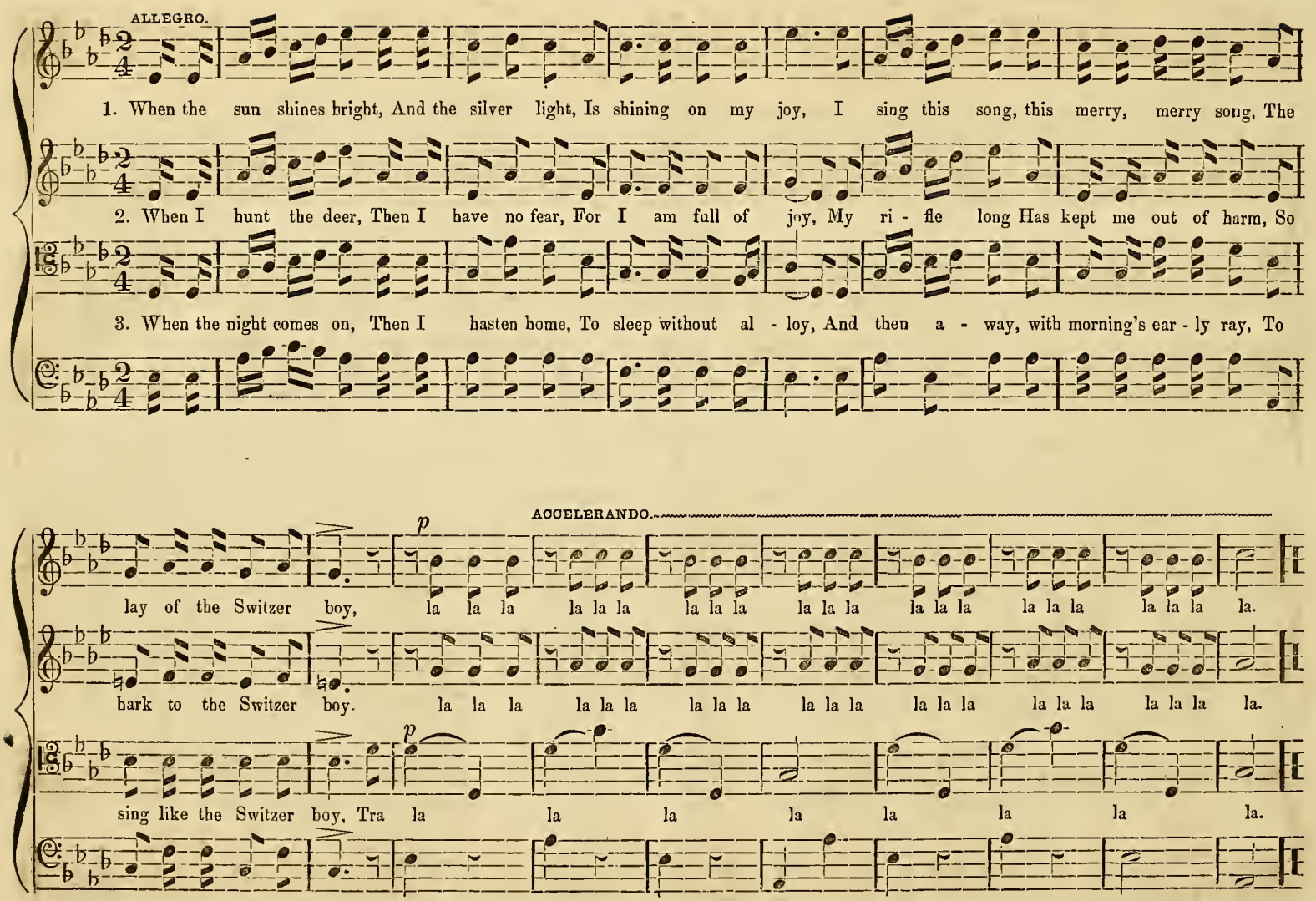


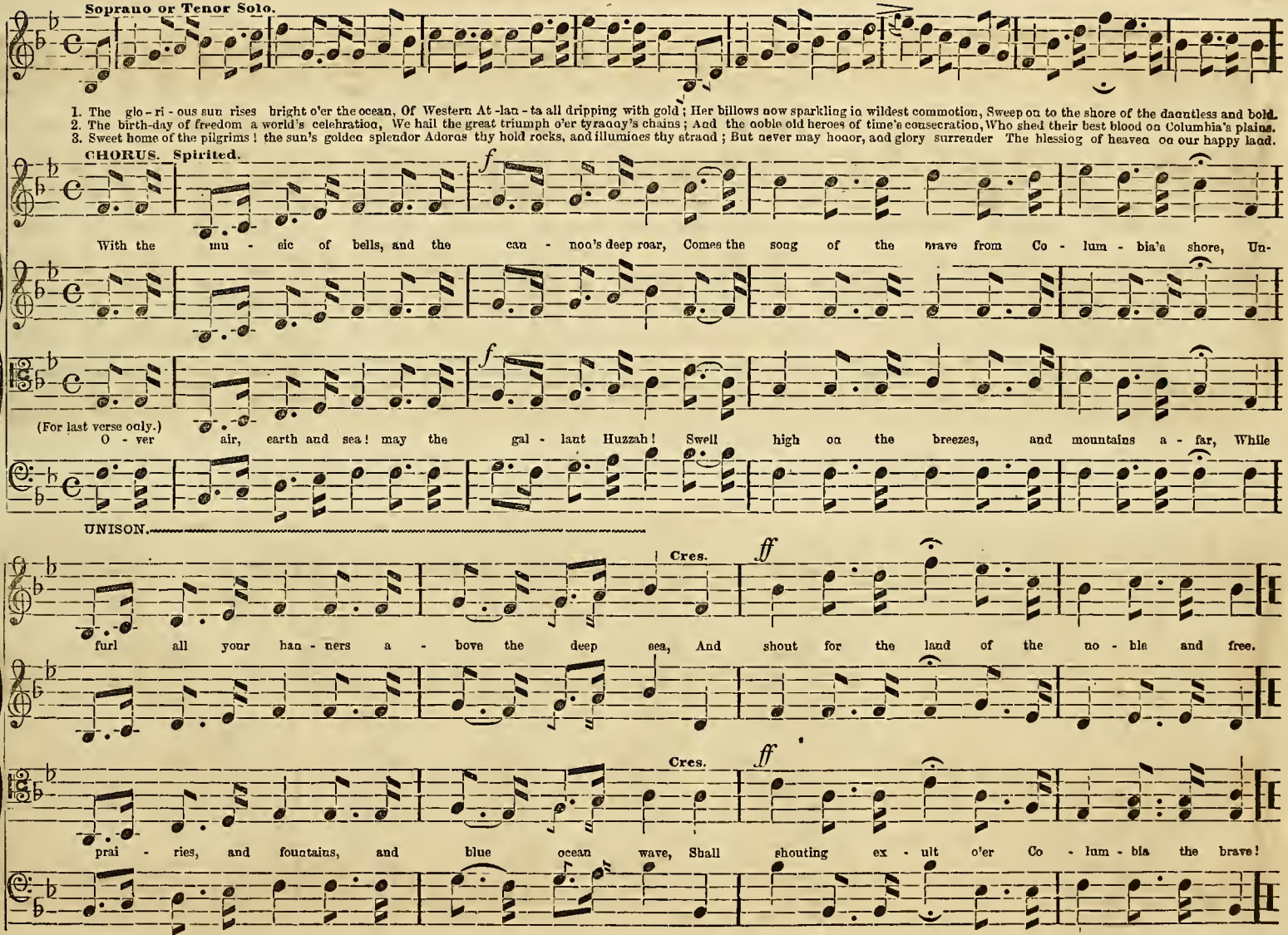
2 No costly gems or jewelled crown,
Tra la la, &c.
Could tempt me from my wildwood home;
Tra la la, &c.
From mountain height, at early morn,
I view the hills around;
Then blow my little Alpine horn,
And list the answering sound.
O, I'm a merry, &c.

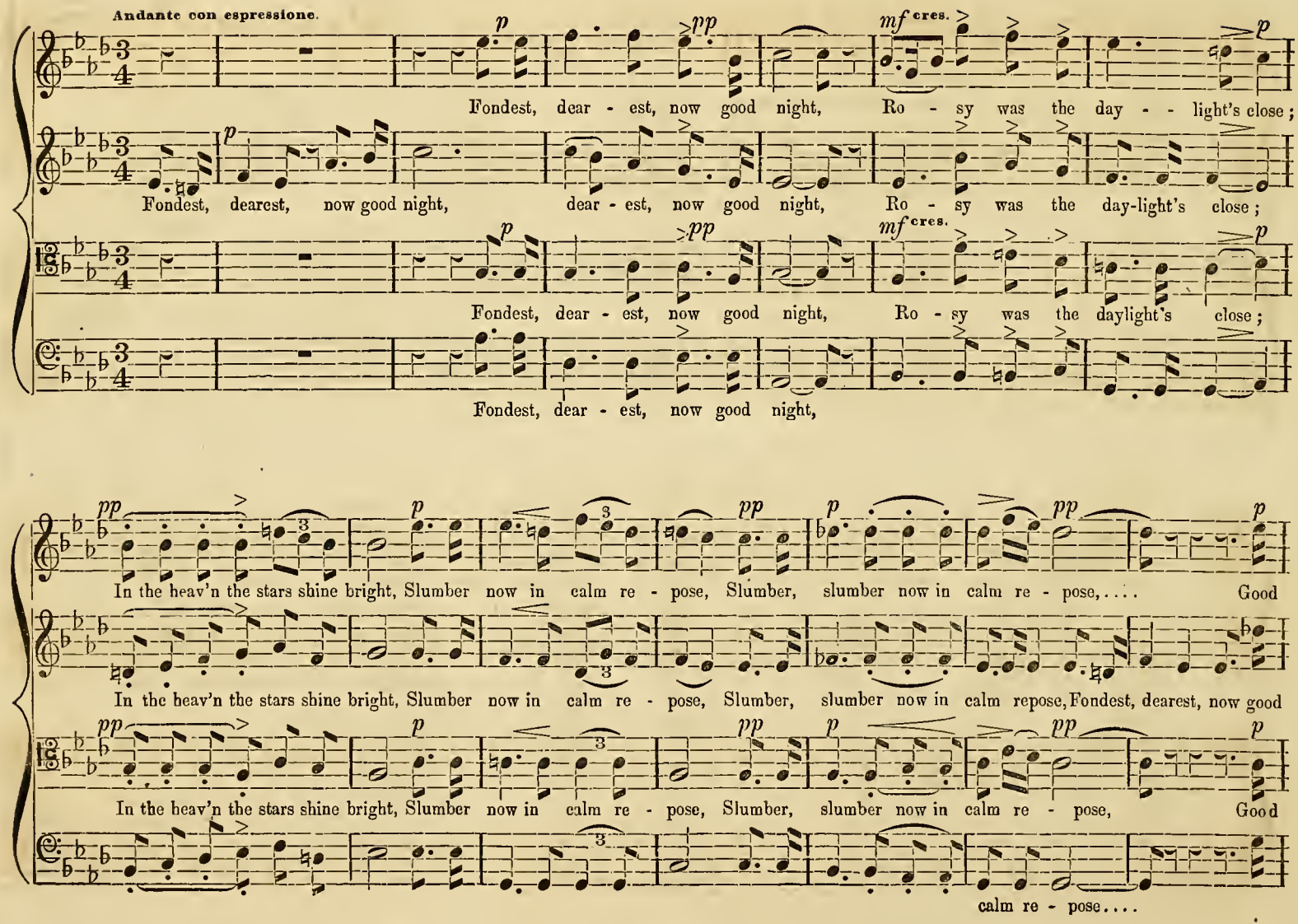
3 Those that I love are with me here,
Tra la la, &c.
It makes my mountain home more dear,
Tra la la, &c.
No marble hall, or palace grand,
Is half so dear to me,
As this, my own dear mountain land,
From care and sorrow free.
O, I'm a merry, &c.

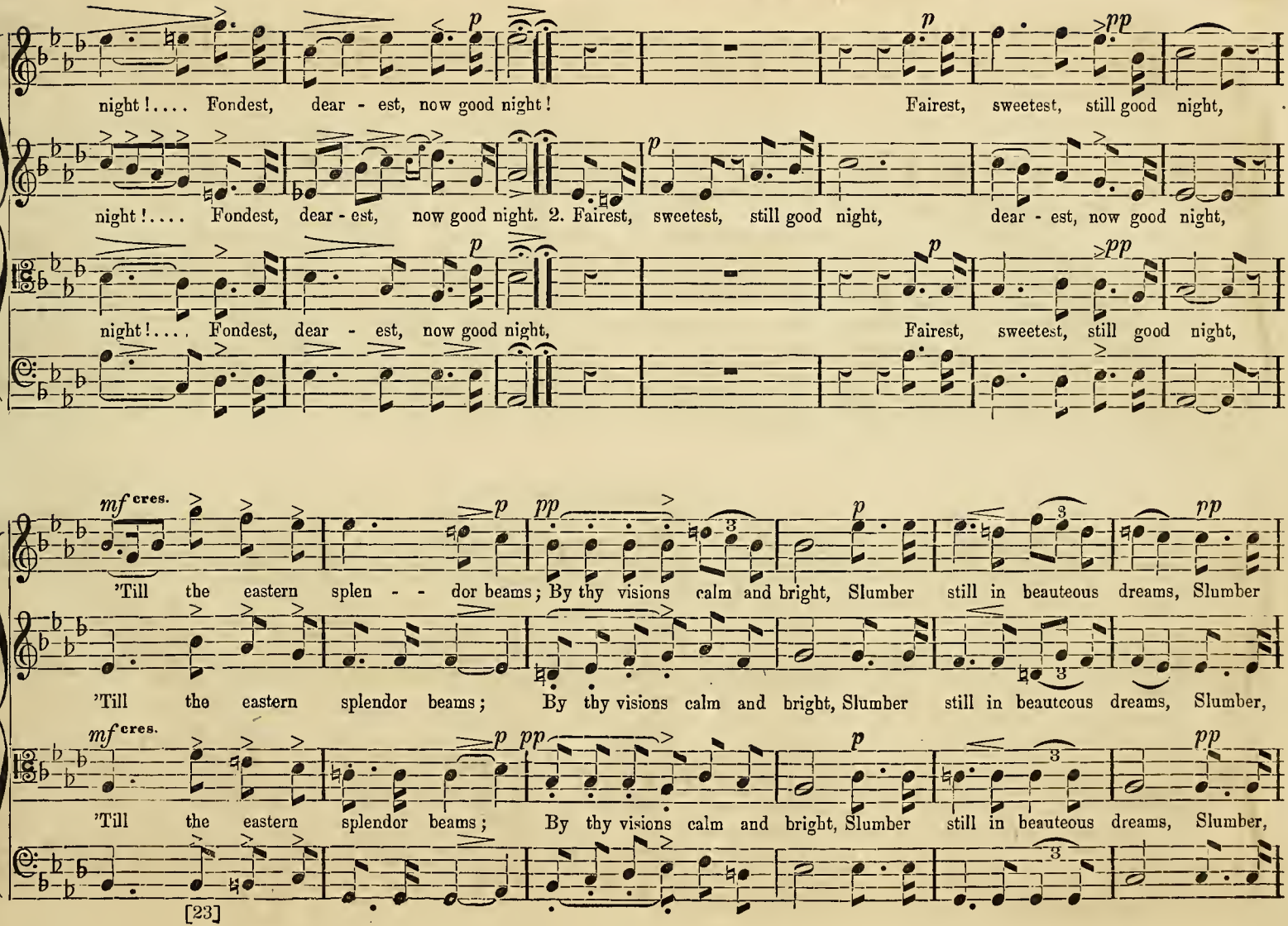

SOLO.
O, I'm a merry mountain maid; Tra la la la tra la, la la; My home's beneath the greenwood shade; Tra la la la, tra la, Tra la la.... la la la
ALTO.
Tra la la la
TENOR.
O, I'm a merry mountain maid; Tra la la, tra la la, My home's beneath the greenwood shade; Tra la la, tra la. Tra la la la
BASSO.
1st time Forte, 2d time Piano.
la.. la.. la.. la la la la la la. Tra la la la la tra la la la.... la la la la la la
la la la la, Tra la la la. Tral la la la la tra la la la, tra la la la tra la.
la la la, la tra la la la. Tra la la la la la la, tra la la la, tra la la tra la la la la.
la Tra.... la

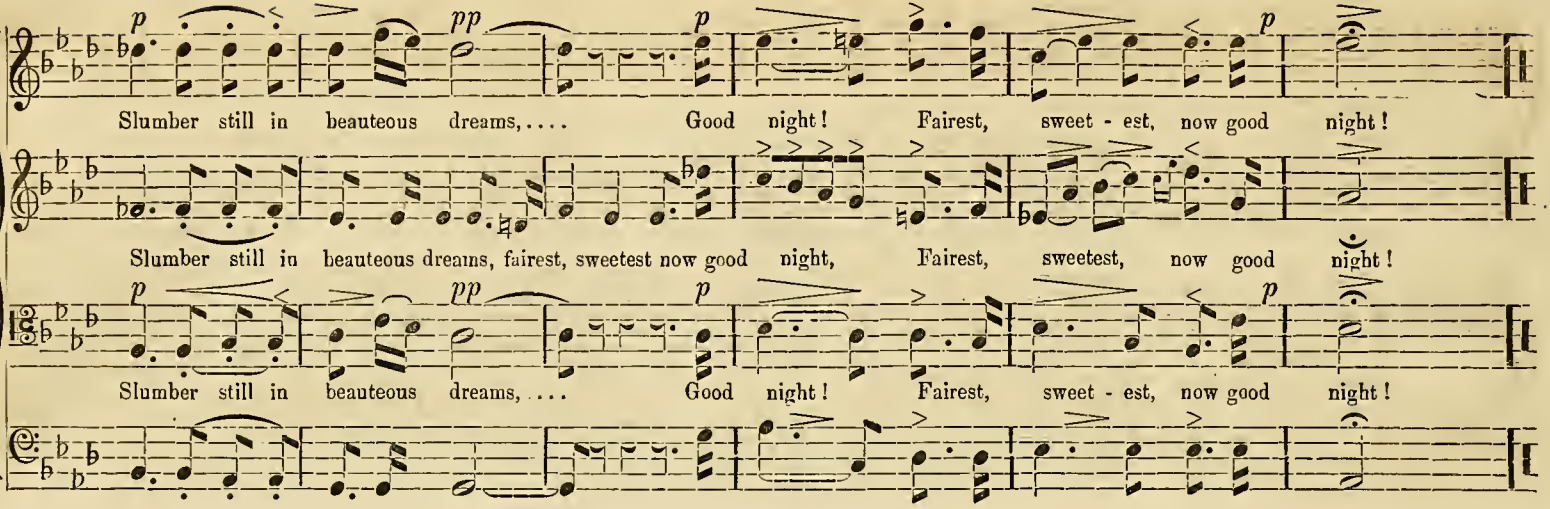
Song of the Switzer Boy.




Soprano or Tenor Solo.
1. The glo - ri - ous sun rises bright o'er the ocean, Of Western At - lan - ta all dripping with gold; Her billows now sparkling in wildest commotion, Sweep on to the shore of the dauntless and bold.
2. The birth-day of freedom a world's celebration, We hail the great triumph o'er tyranny's chains; And the noble old heroes of time's consecration, Who shed their best blood on Columbia's plains.
3. Sweet home of the pilgrims! the sun's golden splendor Adorns thy hold rocks, and illumines thy strand; But never may honor, and glory surrender The blessing of heaven on our happy land.
CHORUS. Spirited.
With the mu - sic of bells, and the can - non's deep roar, Comes the song of the brave from Co - lum - bia's shore, Un-
(For last verse only.)
O - ver air, earth and sea! may the gal - lant Huzzah! Swell high on the breezes, and mountains a - far, While
UNISON.
Cres.
furl all your ban - ners a - bove the deep sea, And shout for the land of the no - ble and free.
Cres.
prai - ries, and fountains, and blue ocean wave, Shall shouting ex - ult o'er Co - lum - bia the brave!
UNISON.

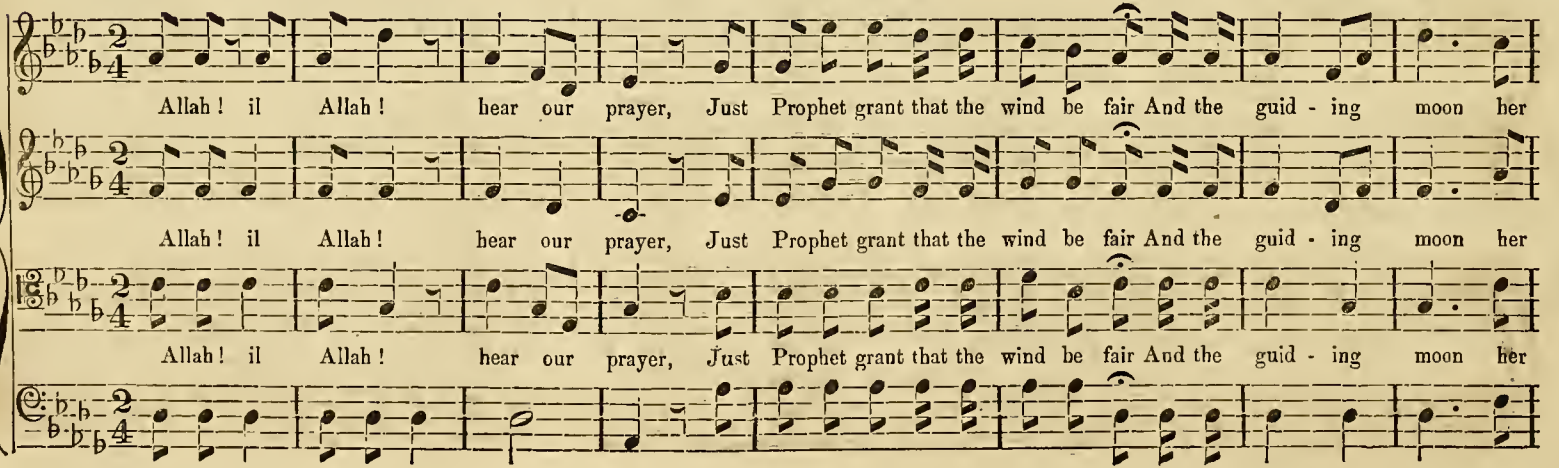

Andante con espressione.
Fondest, dear - est, now good night, Ro - sy was the day - - light's close;
Fondest, dearest, now good night, dear - est, now good night, Ro - sy was the day-light's close;
Fondest, dear - est, now good night, Ro - sy was the daylight's close;
Fondest, dear - est, now good night,
In the heav'n the stars shine bright, Slumber now in calm re - pose, Slumber, slumber now in calm re - pose, ... Good
In the heav'n the stars shine bright, Slumber now in calm re - pose, Slumber, slumber now in calm repose, Fondest, dearest, now good
In the heav'n the stars shine bright, Slumber now in calm re - pose, Slumber, slumber now in calm re - pose, Good
calm re - pose....

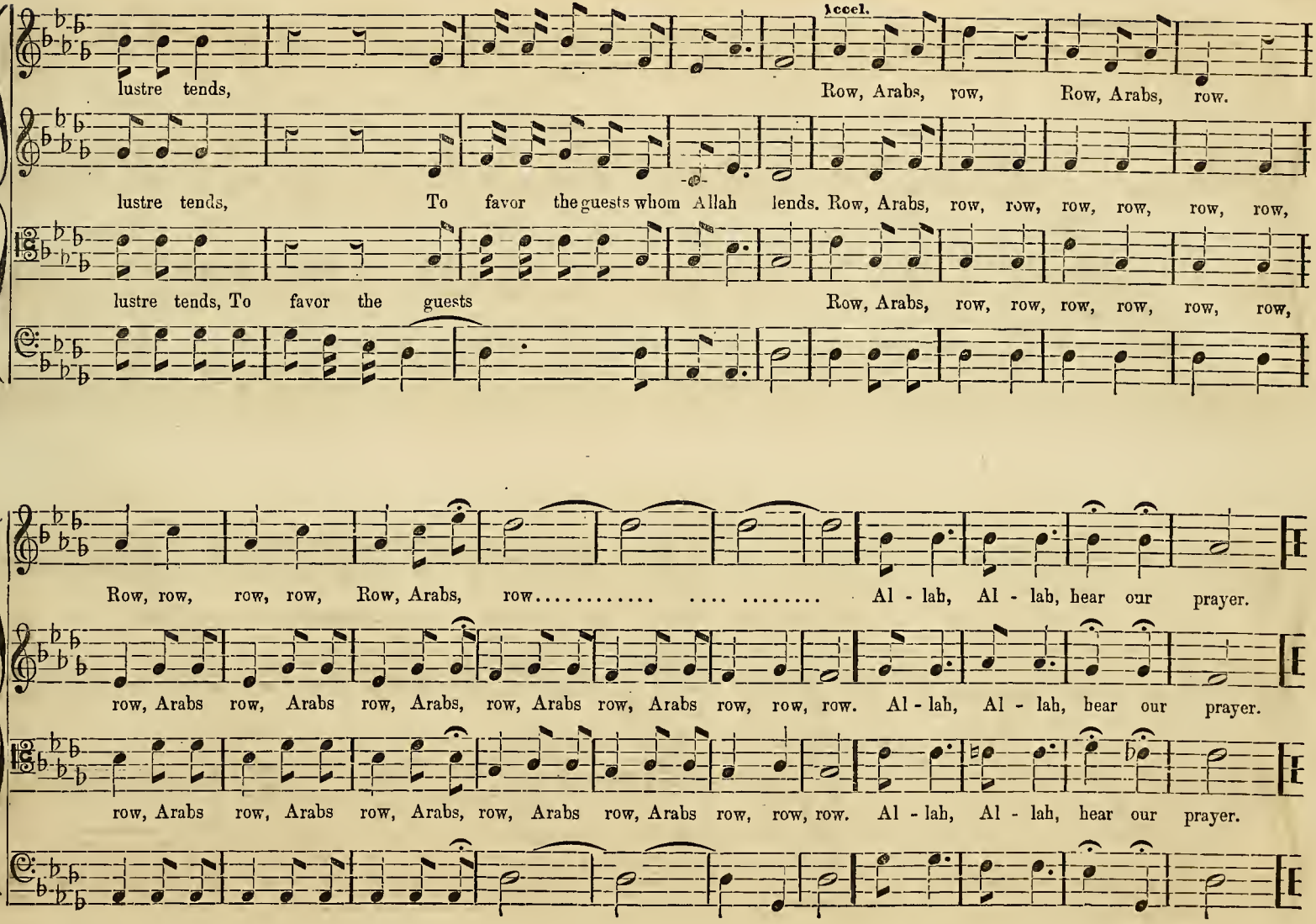

night!.... Fondest, dear - est, now good night! Fairest, sweetest, still good night,
night!.... Fondest, dear - est, now good night. 2. Fairest, sweetest, still good night, dear - est, now good night,
night!.... Fondest, dear - est, now good night, Fairest, sweetest, still good night,
mf cres.
'Till the eastern splen - - dor beams; By thy visions calm and bright, Slumber still in beauteous dreams, Slumber
'Till the eastern splendor beams; By thy visions calm and bright, Slumber still in beautcous dreams, Slumber,
'Till the eastern splendor beams; By thy visions calm and bright, Slumber still in beauteous dreams, Slumber,



Arab Boat Song.

F. H. PEASE.




Accel.
lustre tends, Row, Arabs, row, Row, Arabs, row.
lustre tends, To favor the guests whom Allah lends. Row, Arabs, row, row, row, row, row, row,
lustre tends, To favor the guests Row, Arabs, row, row, row, row, row, row,
Row, row, row, row, Row, Arabs, row..... .... Al - lah, Al - lah, hear our prayer.
row, Arabs row, Arabs row, Arabs, row, Arabs row, Arabs row, row, row. Al - lah, Al - lah, hear our prayer.
row, Arabs row, Arabs row, Arabs, row, Arabs row, Arabs row, row, row. Al - lah, Al - lah, hear our prayer.

Be kind to the loved ones at home

I. B. WOODBURY.

ANDANTE ESPRESSIVO.

1. Be kind to thy fa - ther, for when thou wert young, Who loved thee so fond - ly as he? He
2. Be kind to thy moth - er, for lo! on her brow May tra - ces of sor - row be seen; Oh

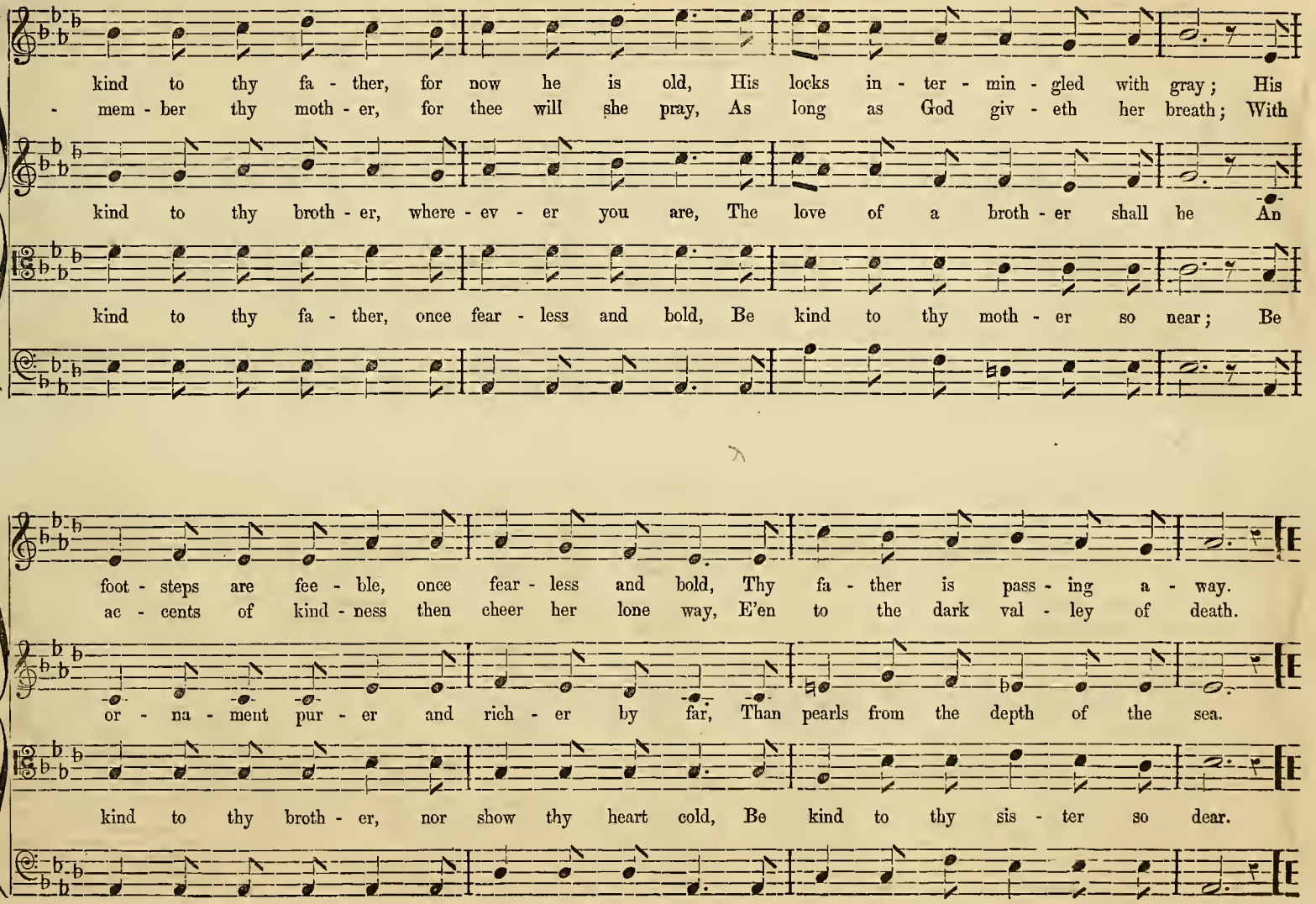
3. Be kind to thy broth - er, his heart will have dearth, If the smile of thy joy be withdrawn; The

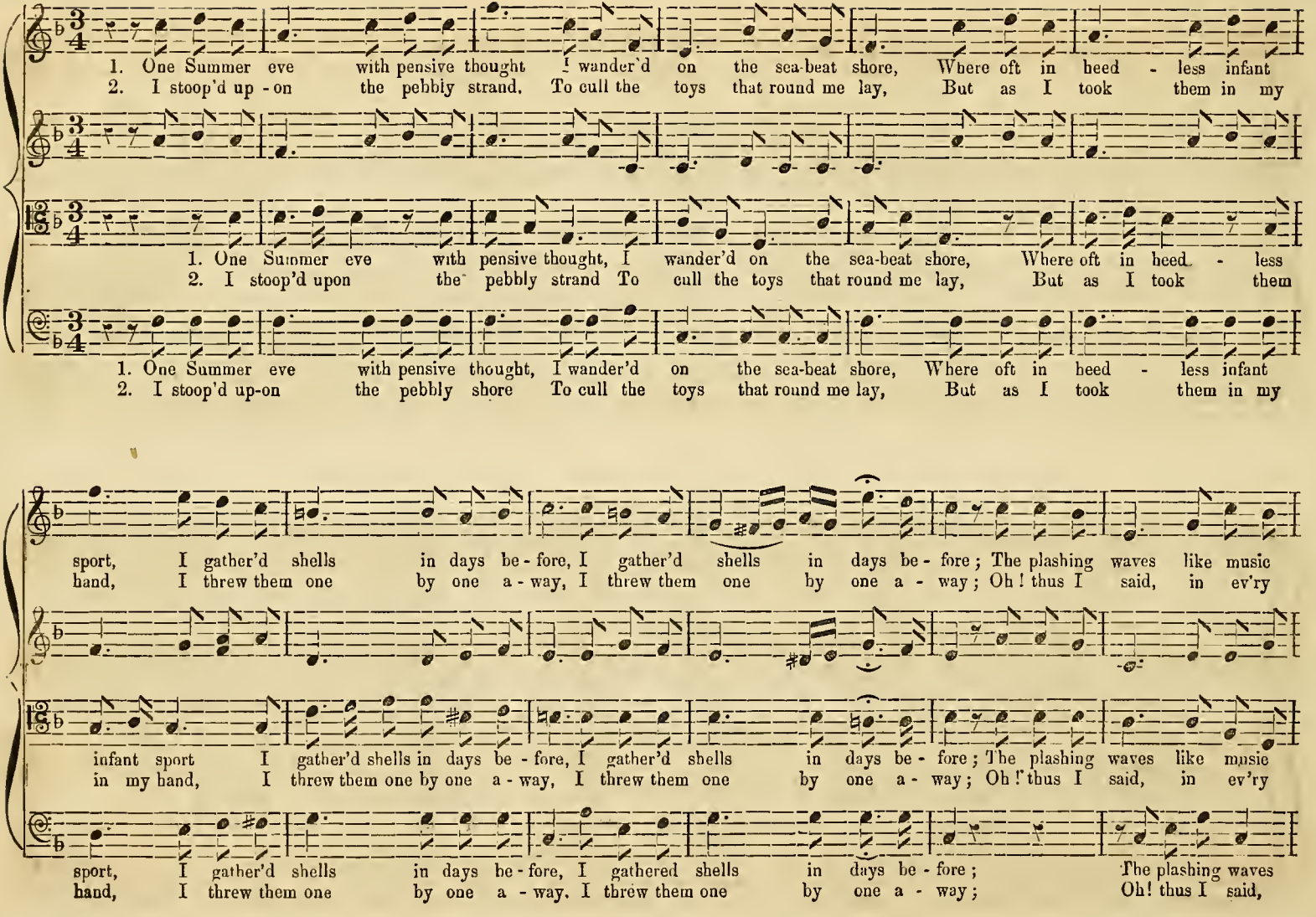
4. Be kind to thy sis - ter, not ma - ny may know The depth of true sis - ter - ly love; The

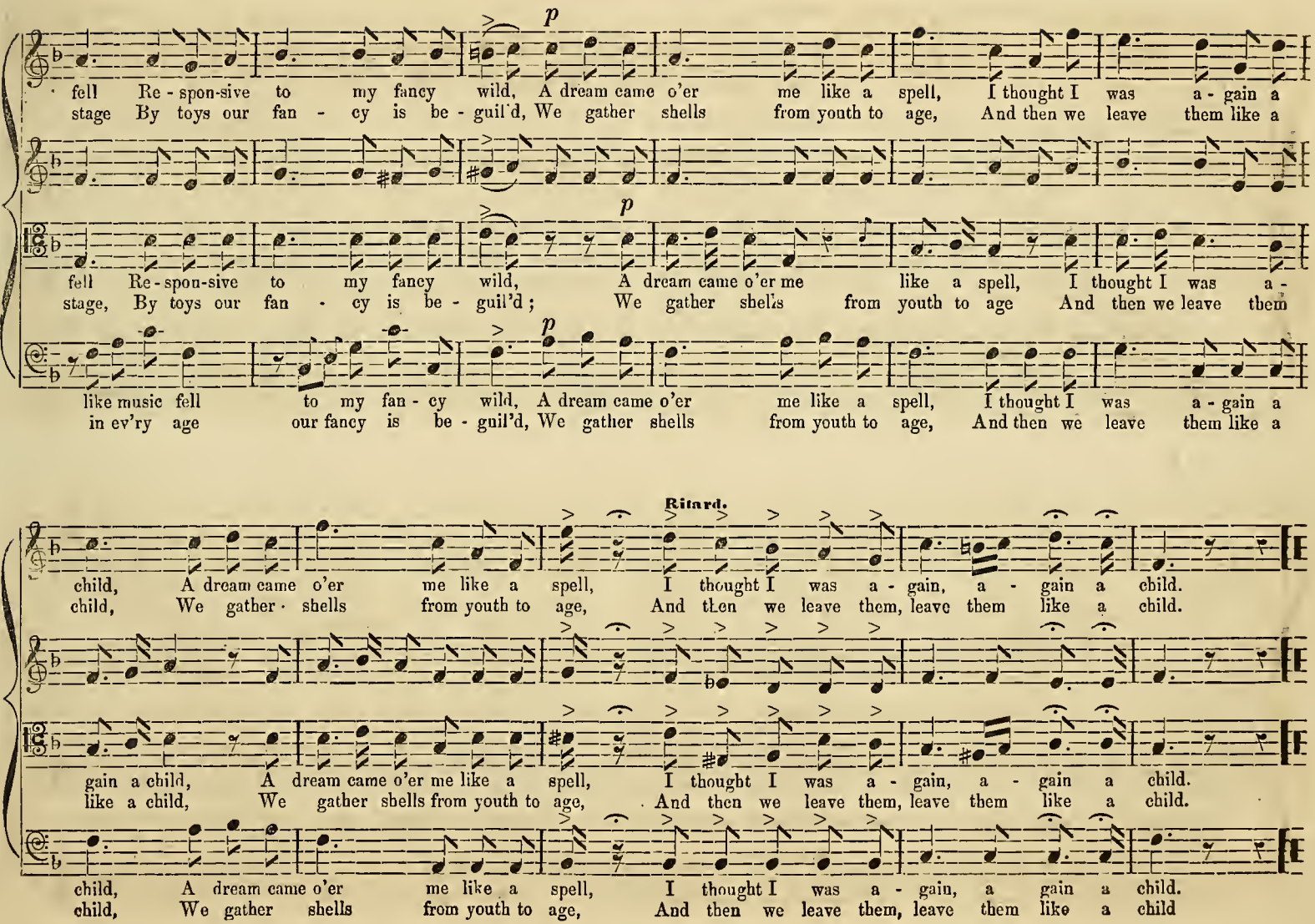
caught the first ac - cents that fell from thy tongue, And joined in thy in - no - cent glee; He
well may'st thou cher - ish and com - fort her now, For lov - ing and kind hath she been; Re -

flow - ers of feel - ing will fade at their birth, If the dew of af - fection be gone; Be

wealth of the o - cean lies fath - oms be - low The sur - face that spar - kles a - bove; Be


kind to thy fa - ther, for now he is old, His locks in - ter - min - gled with gray; His
- mem - ber thy moth - er, for thee will she pray, As long as God giv - eth her breath; With
kind to thy broth - er, where - ev - er you are, The love of a broth - er shall be An
kind to thy fa - ther, once fear - less and bold, Be kind to thy moth - er so near; Be
foot - steps are fee - ble, once fear - less and bold, Thy fa - ther is pass - ing a - way.
ac - cents of kind - ness then cheer her lone way, E'en to the dark val - ley of death.
or - na - ment pur - er and rich - er by far, Than pearls from the depth of the sea.
kind to thy broth - er, nor show thy heart cold, Be kind to thy sis - ter so dear.

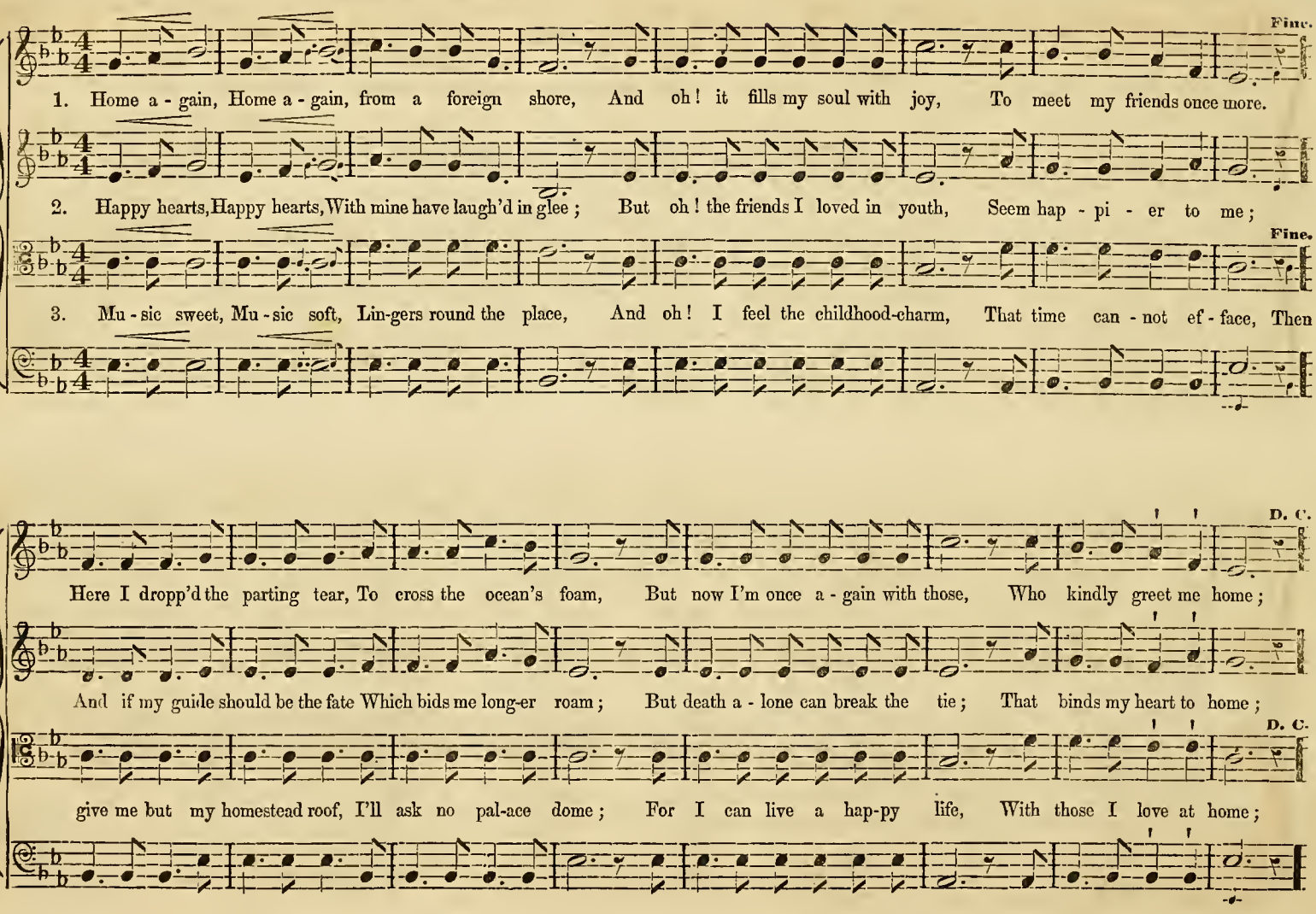

1. One Summer eve with pensive thought I wander'd on the sea-beat shore, Where oft in heed - less infant
2. I stoop'd up - on the pebbly strand, To cull the toys that round me lay, But as I took them in my
1. One Summer eve with pensive thought, I wander'd on the sea-beat shore, Where oft in heed - less
2. I stoop'd upon the pebbly strand To cull the toys that round me lay, But as I took them
1. One Summer eve with pensive thought, I wander'd on the sea-beat shore, Where oft in heed - less infant
2. I stoop'd up-on the pebbly shore To cull the toys that round me lay, But as I took them in my
sport, I gather'd shells in days be - fore, I gather'd shells in days be - fore; The plashing waves like music
hand, I threw them one by one a - way, I threw them one by one a - way; Oh! thus I said, in ev'ry
infant sport I gather'd shells in days be - fore, I gather'd shells in days be - fore; The plashing waves like music
in my hand, I threw them one by one a - way, I threw them one by one a - way; Oh! thus I said, in ev'ry
sport, I gather'd shells in days be - fore, I gathered shells in days be - fore; The plashing waves
hand, I threw them one by one a - way, I threw them one by one a - way; Oh! thus I said,

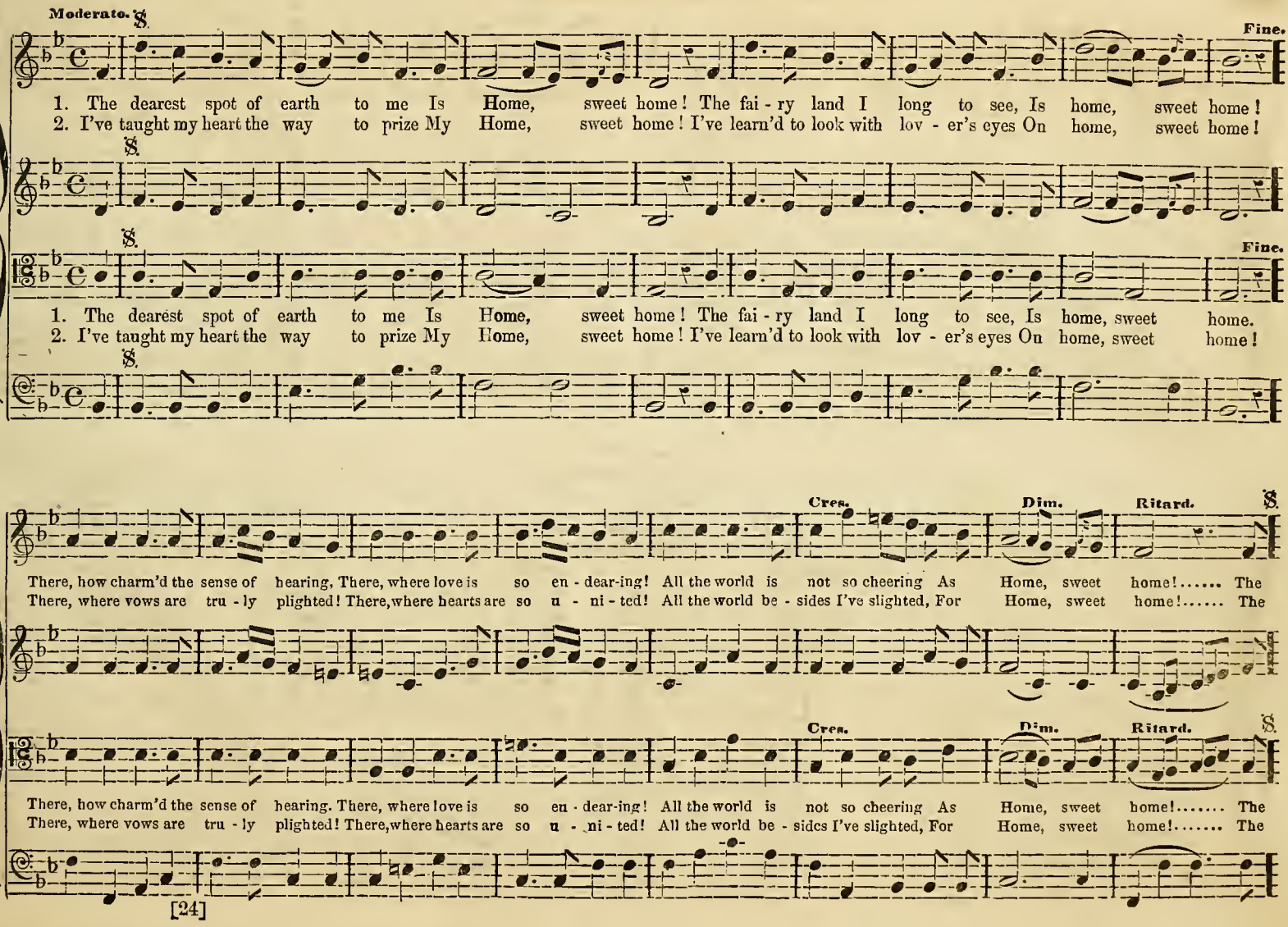

p
fell Re - spon-sive to my fancy wild, A dream came o'er me like a spell, I thought I was a - gain a
stage By toys our fan - cy is be - guil'd, We gather shells from youth to age, And then we leave them like a
p
fell Re - spon-sive to my fancy wild, A dream came o'er me like a spell, I thought I was a -
stage, By toys our fan - cy is be - guil'd; We gather shells from youth to age And then we leave them
p
like music fell to my fan - cy wild, A dream came o'er me like a spell, I thought I was a - gain a
in ev'ry age our fancy is be - guil'd, We gather shells from youth to age, And then we leave them like a
Ritard.
child, A dream came o'er me like a spell, I thought I was a - gain, a - gain a child.
child, We gather · shells from youth to age, And then we leave them, leave them like a child.
gain a child, A dream came o'er me like a spell, I thought I was a - gain, a - gain a child.
like a child, We gather shells from youth to age, And then we leave them, leave them like a child.
child, A dream came o'er me like a spell, I thought I was a - gain, a gain a child.
child, We gather shells from youth to age, And then we leave them, leave them like a child

Home again.

Words and Music by M. S. PIKE.

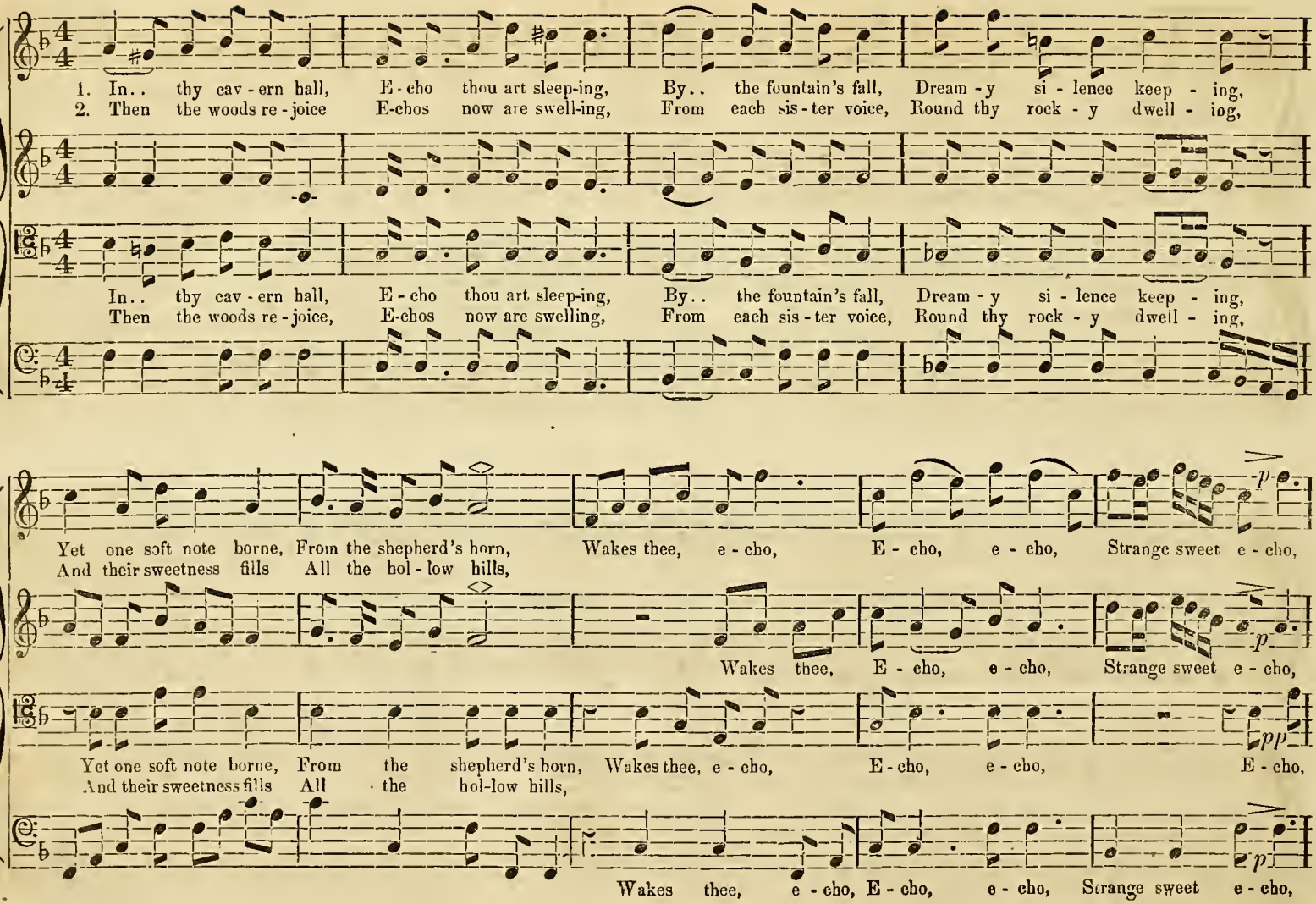
NOTE. This can be used as a Duett by singing the two upper lines.



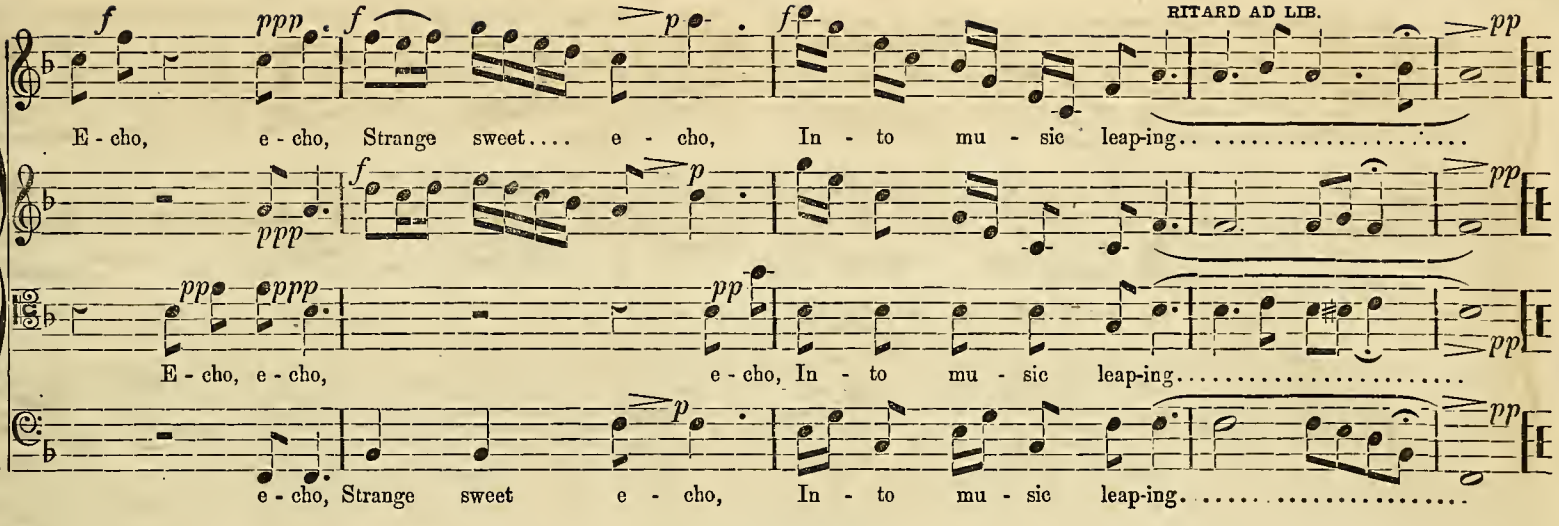

Moderato.
Fine.
1. The dearest spot of earth to me Is Home, sweet home! The fai - ry land I long to see, Is home, sweet home!
2. I've taught my heart the way to prize My Home, sweet home! I've learn'd to look with lov - er's eyes On home, sweet home!
Fine.
1. The dearest spot of earth to me Is Home, sweet home! The fai - ry land I long to see, Is home, sweet home.
2. I've taught my heart the way to prize My Home, sweet home! I've learn'd to look with lov - er's eyes On home, sweet home!
Cres.
Dim.
Ritard.
There, how charm'd the sense of hearing, There, where love is so en - dear-ing! All the world is not so cheering As Home, sweet home!..... The
There, where vows are tru - ly plighted! There, where hearts are so u - ni - ted! All the world be - sides I've slighted, For Home, sweet home!..... The
Cres.
Dim.
Ritard.
There, how charm'd the sense of hearing. There, where love is so en - dear-ing! All the world is not so cheering As Home, sweet home!..... The
There, where vows are tru - ly plighted! There, where hearts are so u - ni - ted! All the world be - sides I've slighted, For Home, sweet home!..... The

Echo Song.

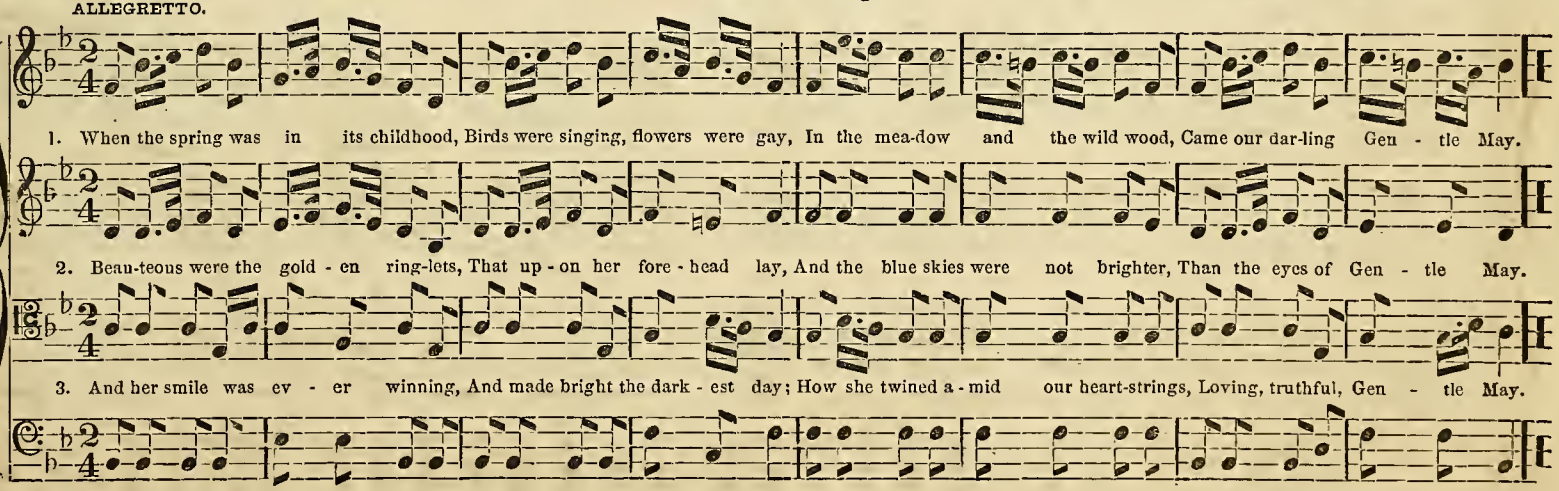
F. H. PEASE.



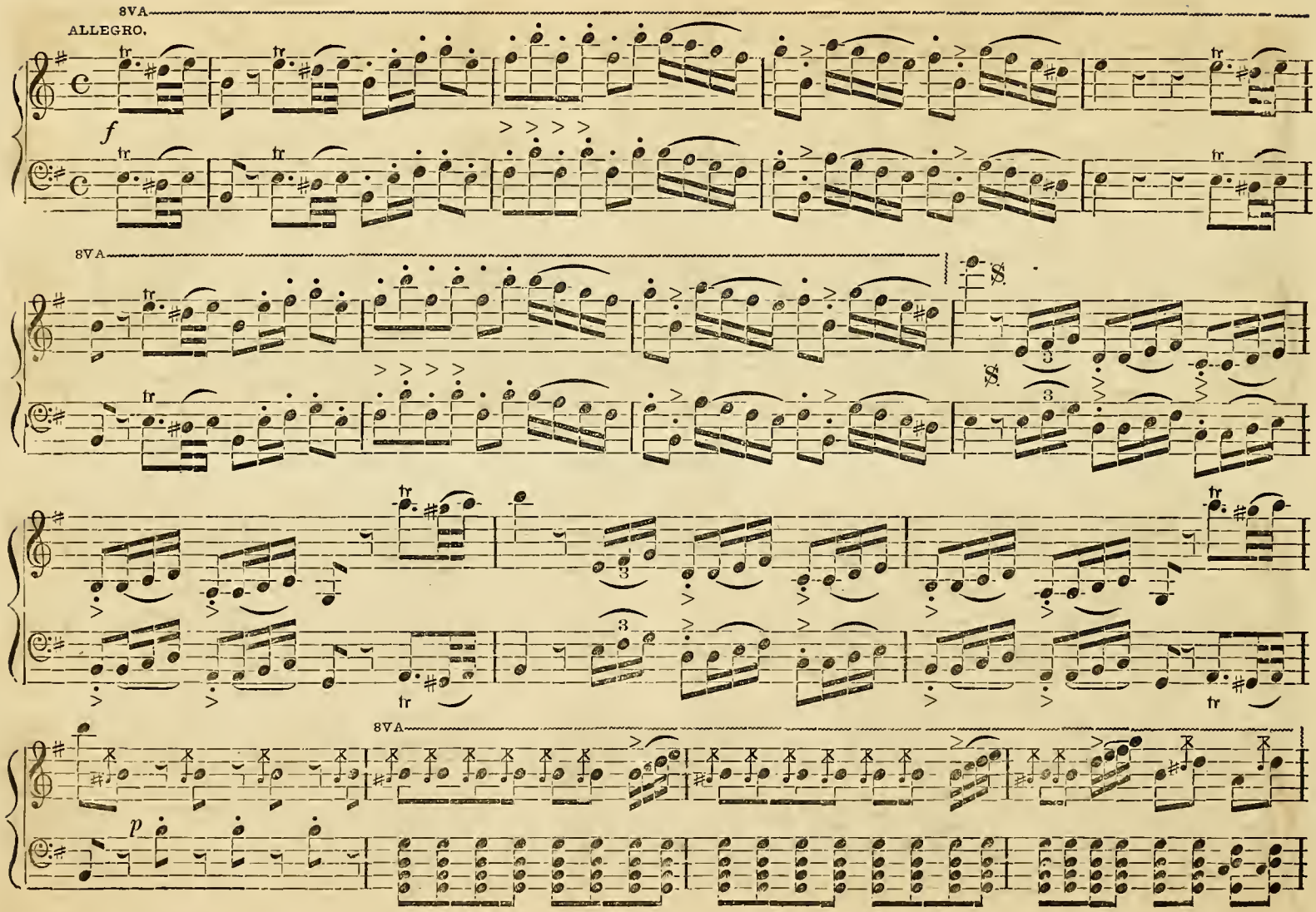
Echo Song. Concluded.

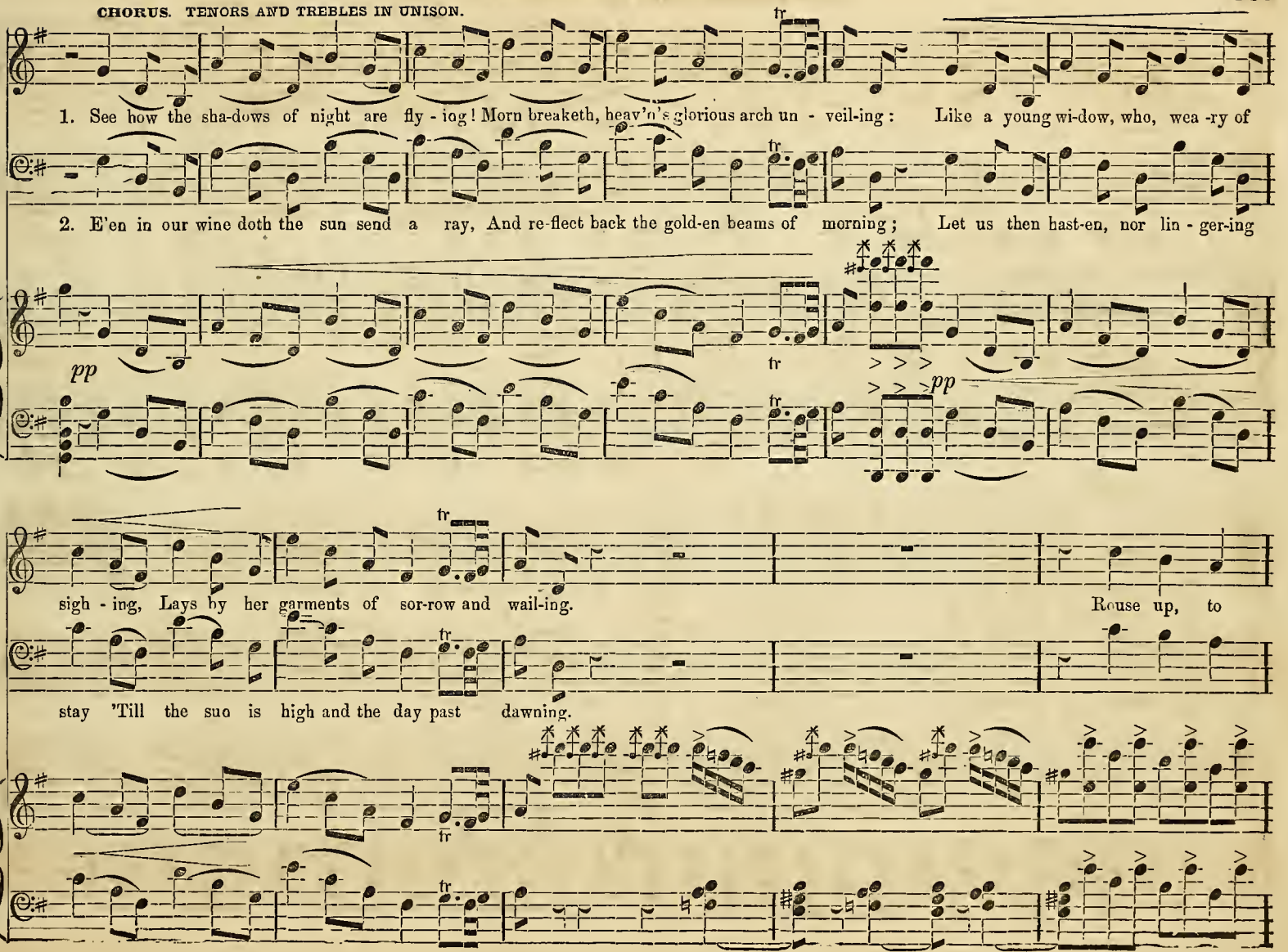


Gentle May.

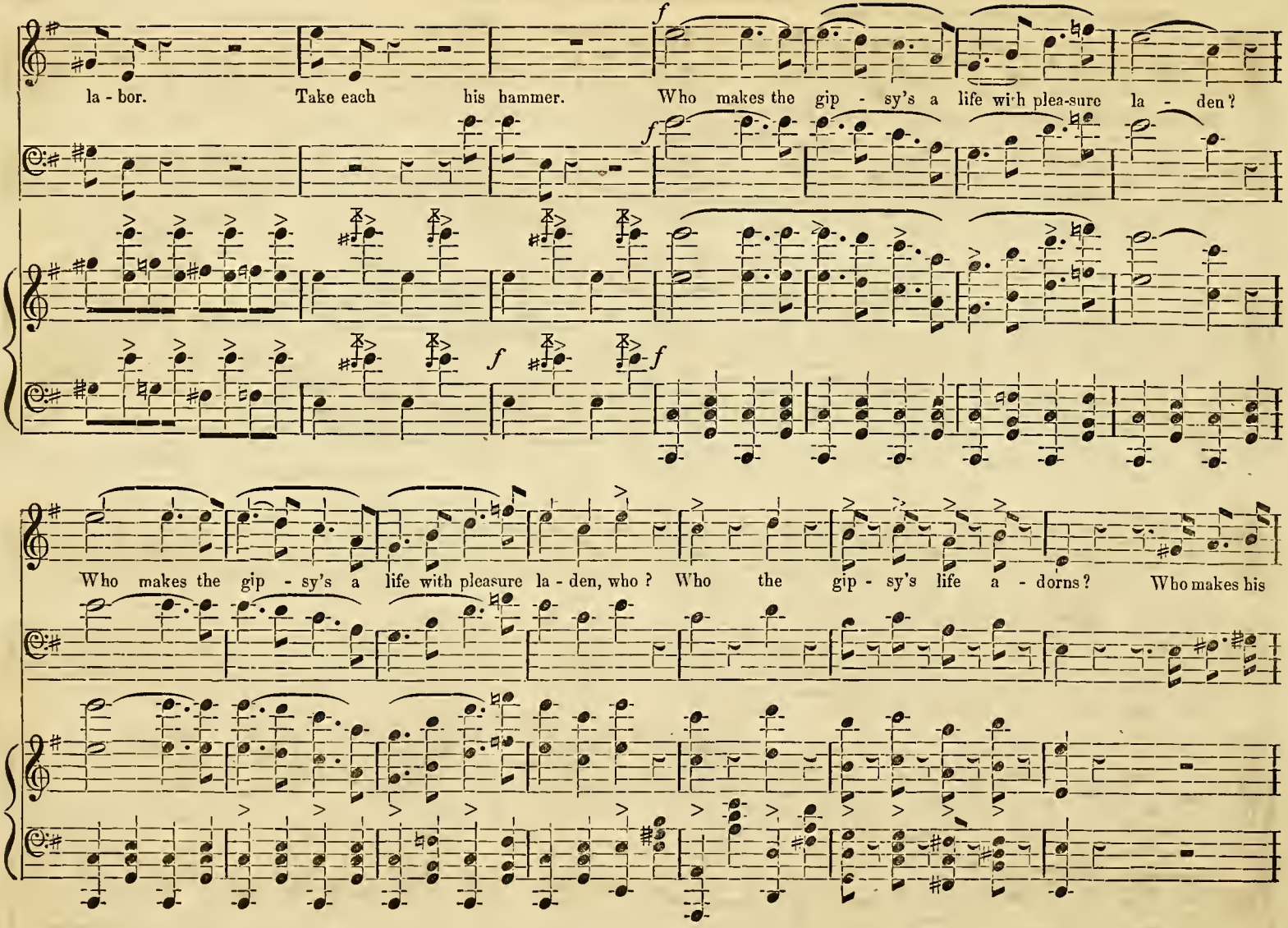


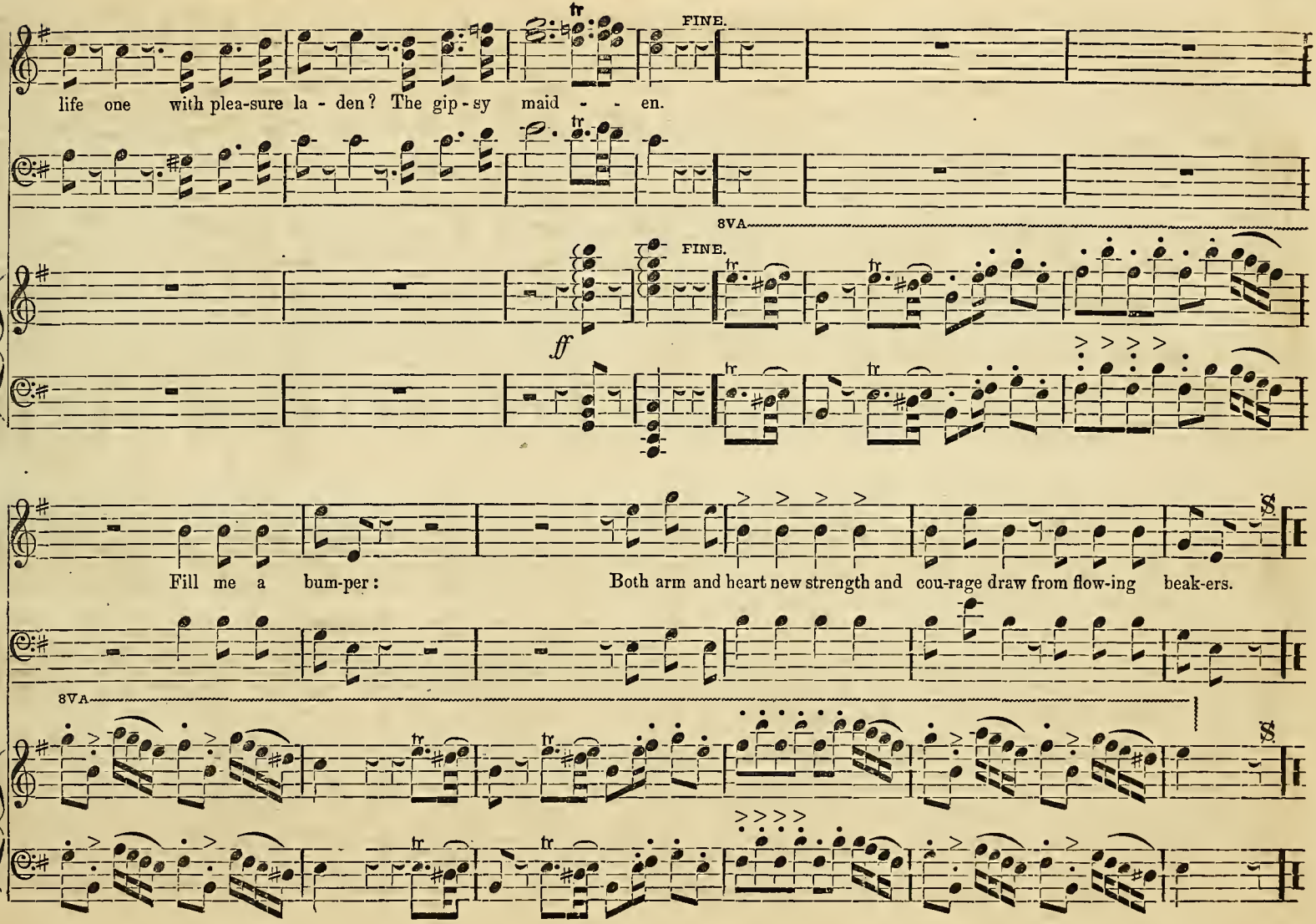
Anvil Chorus. (From "Il Trovatore.")




CHORUS. TENORS AND TREBLES IN UNISON.
1. See how the sha-dows of night are fly - ing! Morn breaketh, heav'n's glorious arch un - veil-ing: Like a young wi-dow, who, wea -ry of
2. E'en in our wine doth the sun send a ray, And re-flect back the gold-en beams of morning; Let us then hast-en, nor lin - ger-ing
pp
pp
sigh - ing, Lays by her garments of sor-row and wail-ing. Rouse up, to
stay 'Till the sun is high and the day past dawning.

Anvil Chorus. Continued.

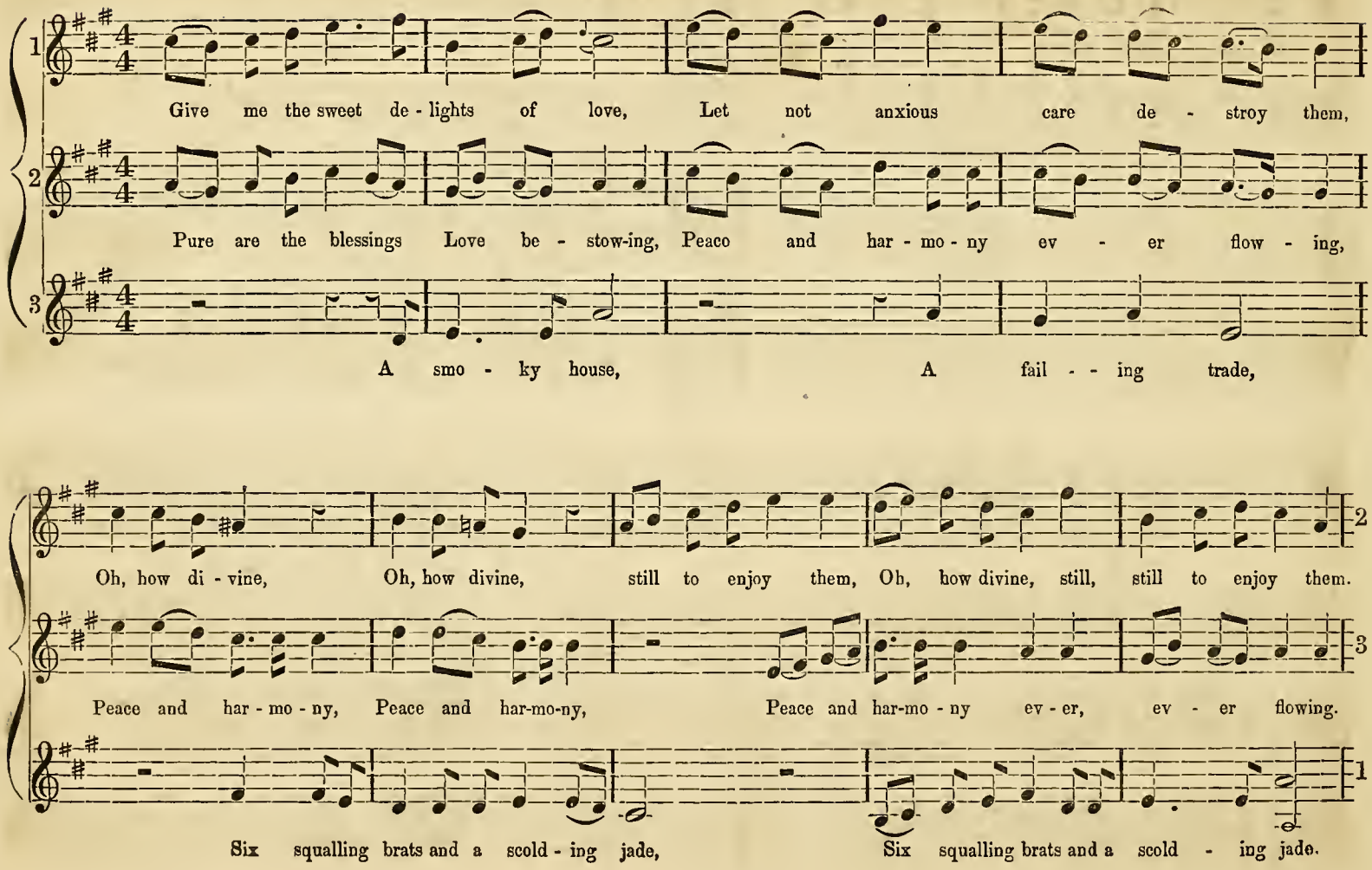


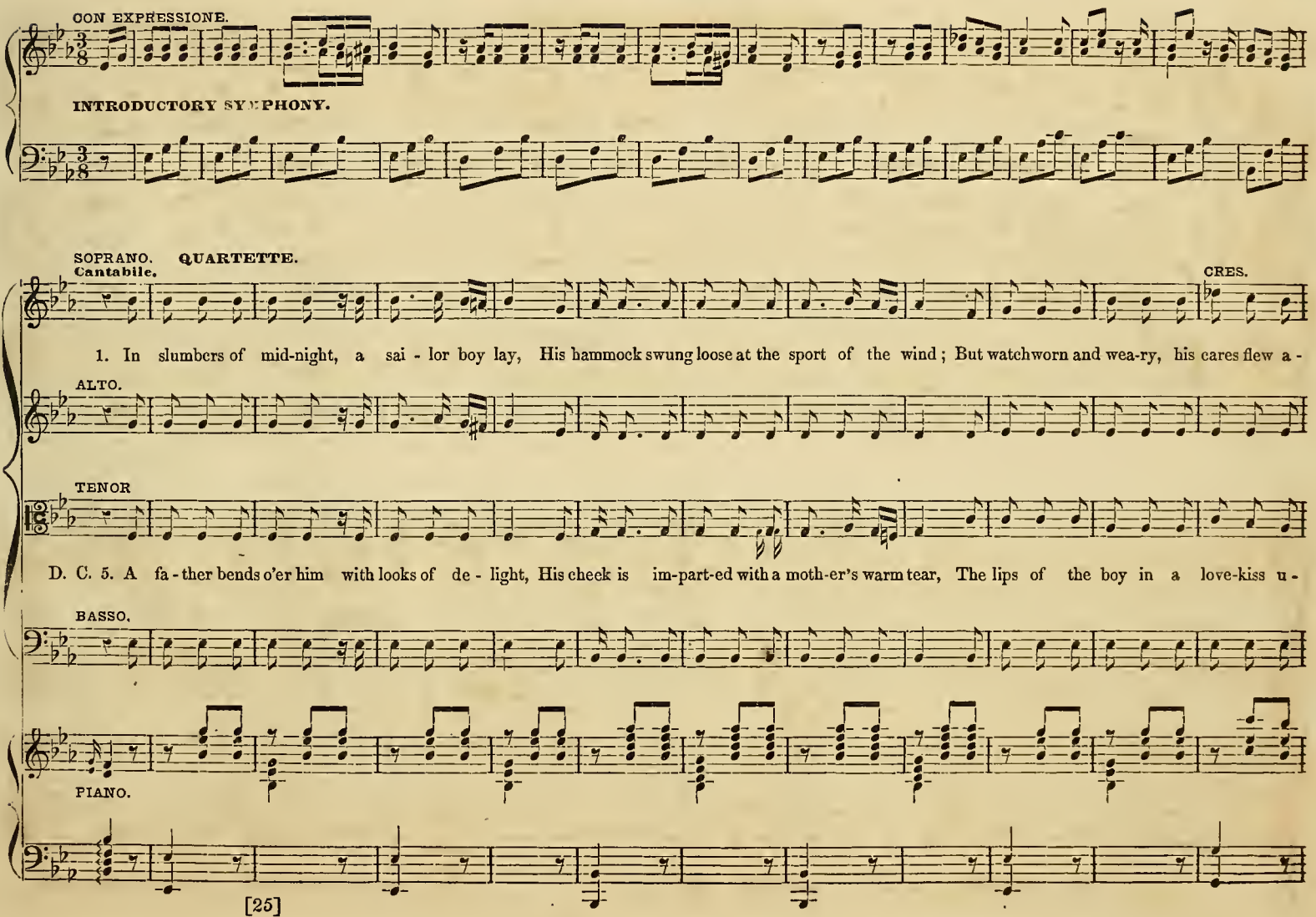

FINE.
life one with plea-sure la - den? The gip - sy maid - - en.
8VA
FINE.
ff
Fill me a bum-per: Both arm and heart new strength and cou-rage draw from flow-ing beak-ers.
8VA

"Give me the sweet delights of love."

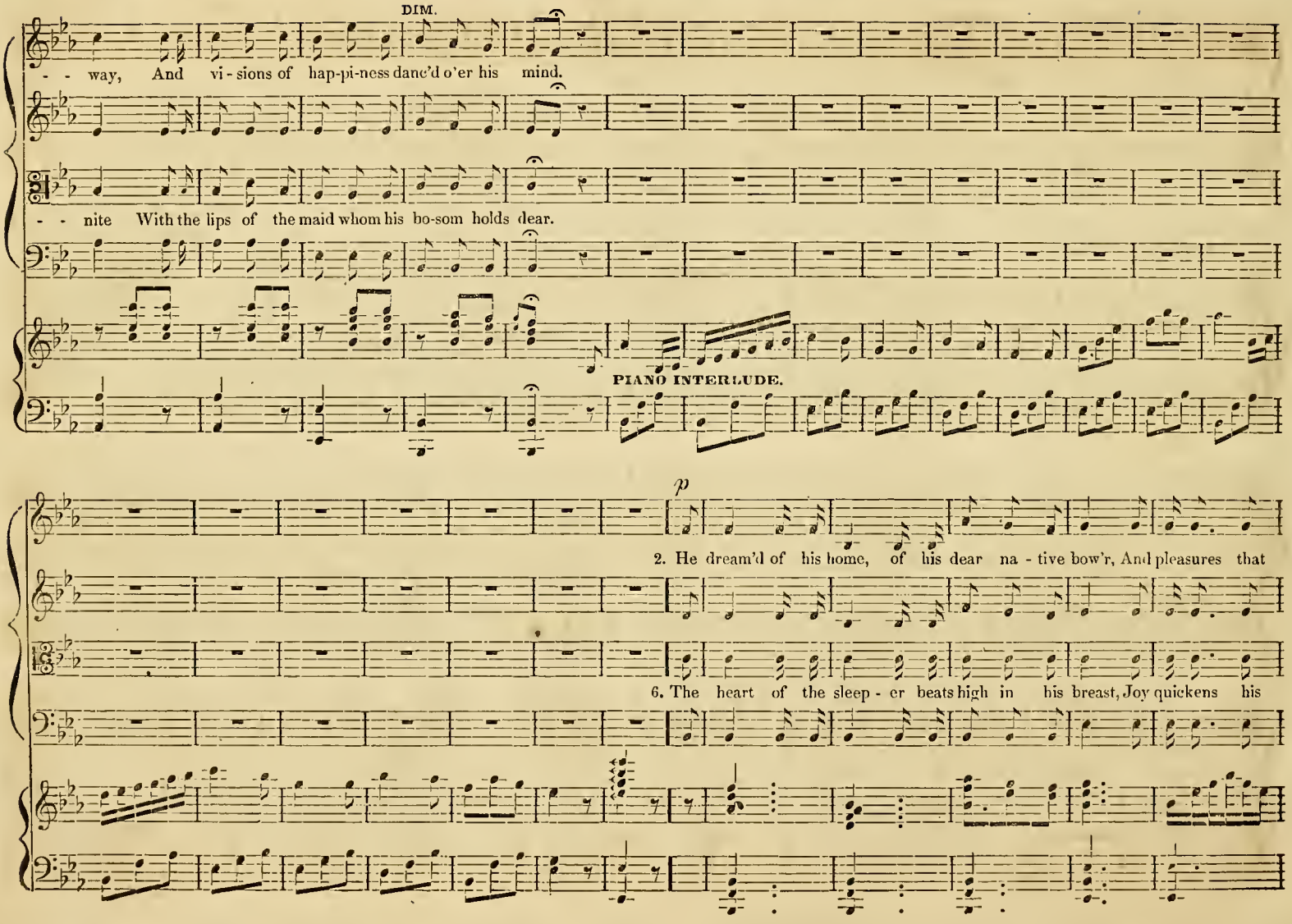
DR. HARRINGTON.

ROUND FOR THREE VOICES.




CON EXPRESSIONE.
INTRODUCTORY SYMPHONY.
SOPRANO. QUARTETTE.
Cantabile.
CRES.
1. In slumbers of mid-night, a sai - lor boy lay, His hammock swung loose at the sport of the wind; But watchworn and wea-ry, his cares flew a -
ALTO.
TENOR
D. C. 5. A fa - ther bends o'er him with looks of de - light, His cheek is im-part-ed with a moth-er's warm tear, The lips of the boy in a love-kiss u -
BASSO.
PIANO.

Sailor Boy's Dream. Continued.



CRES

AFTER SIXTH VERSE, OMIT TO BASE SOLO.

wait-ed on life's mer-ry morn; While Mem-'ry stood side-ways, half cov - er'd with flowers, And re-stor'd ev - 'ry rose, but se - cre - ted the thorn.

pulse, all his hardships seem o'er, A mur - mur of hap - pi - ness steals thro' his rest; O God! thou hast blest me, I ask for no more.

8va

loco.

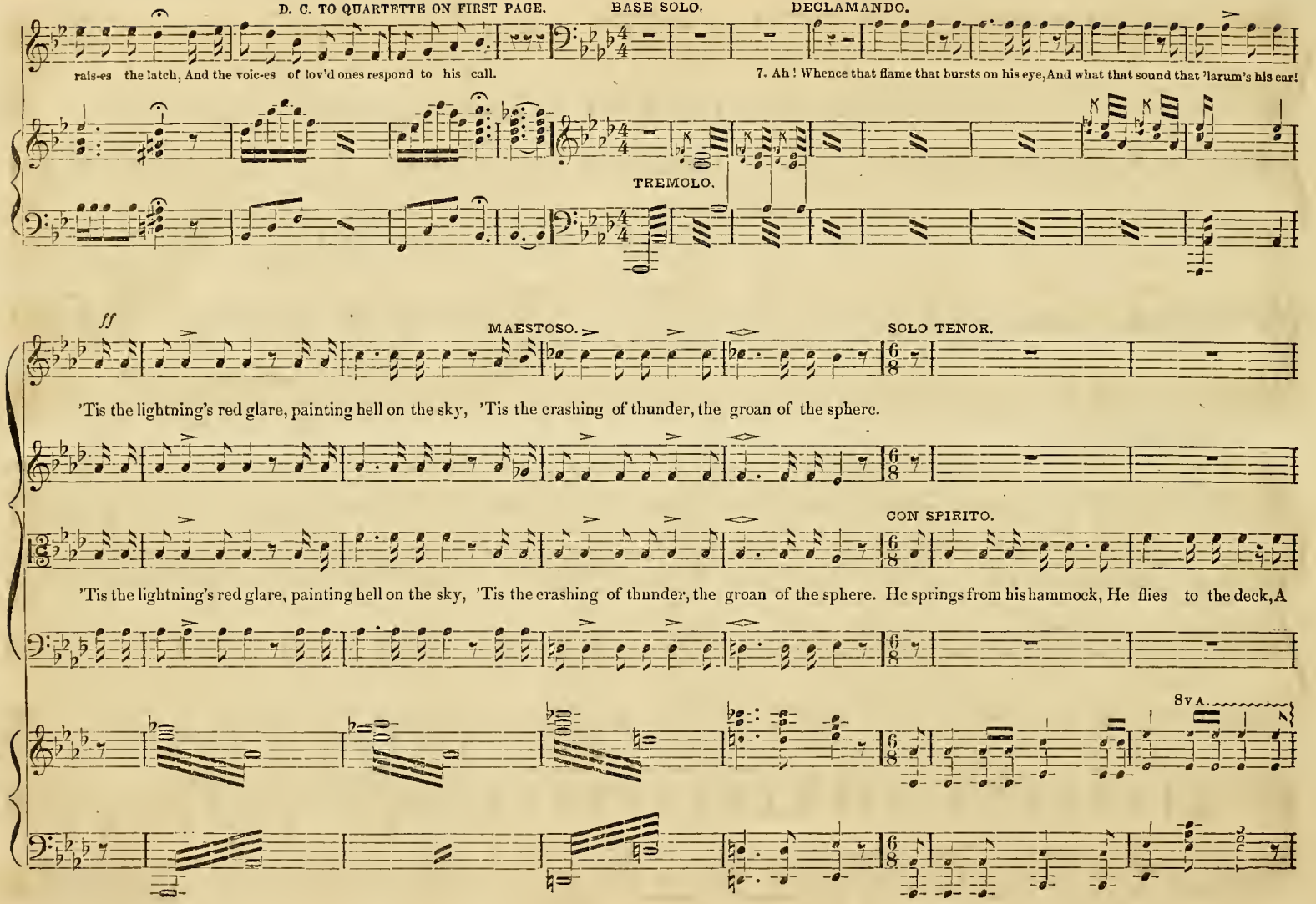
SOPRANO SOLO.
CON GRAZIO.

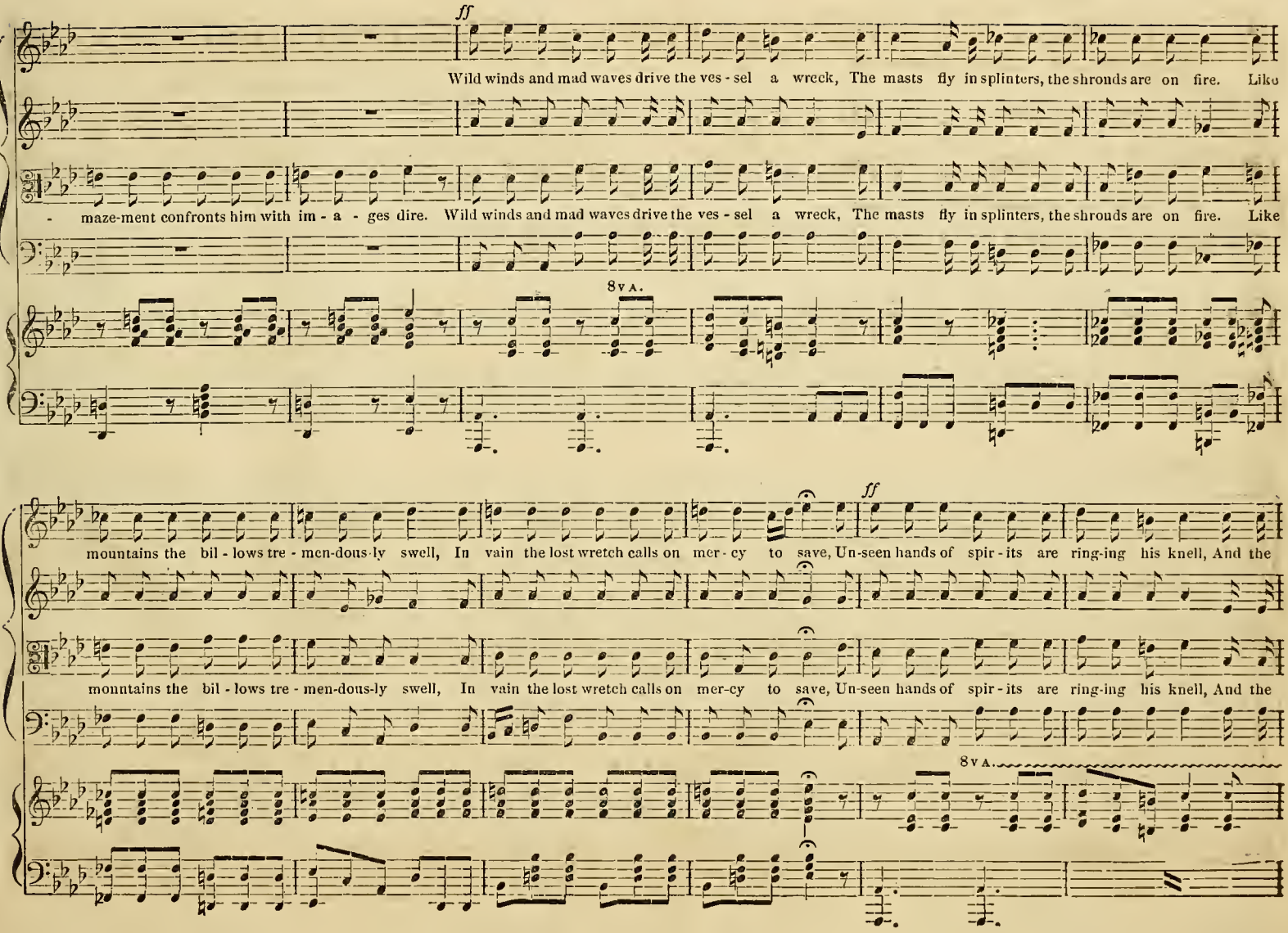
3. Then fan - cy her mag - i - cal pinions spread wide, And bade the young dreamer in ex - sta - cy rise; Now far, far behind him the green waters glide, And the

PIANO.

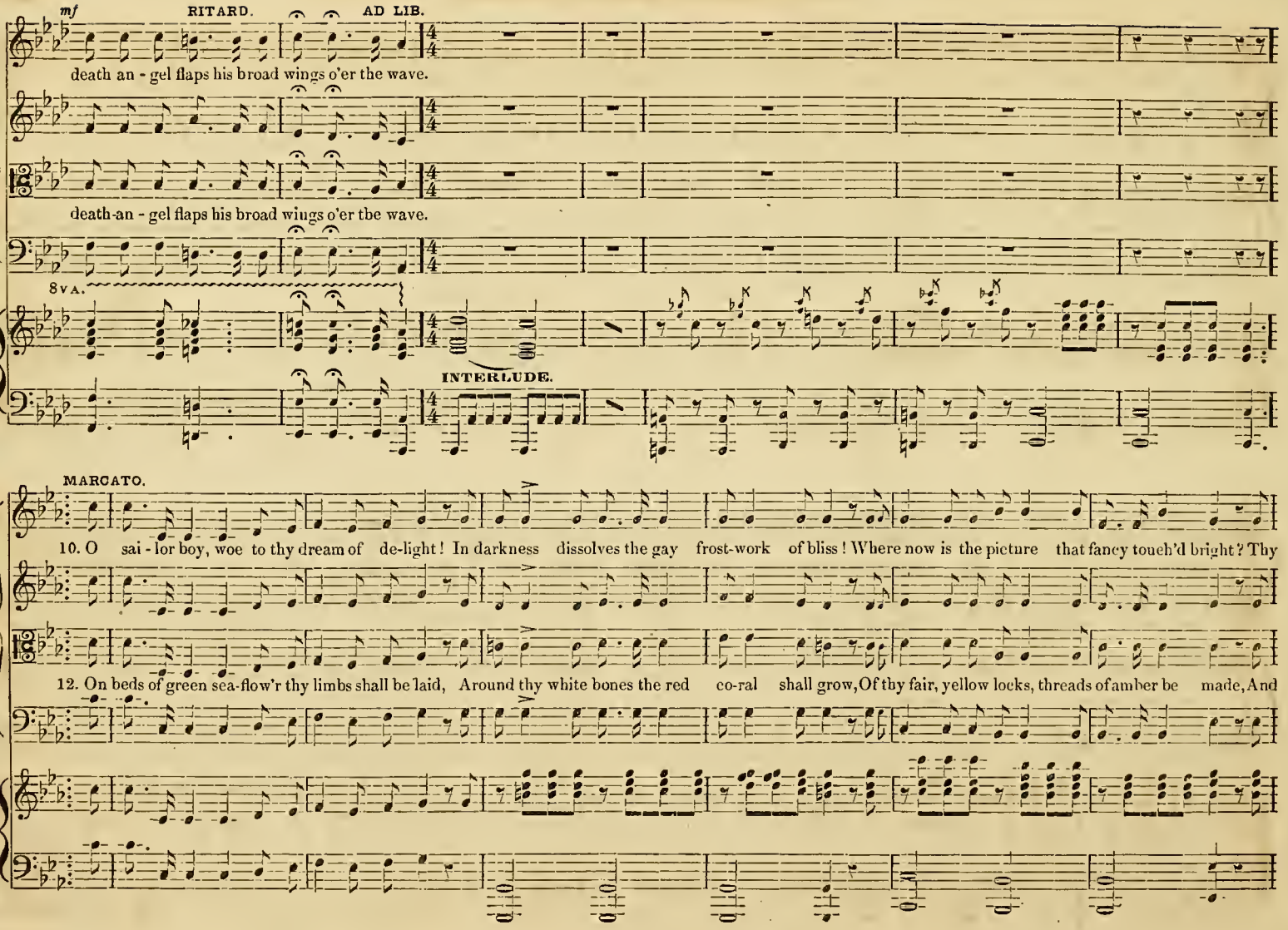
cot of his fore-fath - ers bless-es his eyes. 4. The jes - sa - mine clambers in flow'rs o'er the thatch, And the swal - low sings sweet from her nest in the wall; All trembling with transport, he

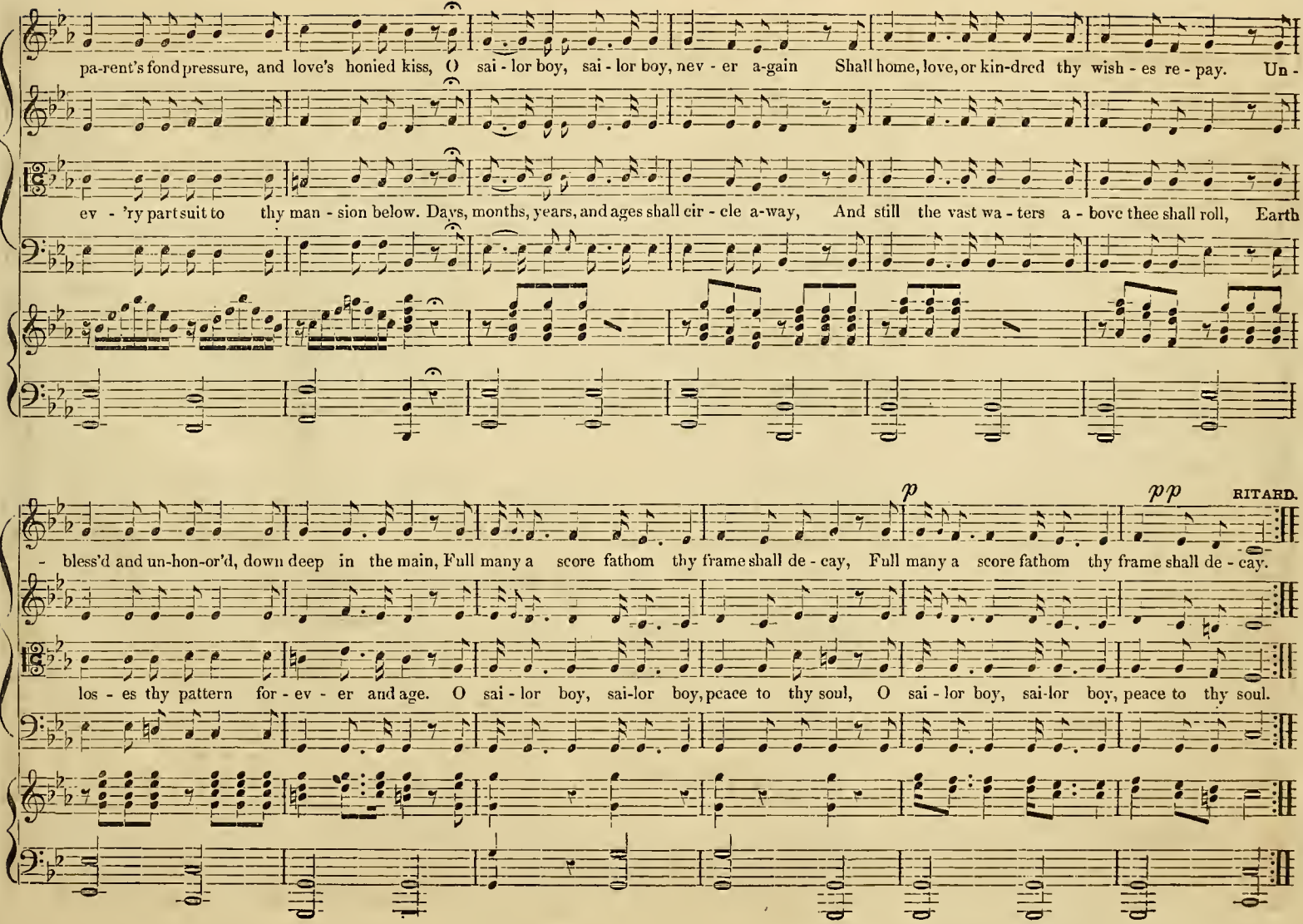
8va


D. C. TO QUARTETTE ON FIRST PAGE.
BASE SOLO.
DECLAMANDO.
rais-es the latch, And the voic-es of lov'd ones respond to his call.
7. Ah! Whence that flame that bursts on his eye, And what that sound that 'larum's his ear!
TREMOLO.
ff
MAESTOSO.
SOLO TENOR.
'Tis the lightning's red glare, painting hell on the sky, 'Tis the crashing of thunder, the groan of the sphere.
CON SPIRITO.
'Tis the lightning's red glare, painting hell on the sky, 'Tis the crashing of thunder, the groan of the sphere. He springs from his hammock, He flies to the deck, A
8va.


ff
Wild winds and mad waves drive the ves - sel a wreck, The masts fly in splinters, the shrouds are on fire. Like
- maze-ment confronts him with im - a - ges dire. Wild winds and mad waves drive the ves - sel a wreck, The masts fly in splinters, the shrouds are on fire. Like
8va.
mountains the bil - lows tre - men-dous-ly swell, In vain the lost wretch calls on mer - cy to save, Un-seen hands of spir - its are ring-ing his knell, And the
ff
mountains the bil - lows tre - men-dous-ly swell, In vain the lost wretch calls on mer-cy to save, Un-seen hands of spir - its are ring-ing his knell, And the
8va.

Sailor Boy's Dream. Continued.




pa-rent's fond pressure, and love's honied kiss, O sai-lor boy, sai-lor boy, nev-er a-gain Shall home, love, or kin-dred thy wish-es re-pay. Un-
ev-'ry part suit to thy man-sion below. Days, months, years, and ages shall cir-cle a-way, And still the vast wa-ters a-bove thee shall roll, Earth
p
pp
RITARD.
-bless'd and un-hon-or'd, down deep in the main, Full many a score fathom thy frame shall de-cay, Full many a score fathom thy frame shall de-cay.
los-es thy pattern for-ev-er and age. O sai-lor boy, sai-lor boy, peace to thy soul, O sai-lor boy, sai-lor boy, peace to thy soul.

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